



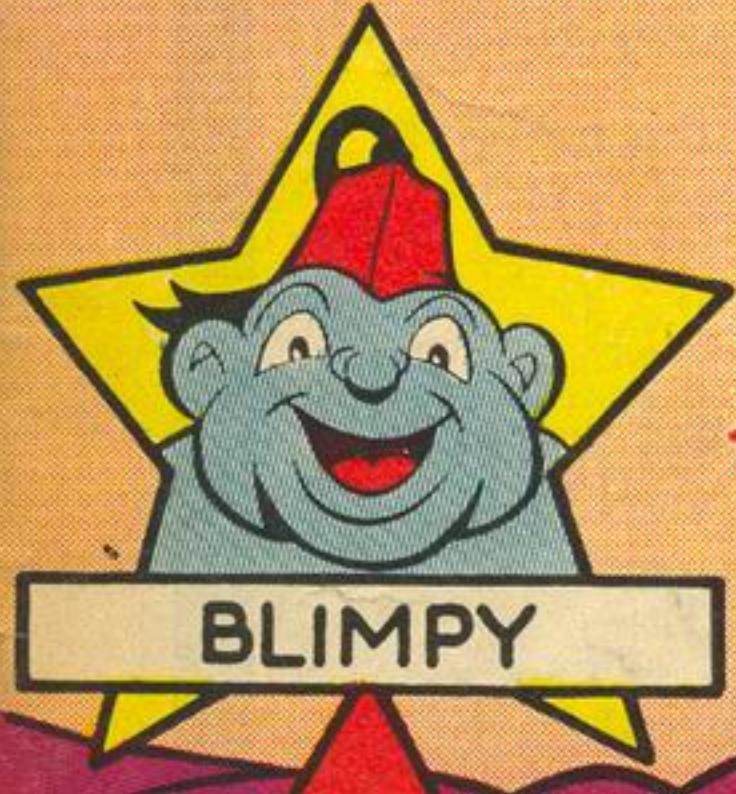
# FEATURE COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
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I.C.  
2

FEBRUARY  
No.131

*The DOLL MAN*  
returns from a  
**LIVING GRAVE!**

10¢



STILL 52 PAGES

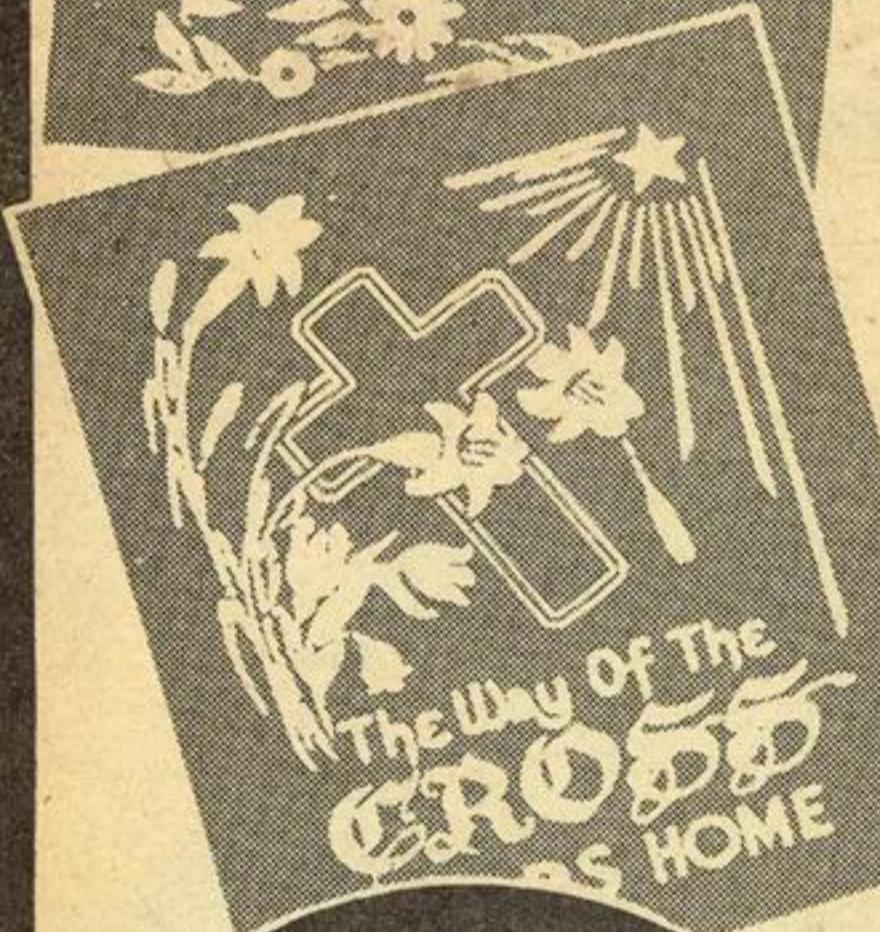
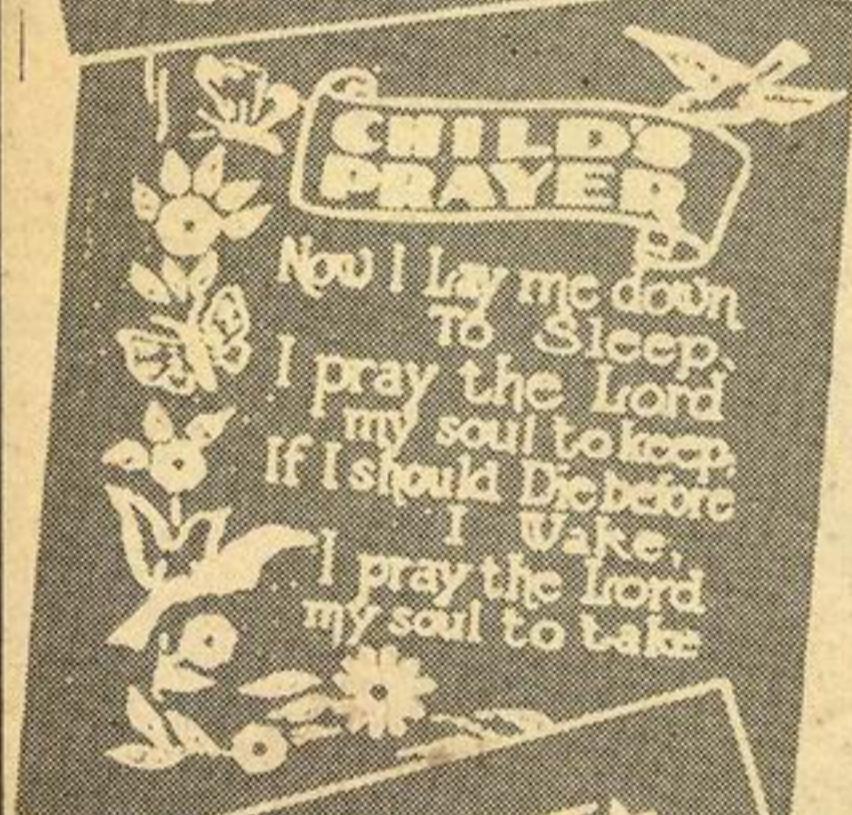
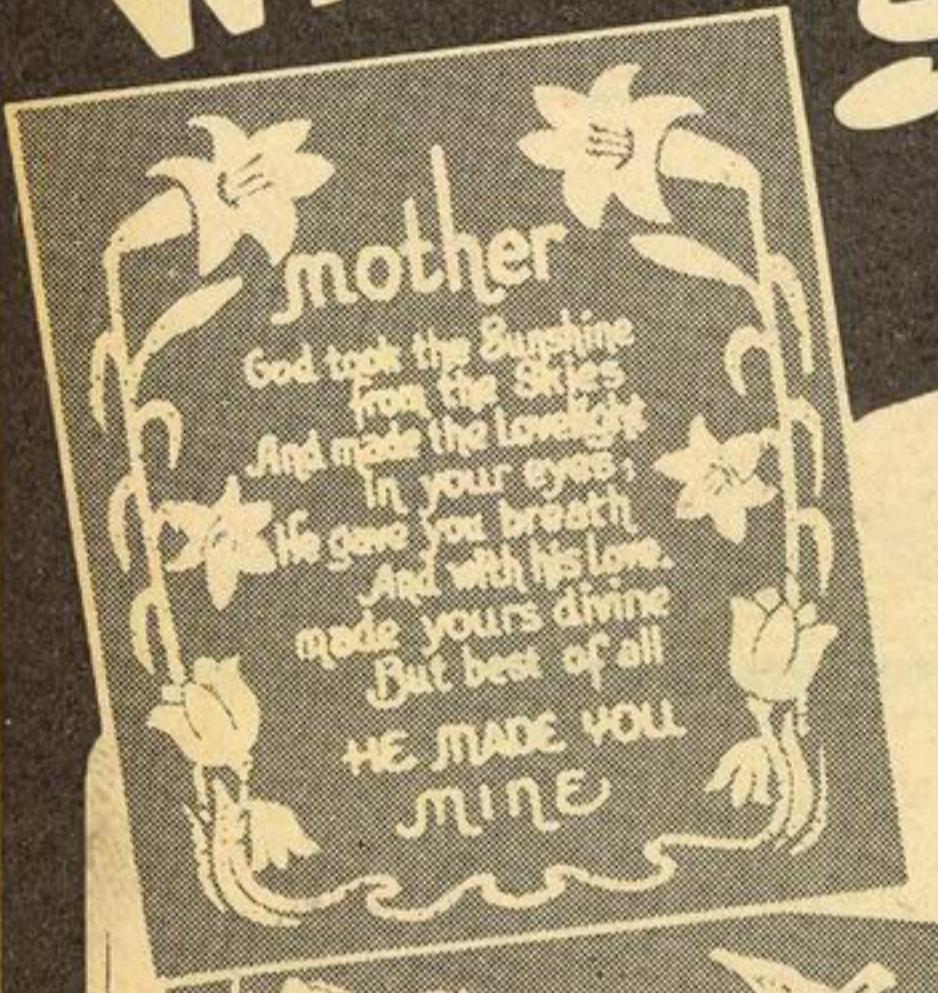


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**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50**

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**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks.

You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



**WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO**

## STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. F 80

Normal, Illinois

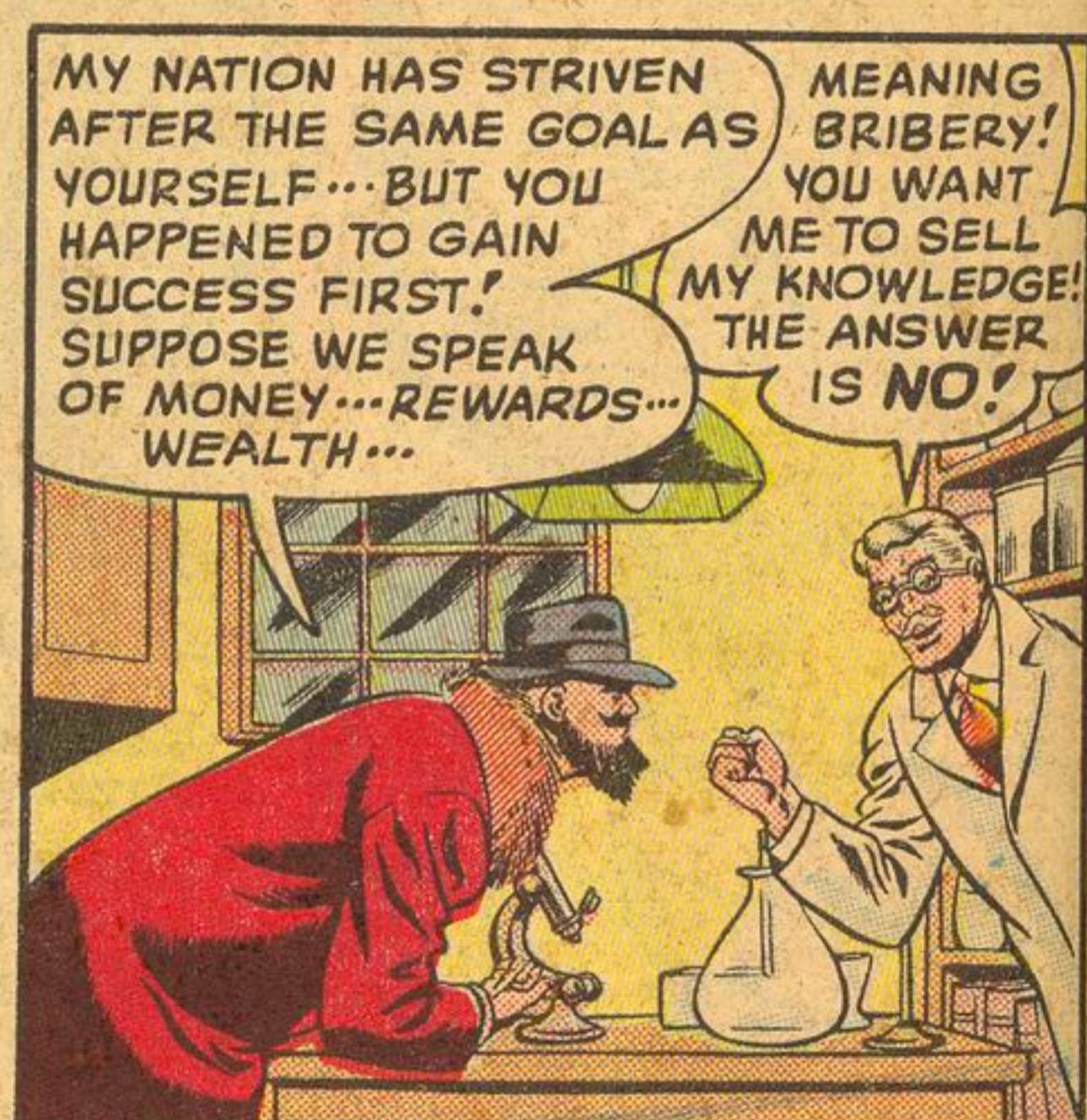
# The DOLL MAN

YOU ARE SO  
REASONABLE  
FOR DOCTOR  
PSYCHO

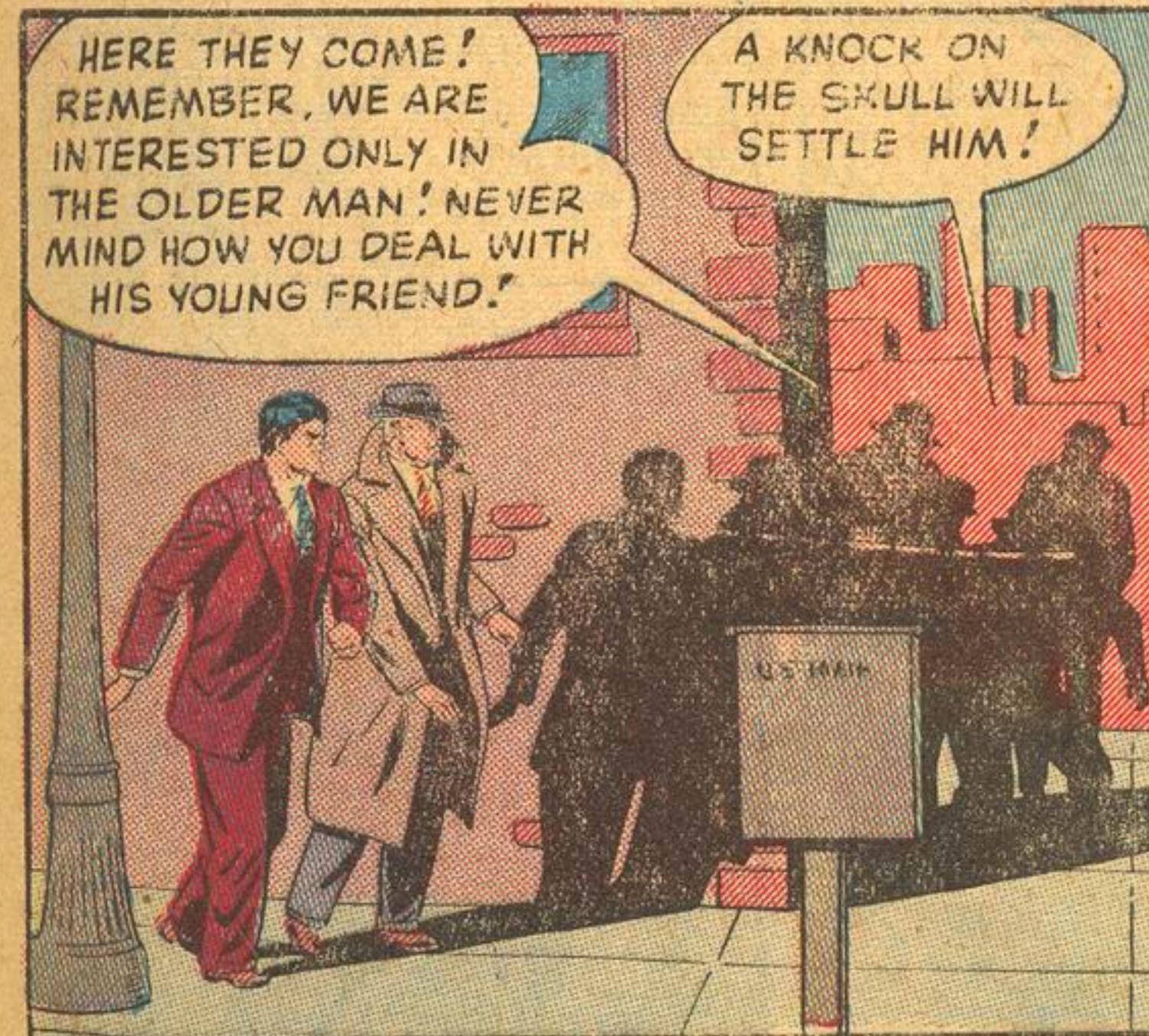
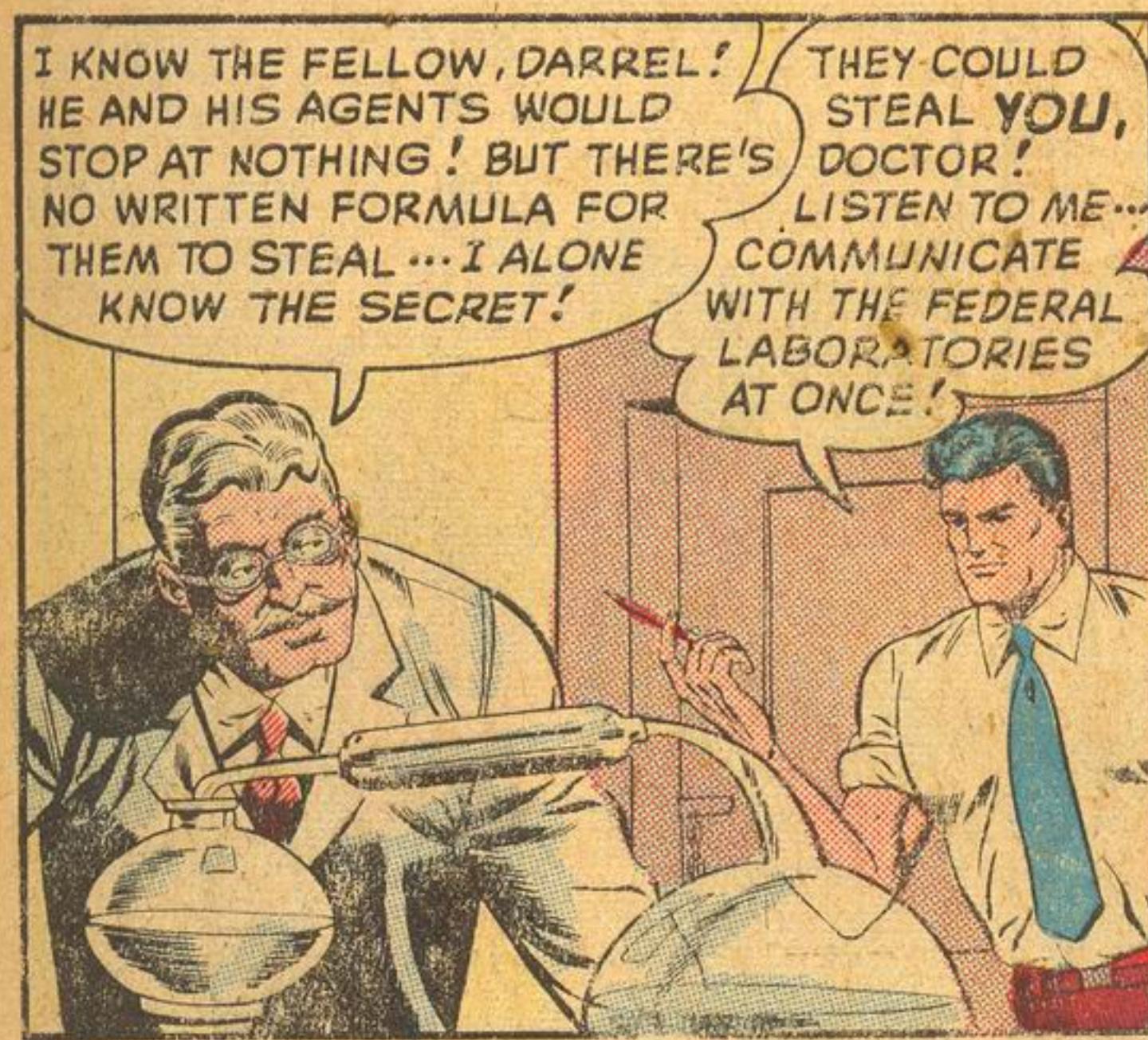
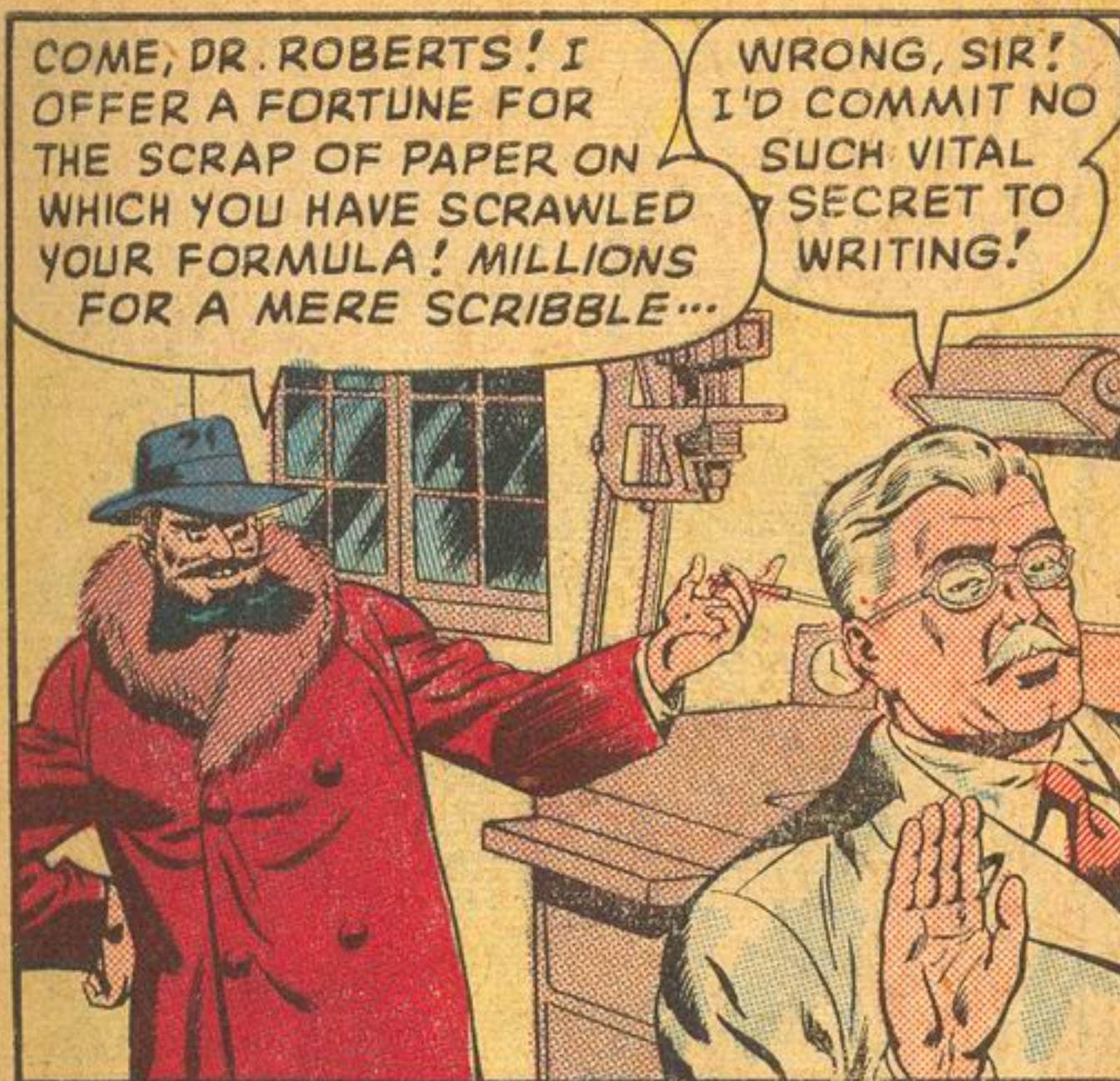


Science rallies to the service  
of a threatened world!  
And sinister scoundrels hope to  
filch a mighty secret for their  
own masters...but the DOLL MAN  
prevents them!

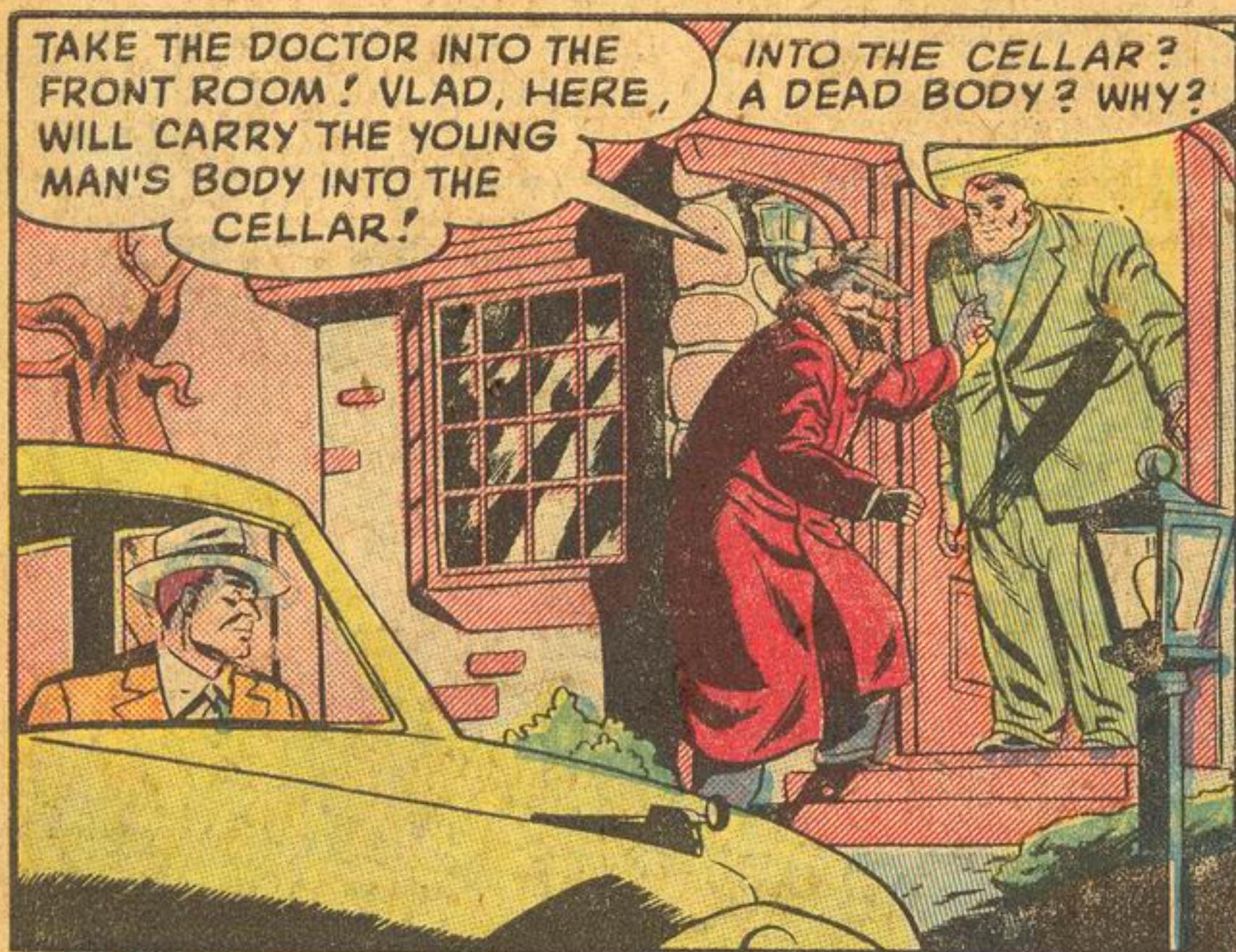
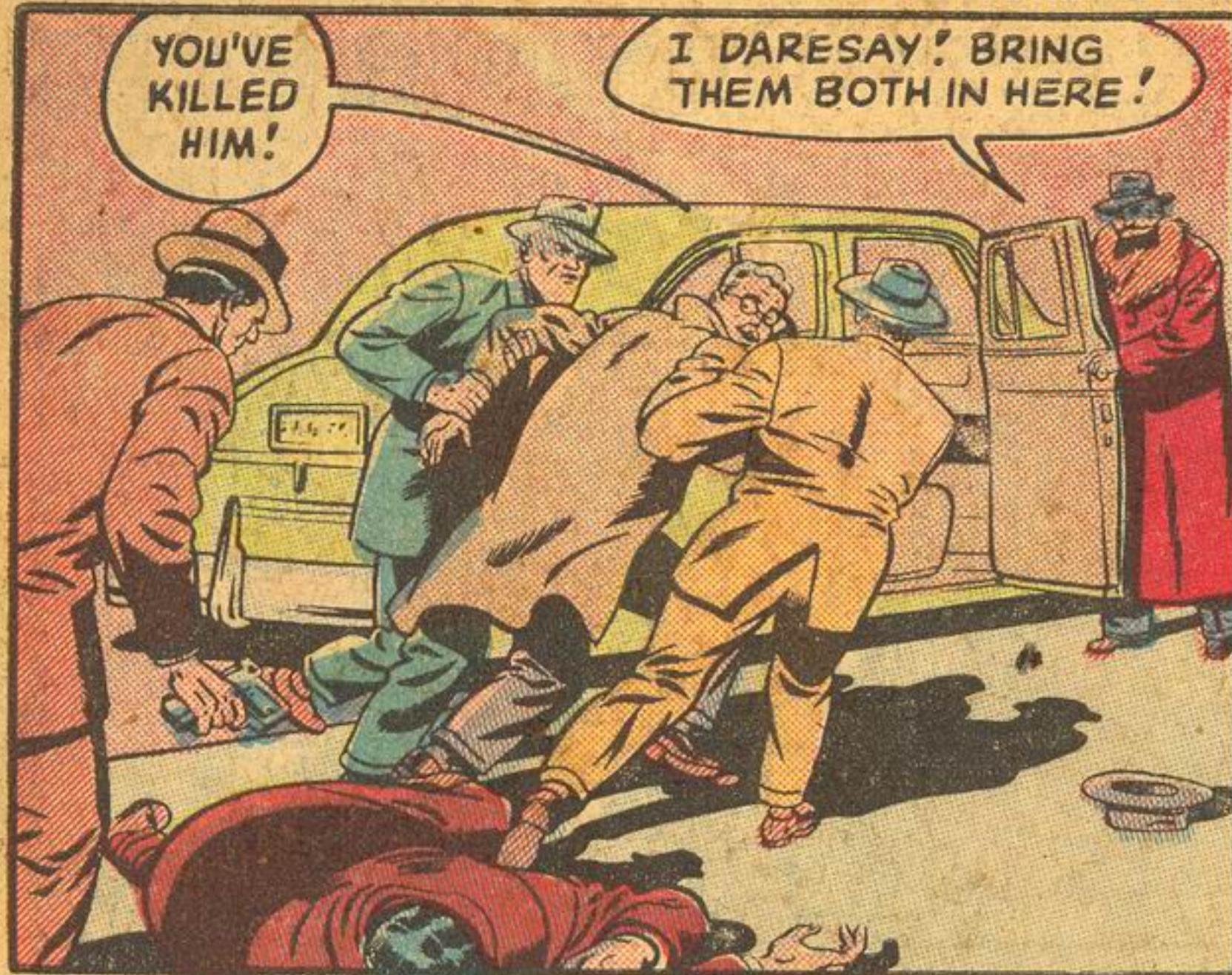
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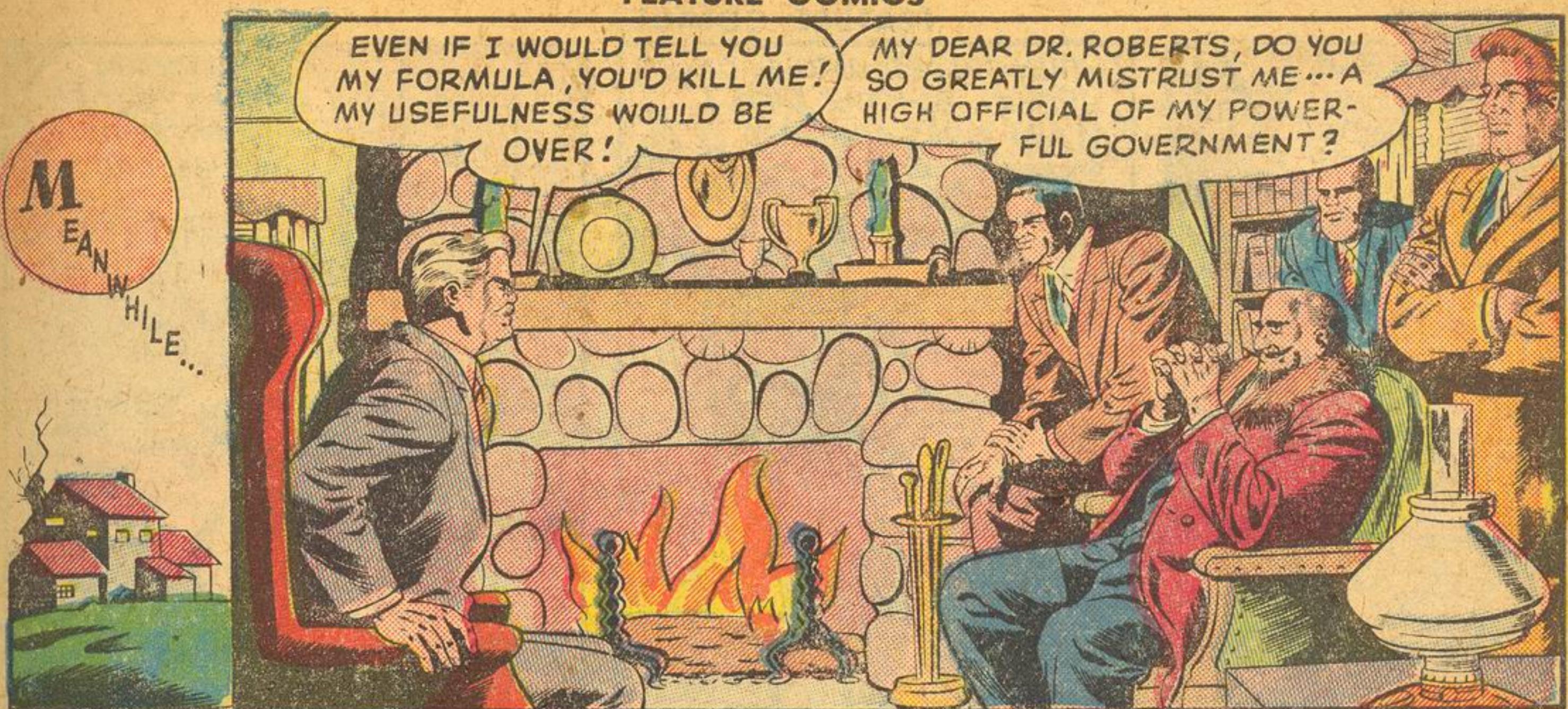


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M  
EAN  
WHILE...

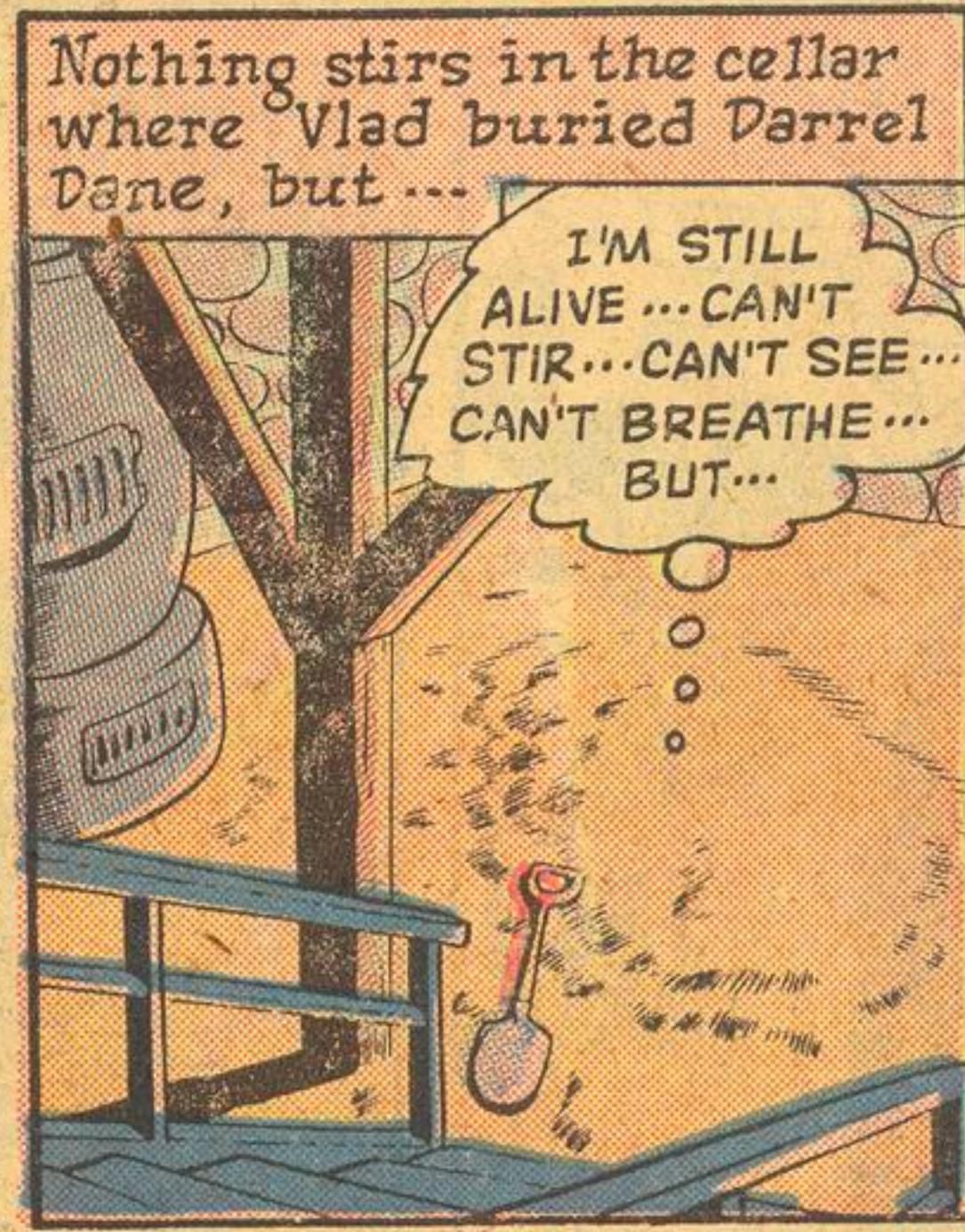
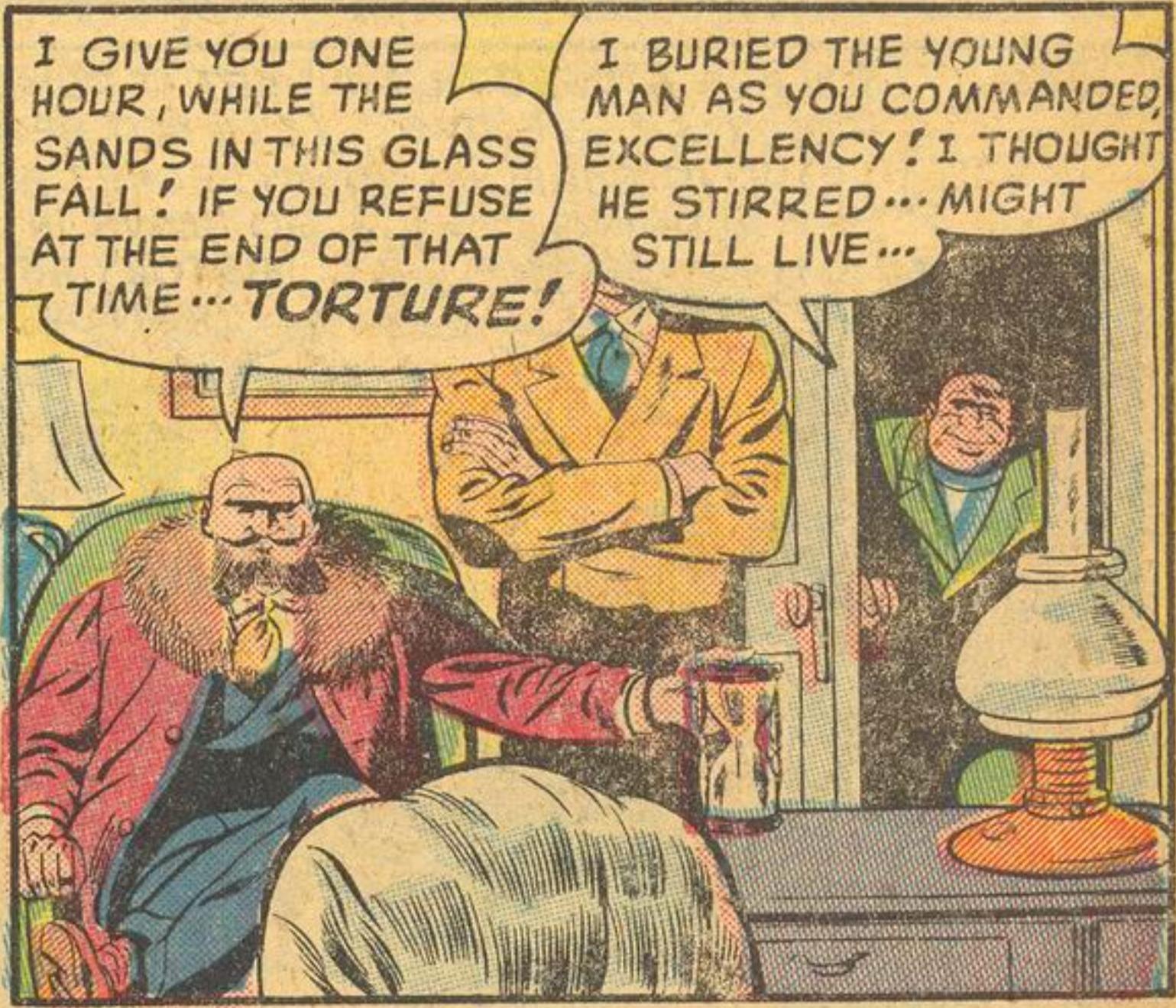


THE HIGHER THE  
OFFICIALS OF YOUR  
GOVERNMENT, THE  
LESS I TRUST THEM!  
I REFUSE TO GIVE UP  
THE SECRET!

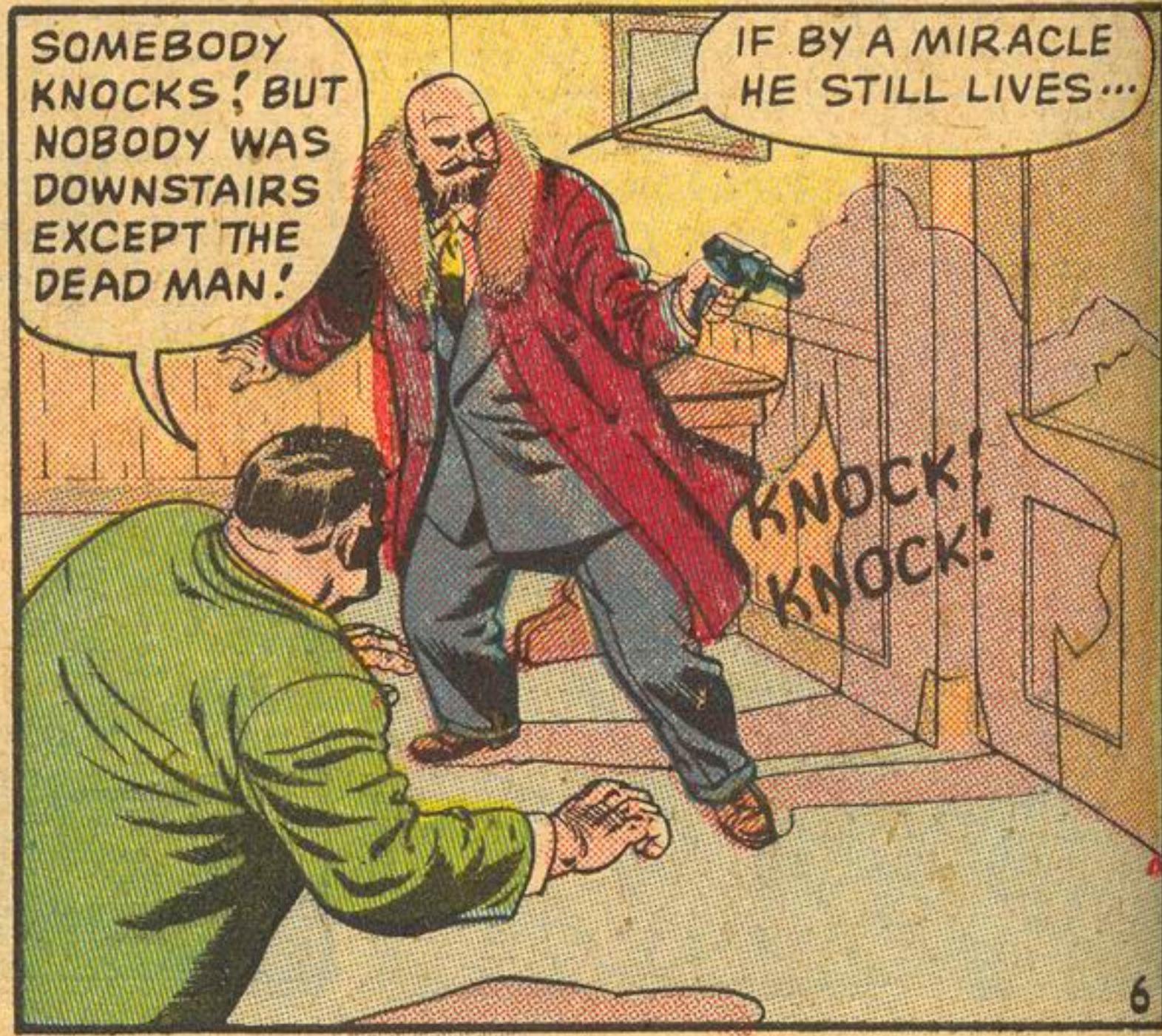
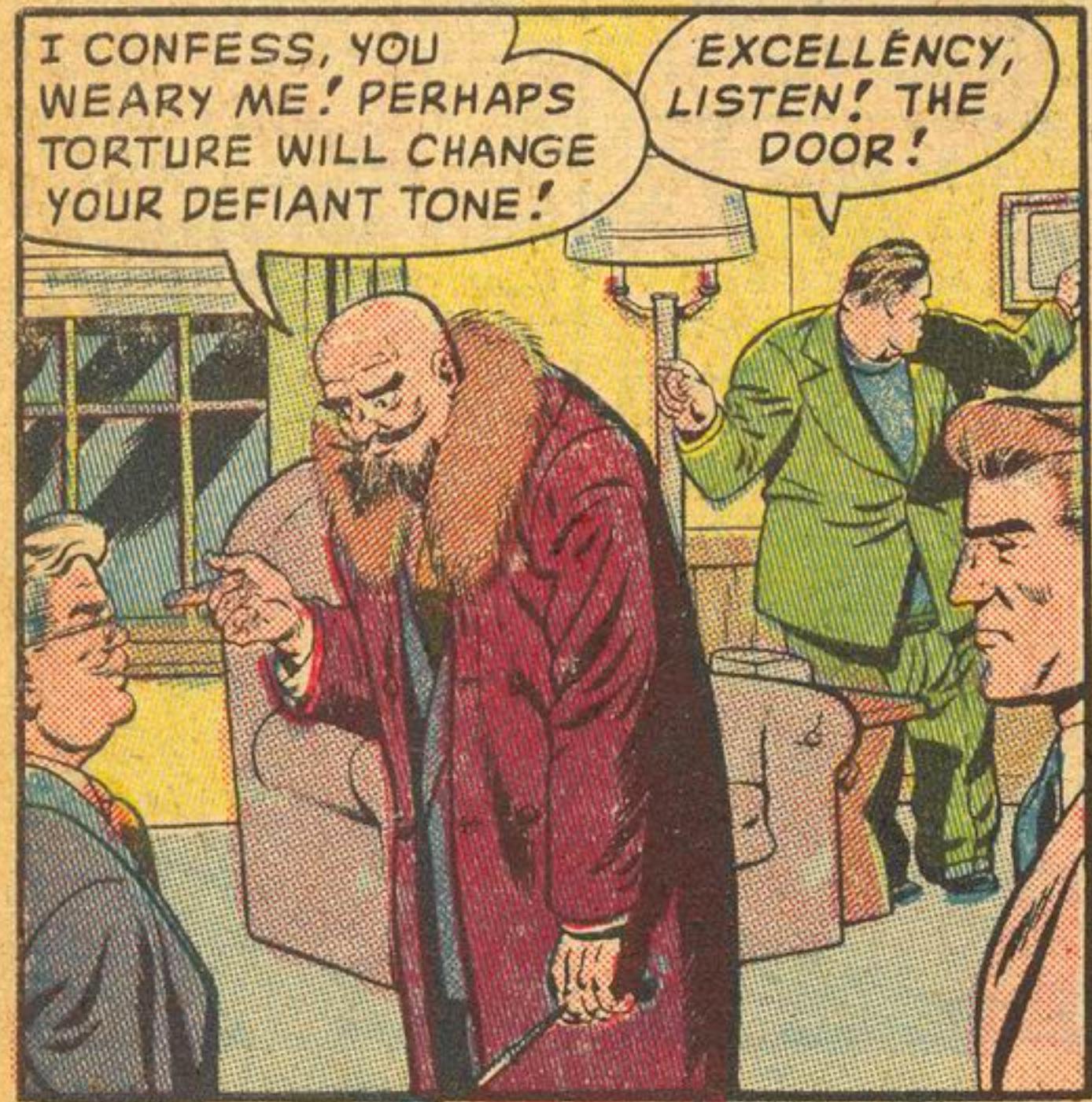
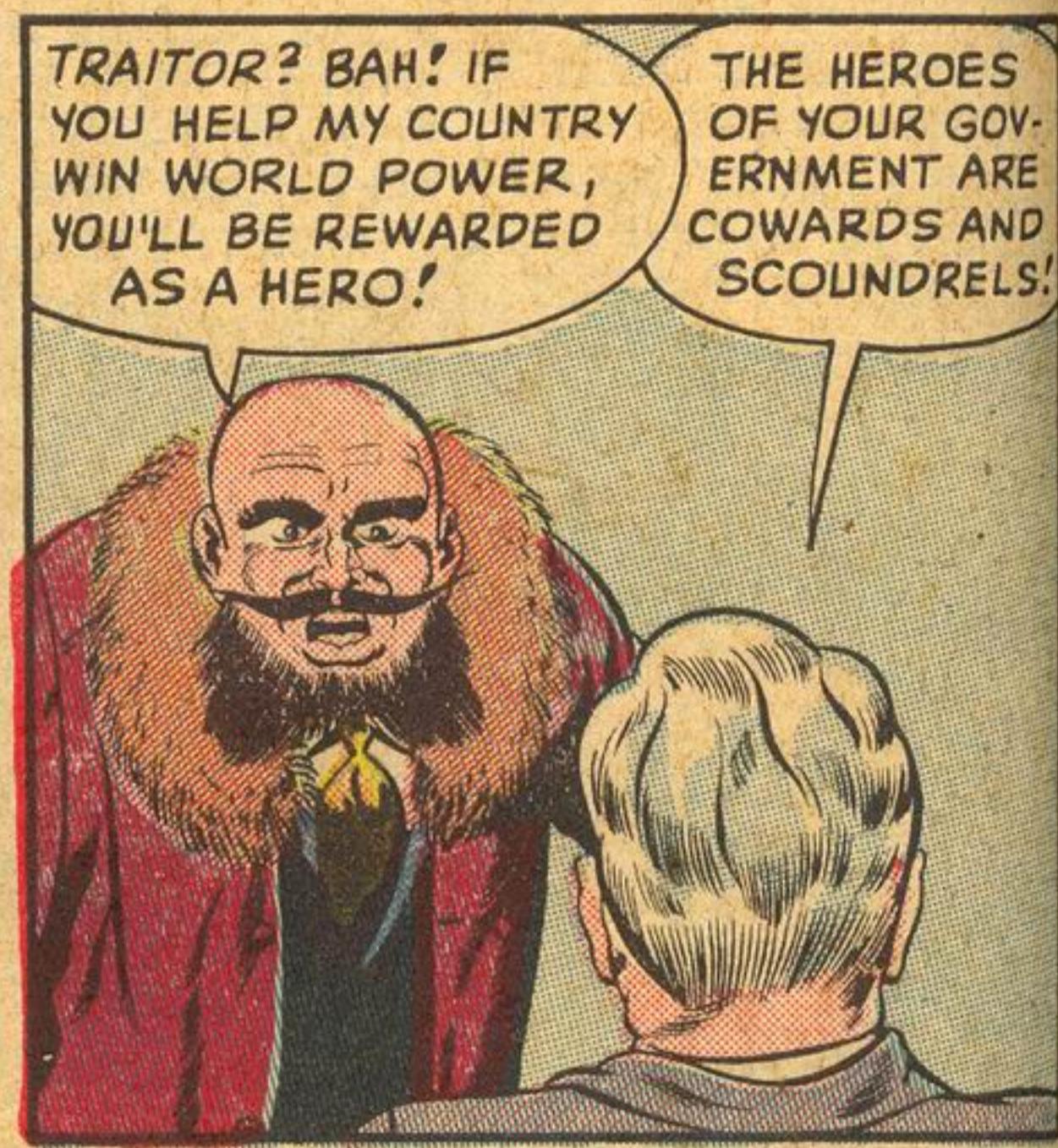
SPEAK NEITHER SO  
HASTILY NOR SO  
FINALLY, DOCTOR!  
TAKE YOUR TIME TO  
THINK IT OVER...

I GIVE YOU ONE  
HOUR, WHILE THE  
SANDS IN THIS GLASS  
FALL! IF YOU REFUSE  
AT THE END OF THAT  
TIME... TORTURE!

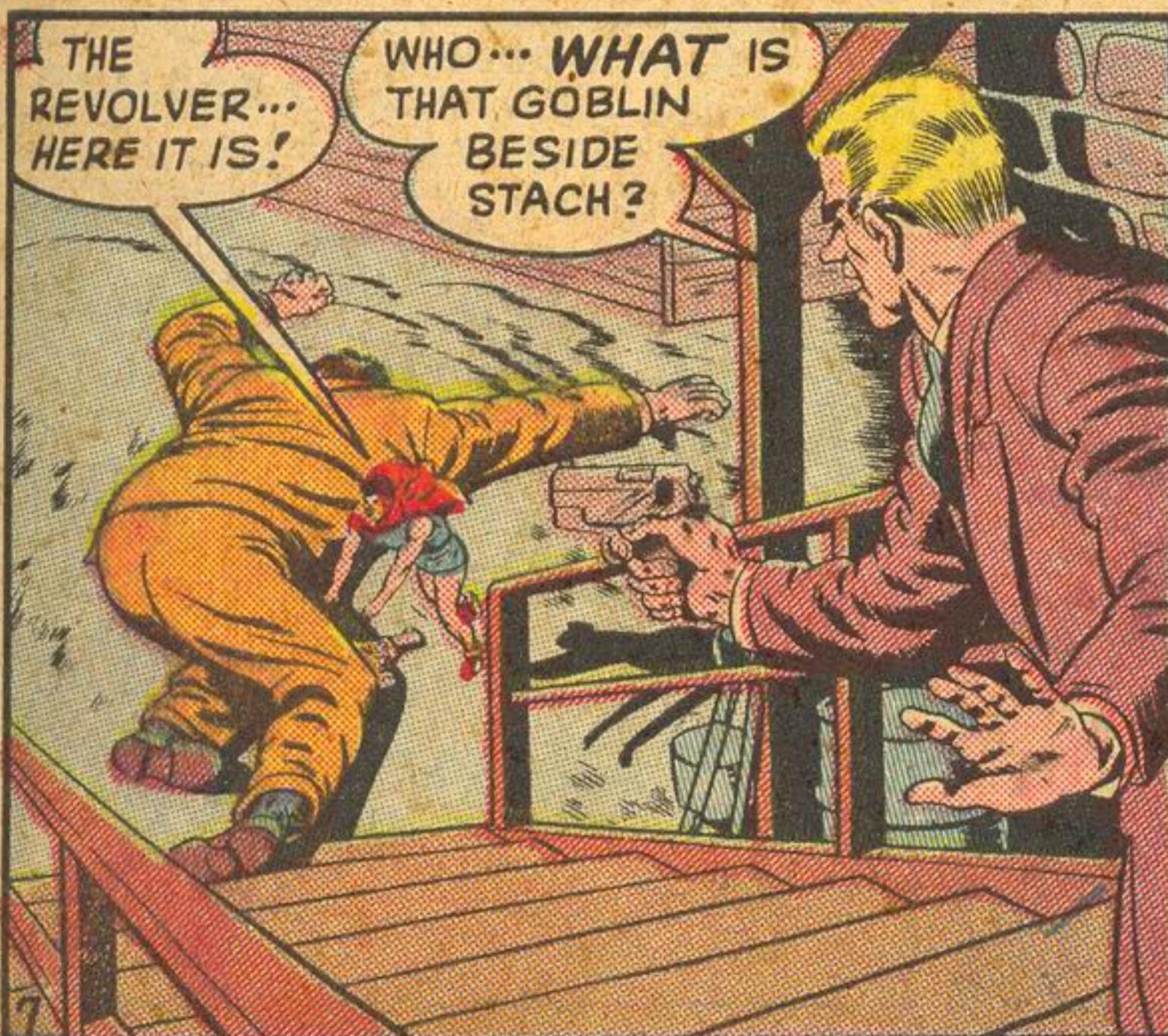
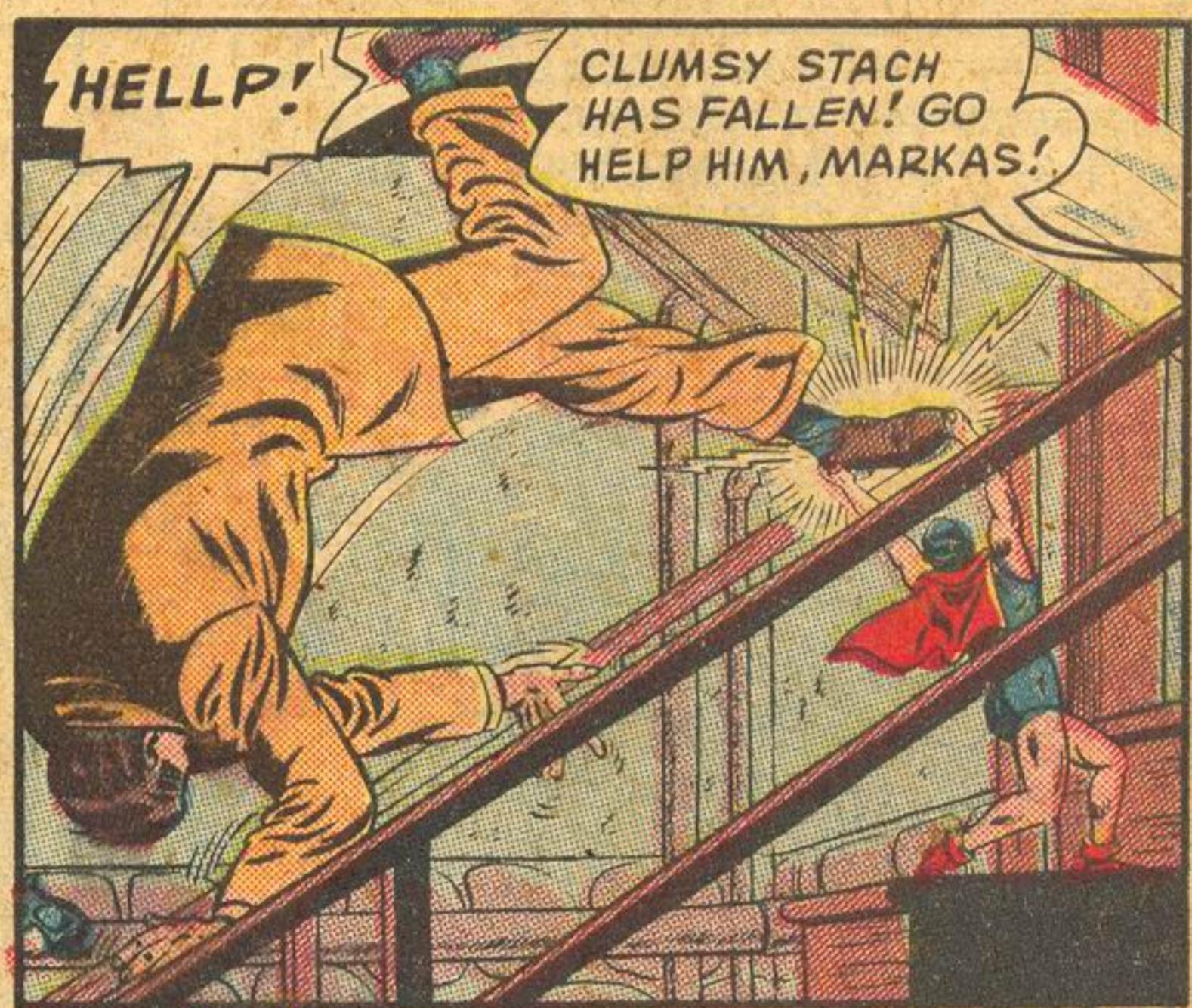
I BURIED THE YOUNG  
MAN AS YOU COMMANDED,  
EXCELLENCY! I THOUGHT  
HE STIRRED... MIGHT  
STILL LIVE...



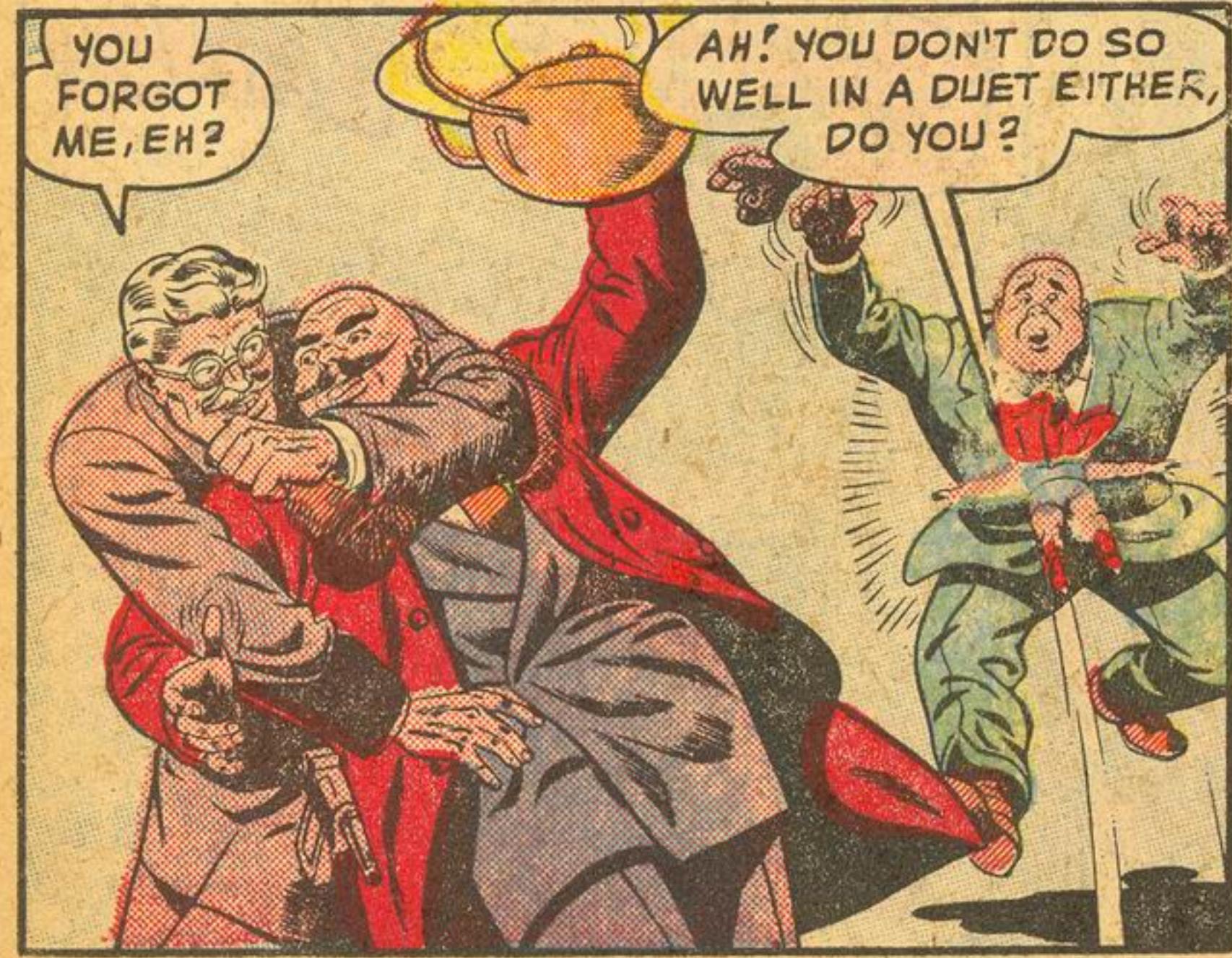
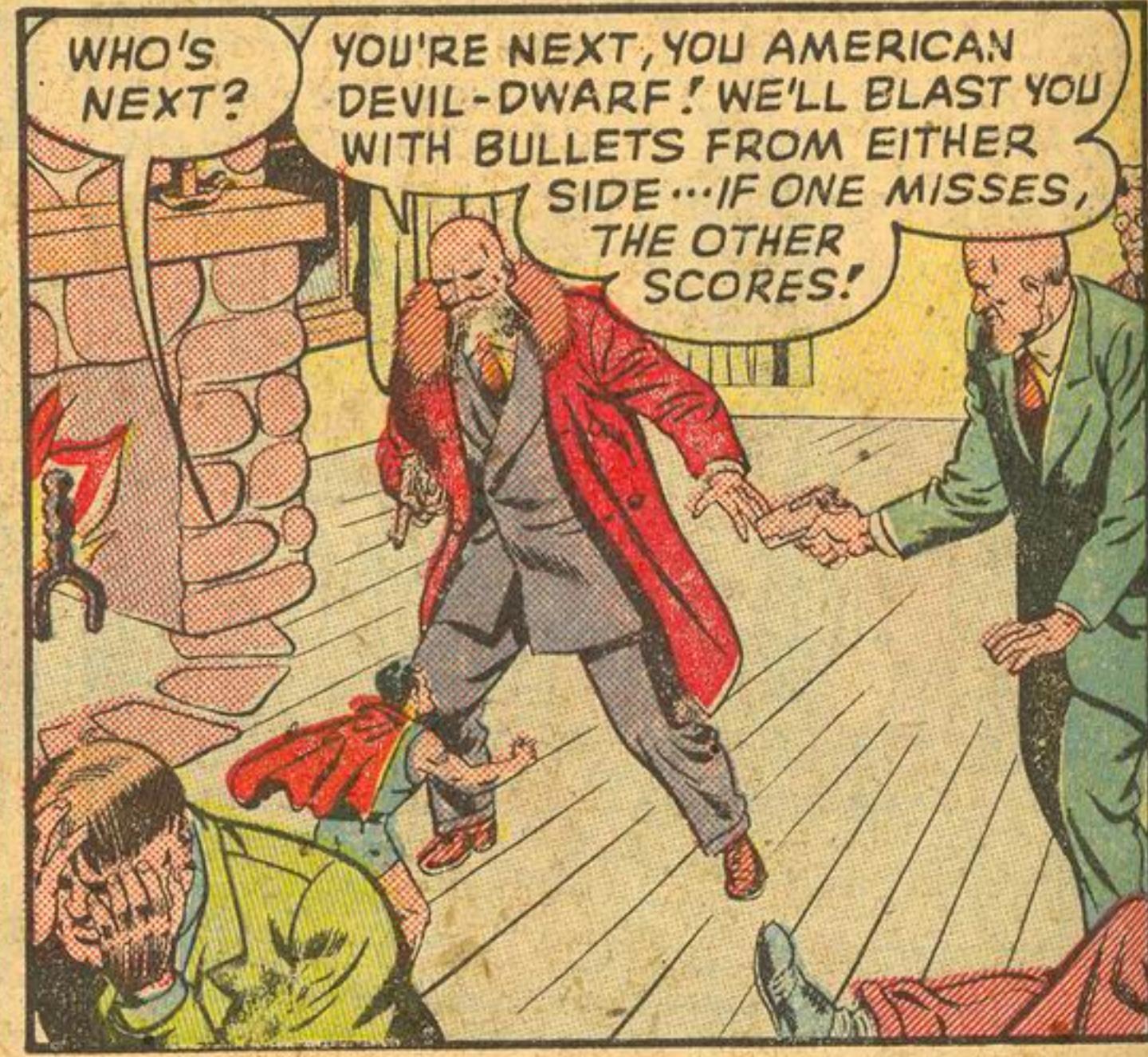
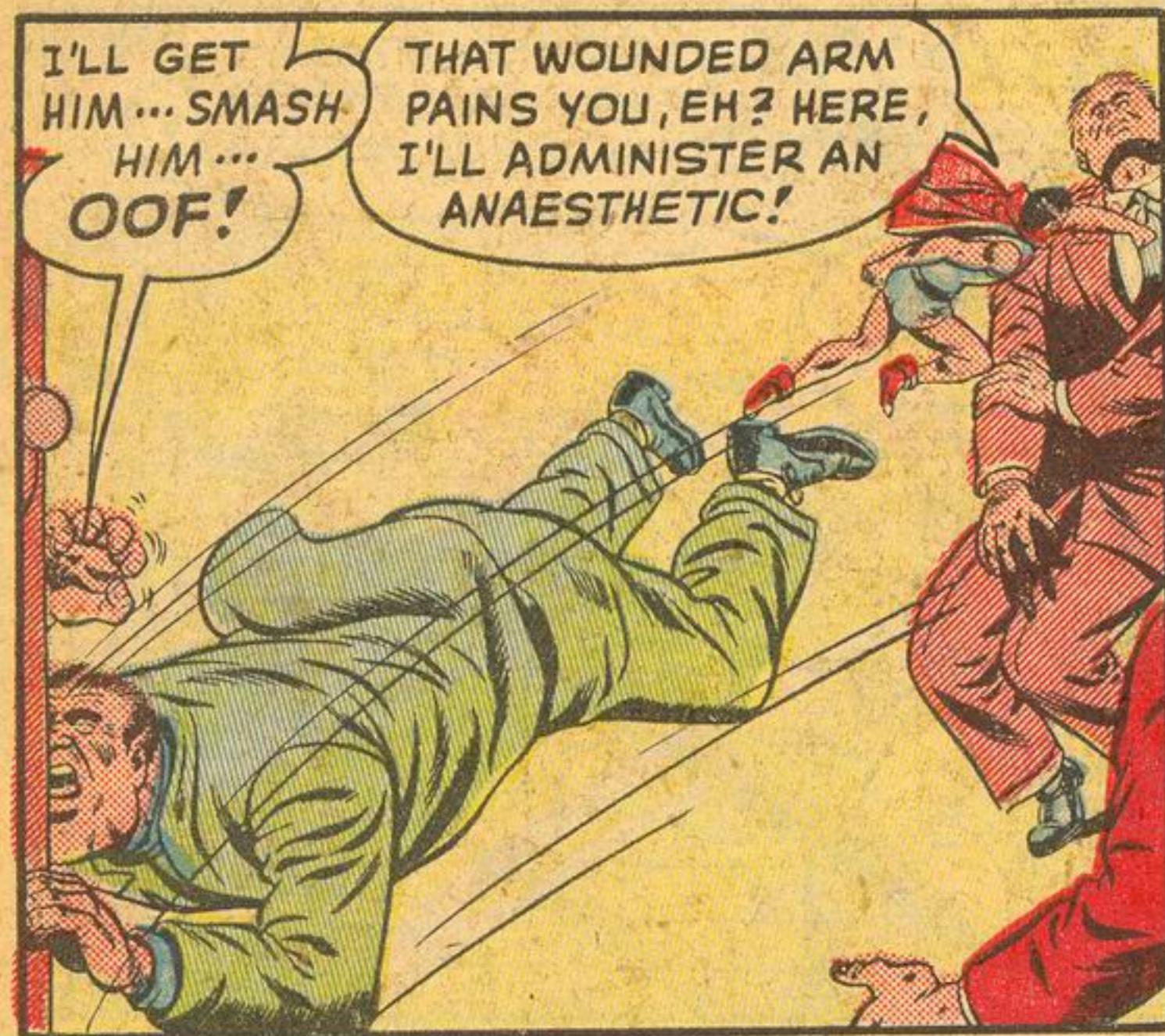
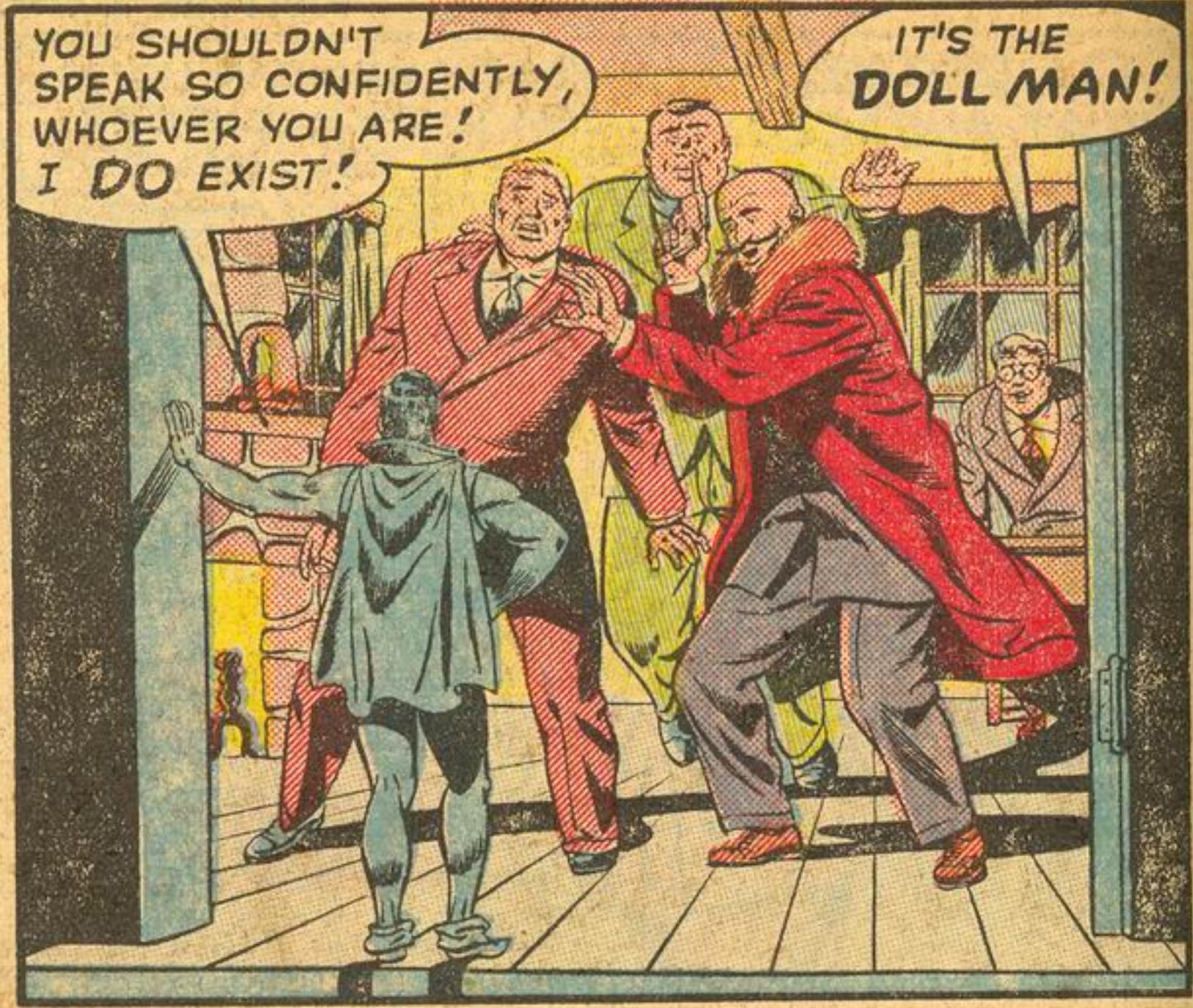
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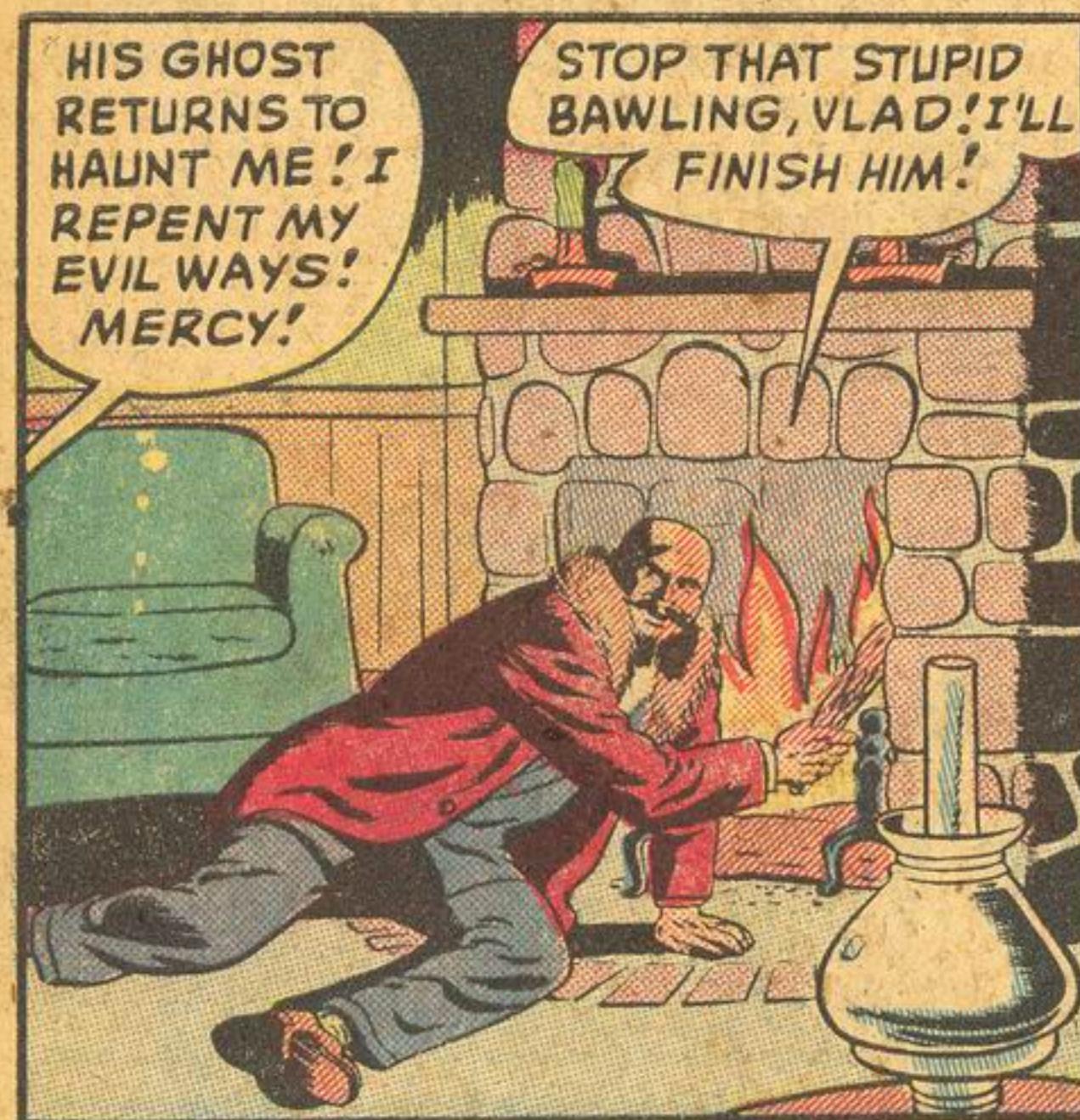


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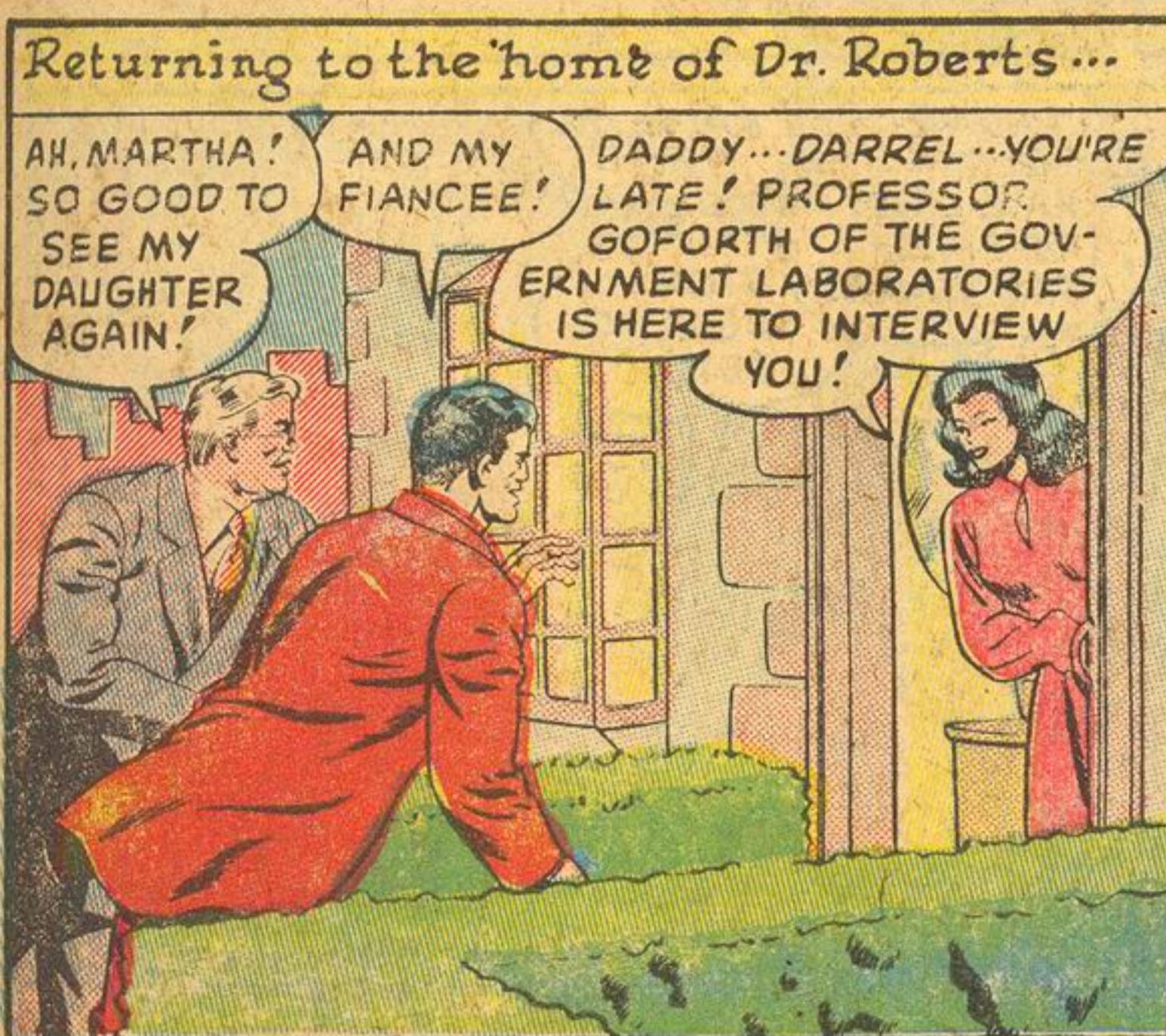
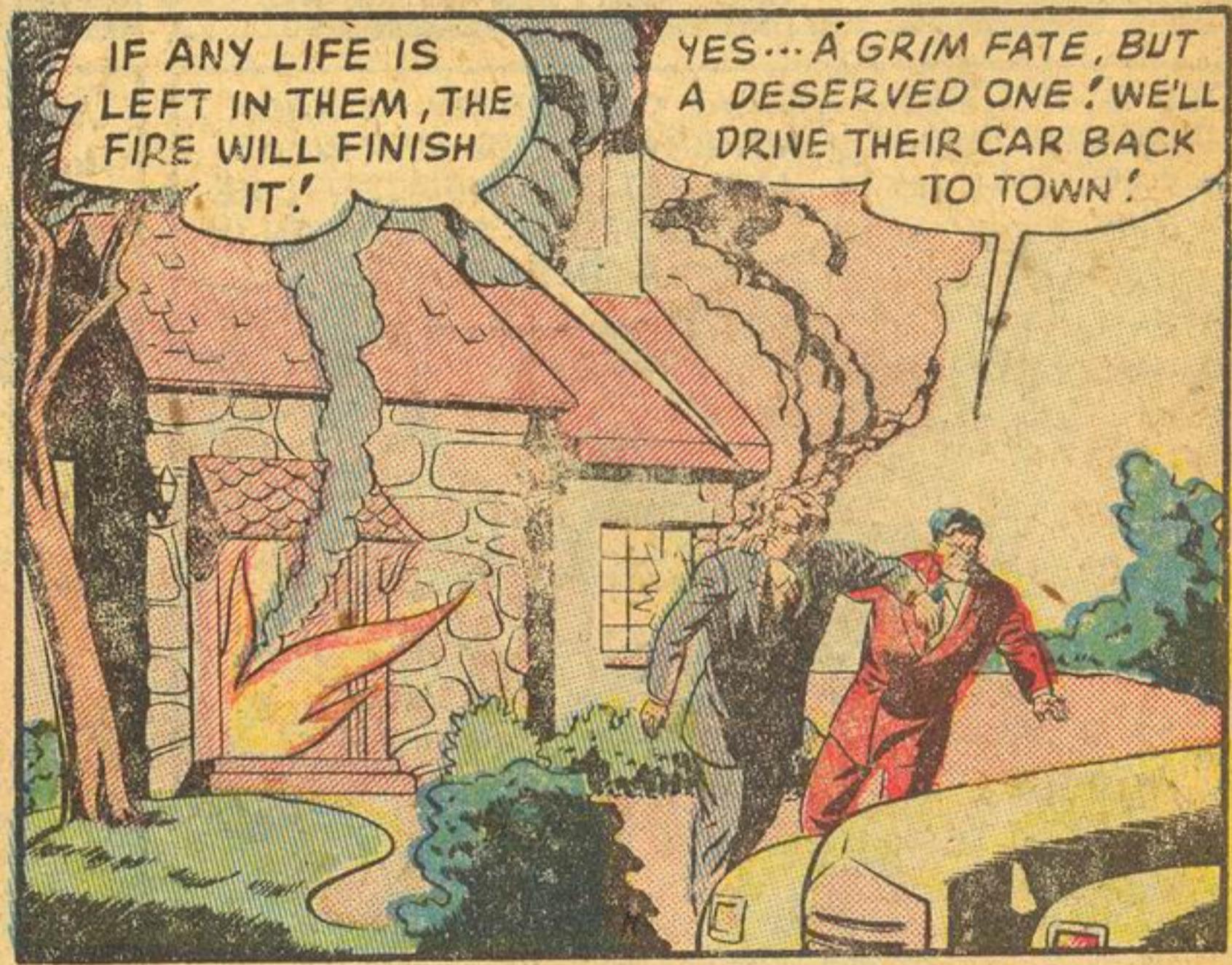
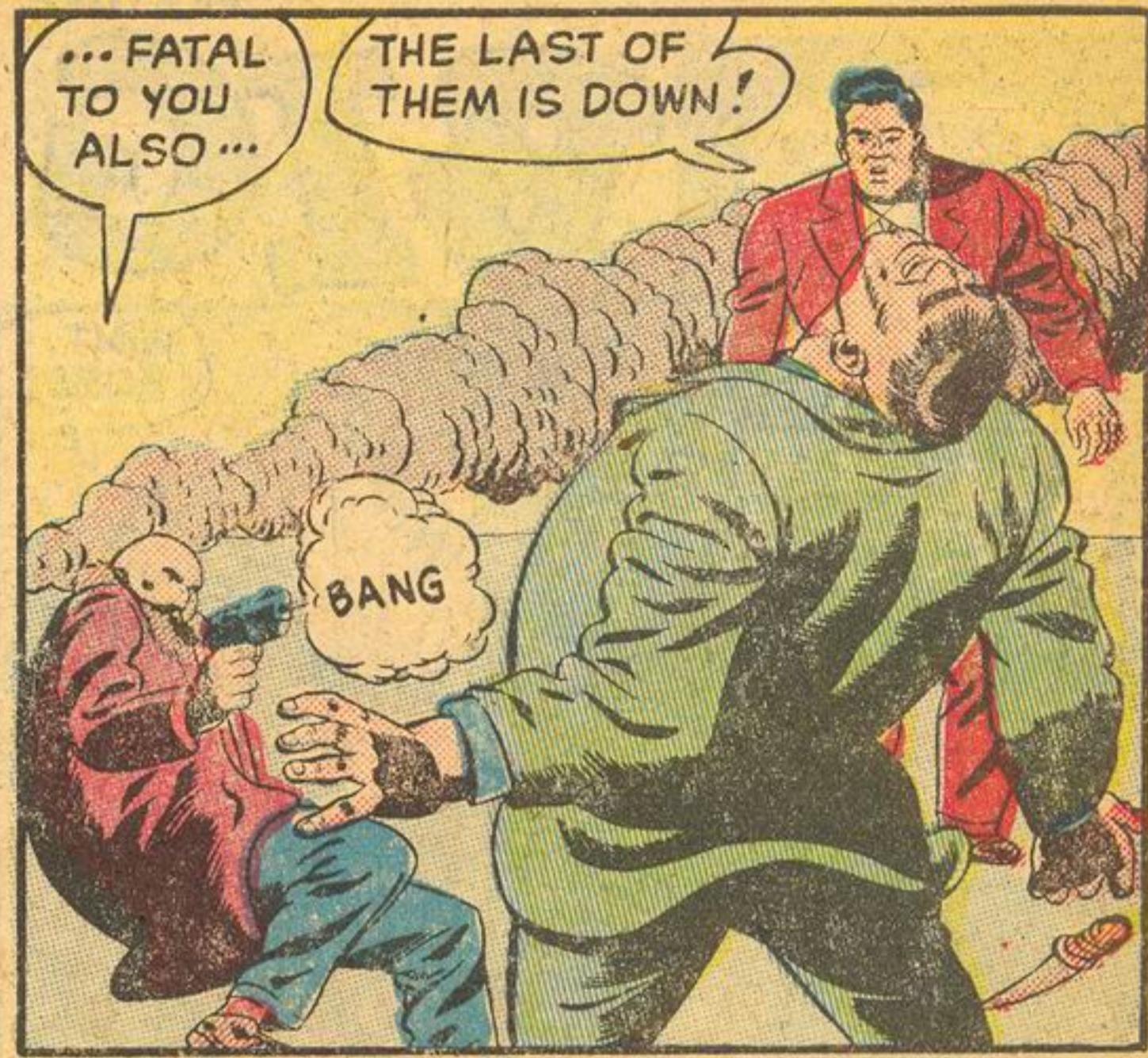
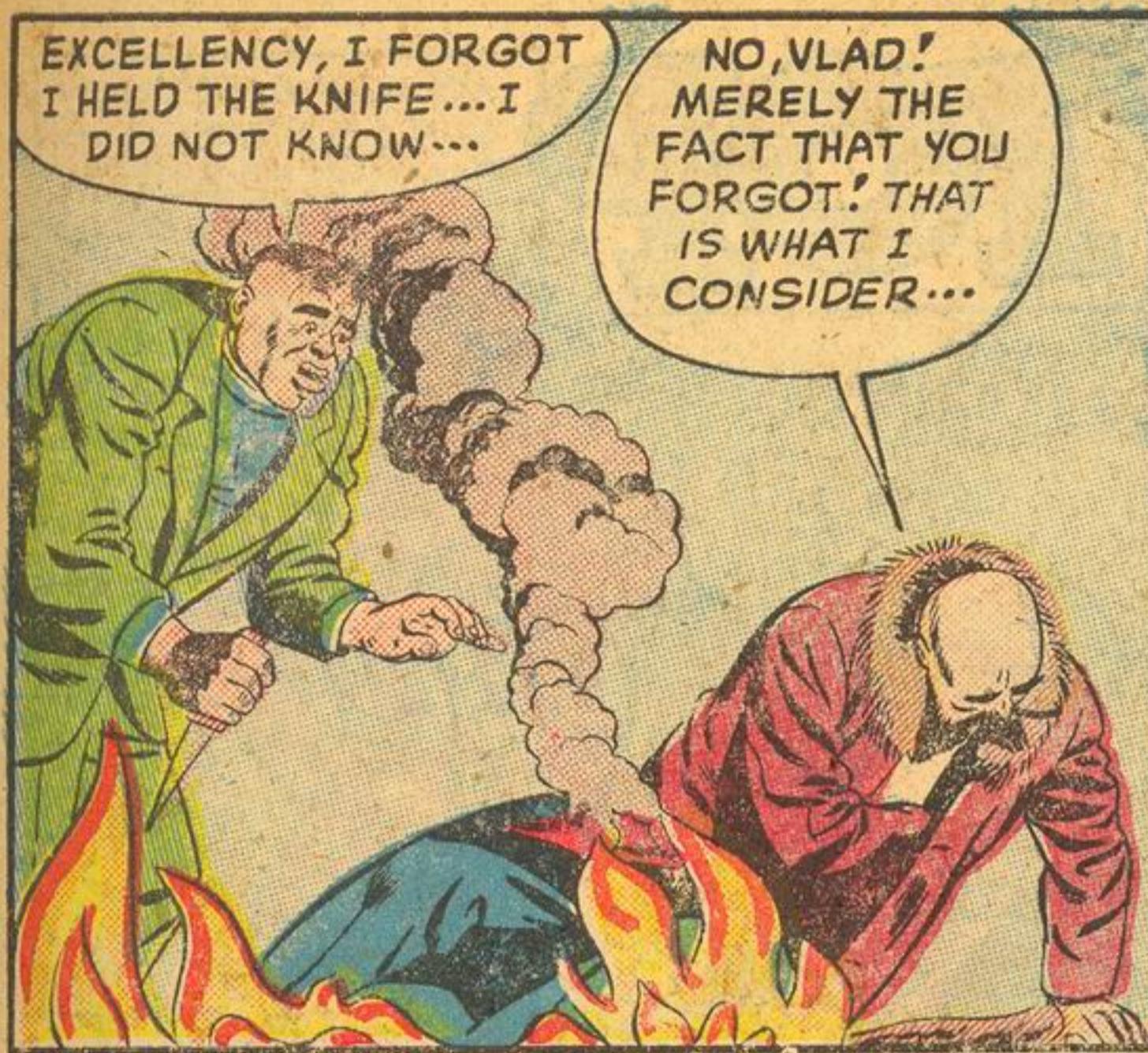
As the Doll Man concentrates his cosmic powers, the universe seems to whirl...

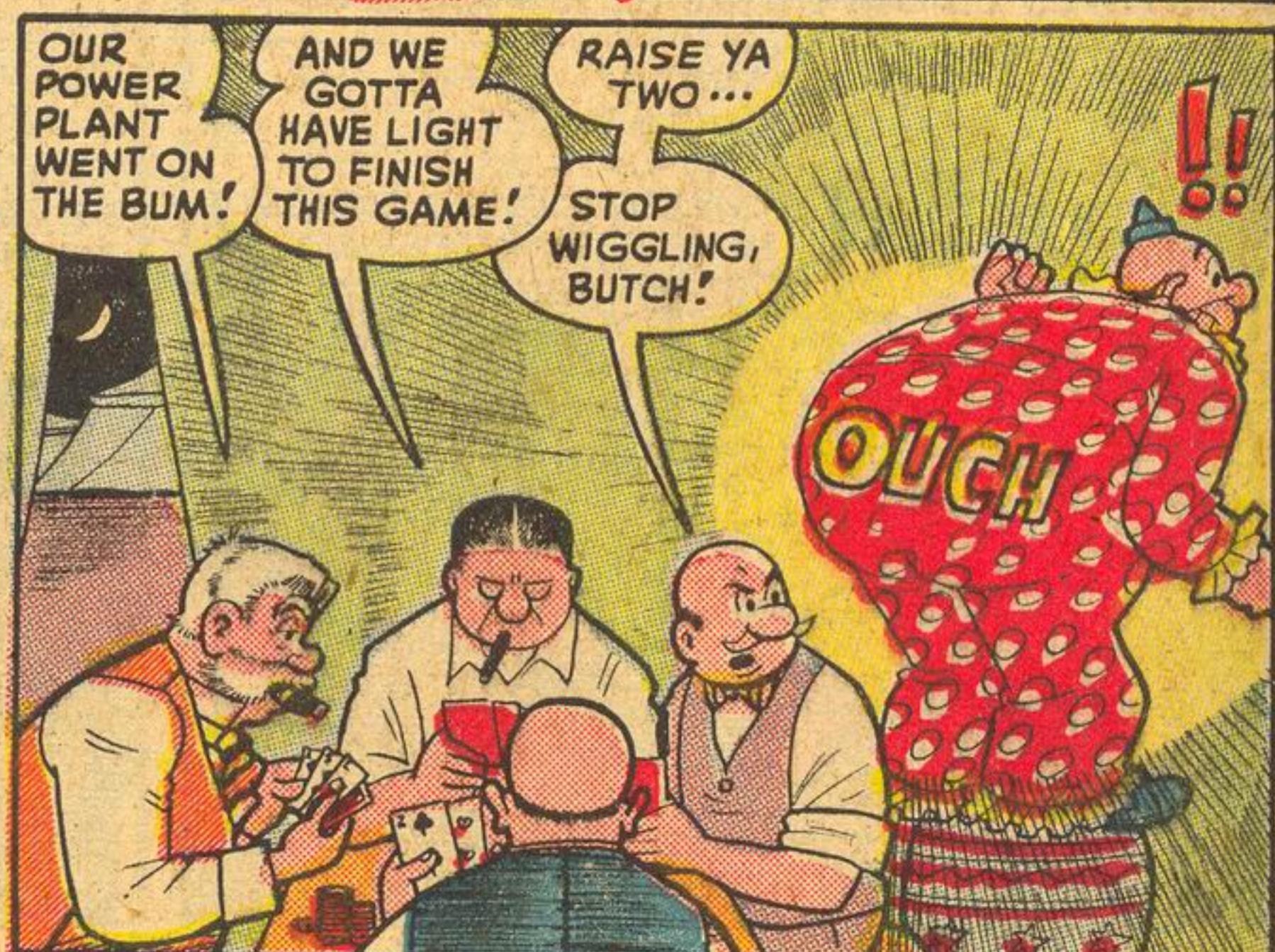
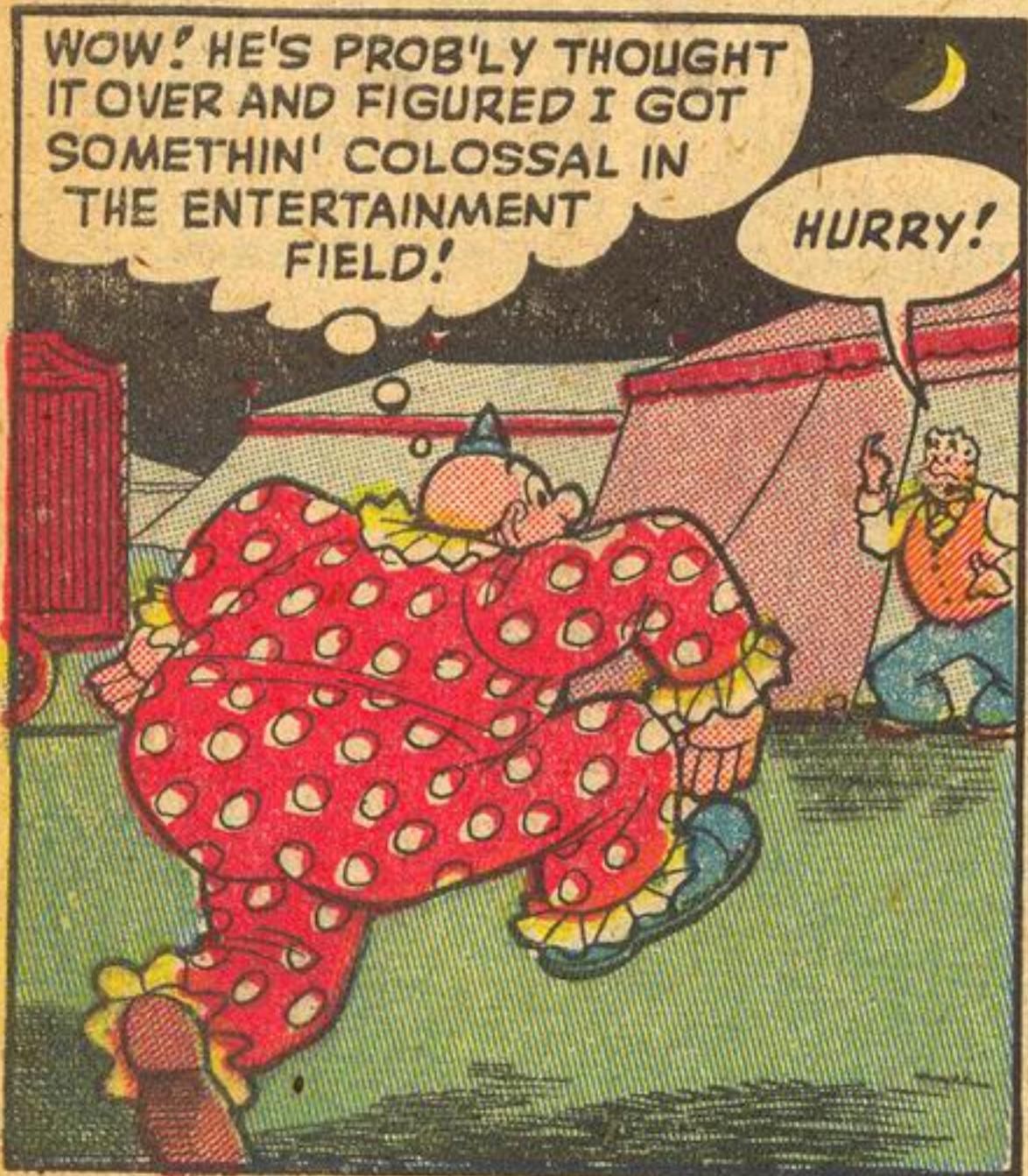
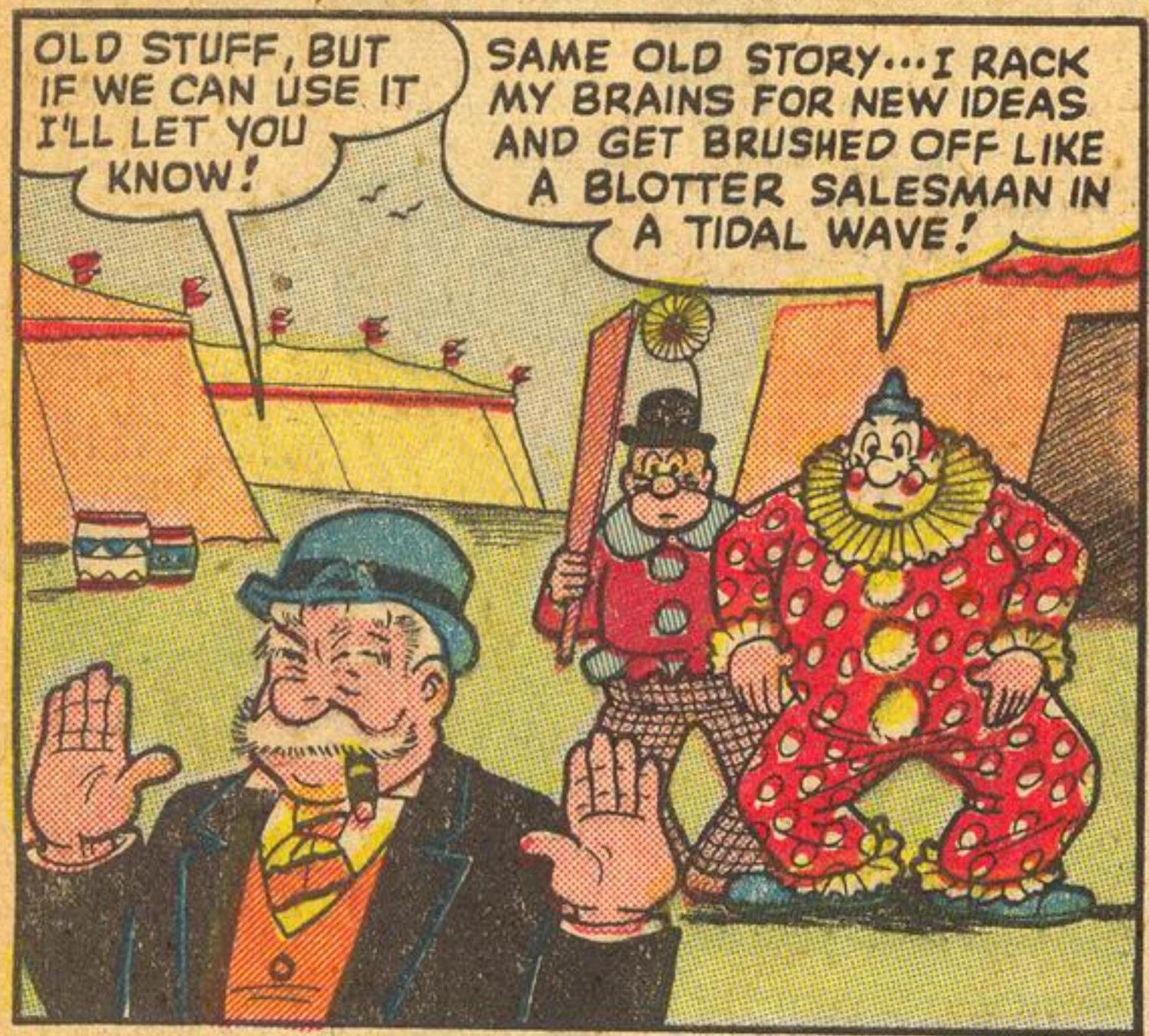
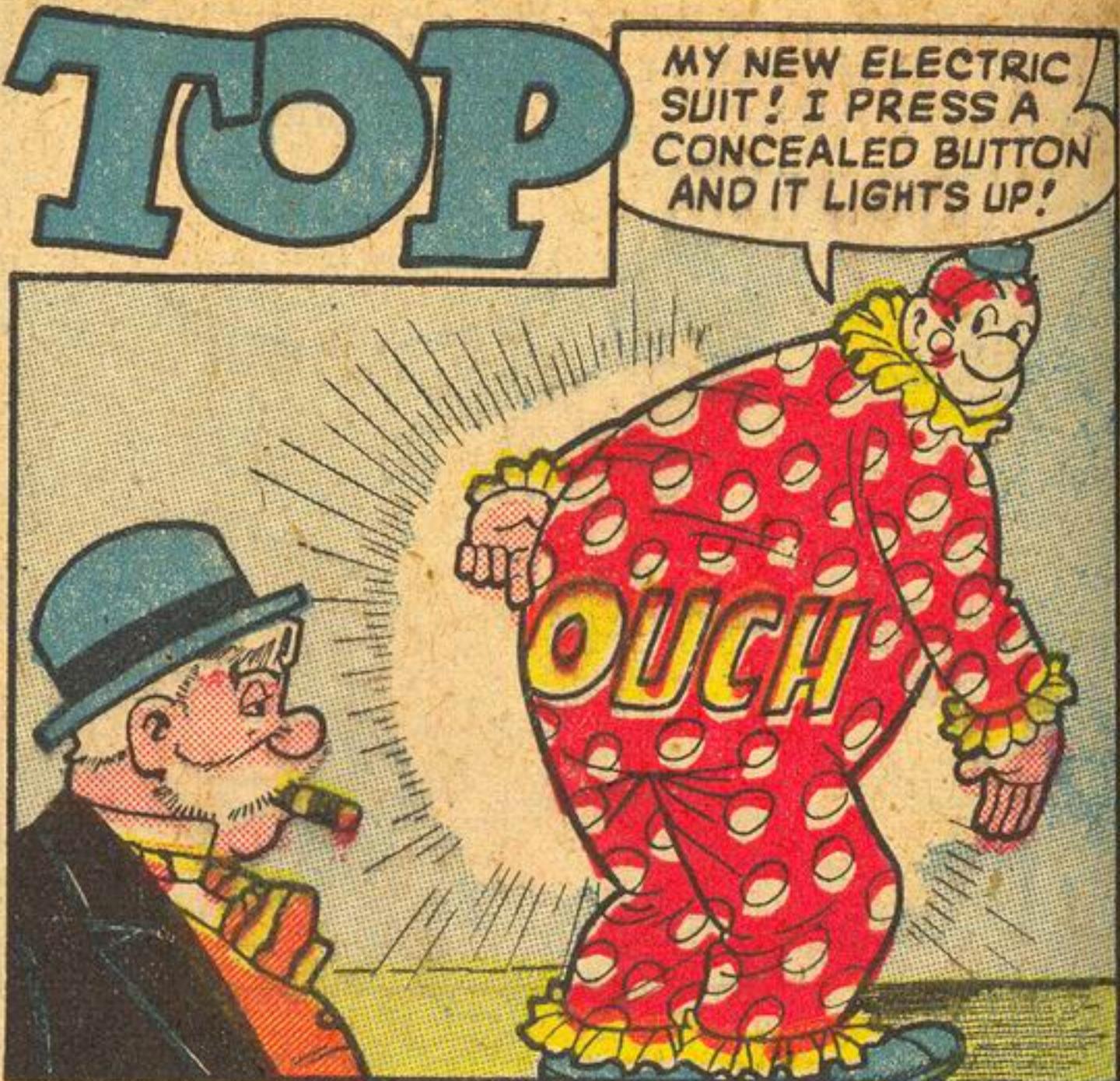


And where the Doll Man stood there appears the form of DARREL DANE!



FEATURE COMICS



**BIG TOP**

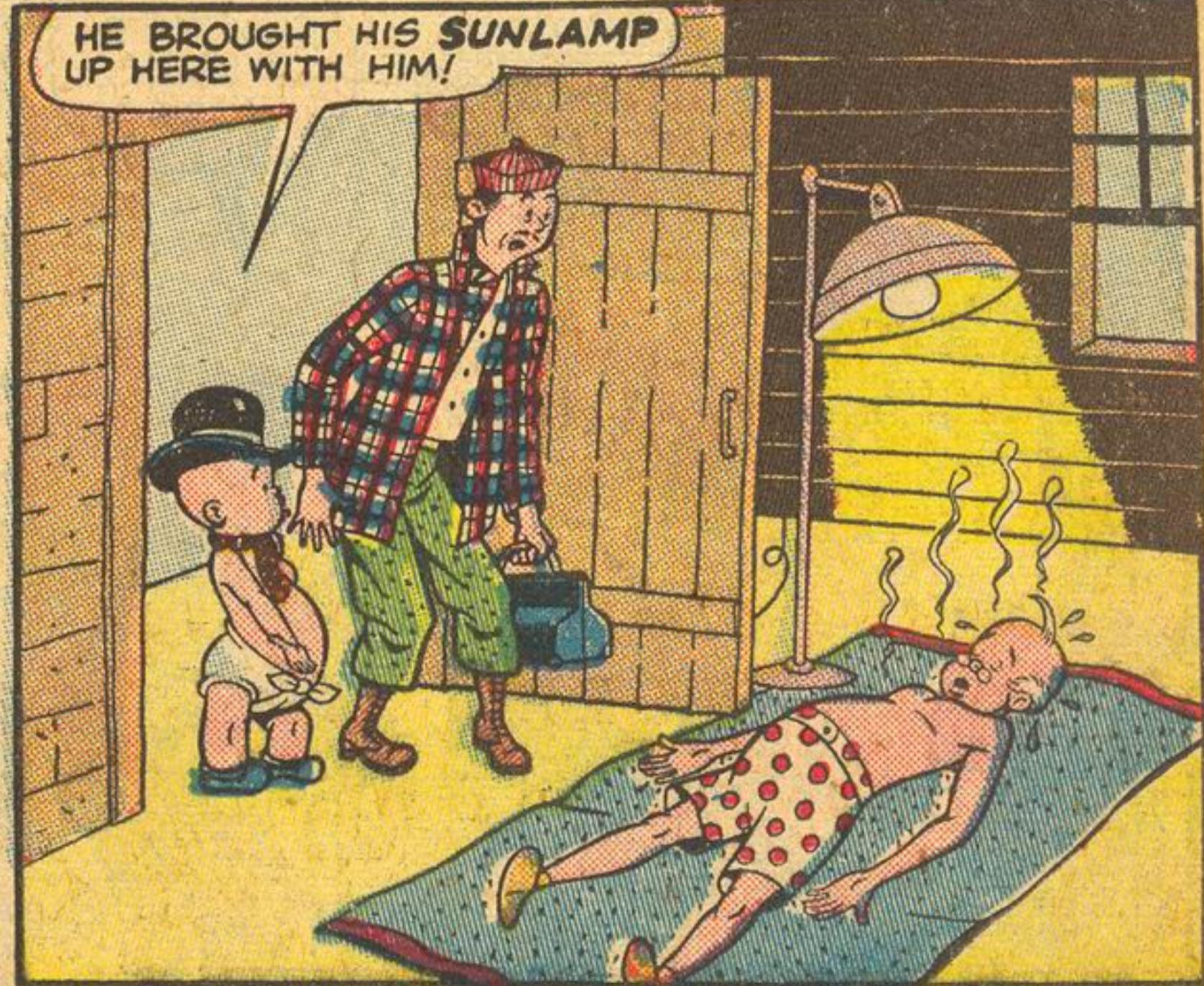
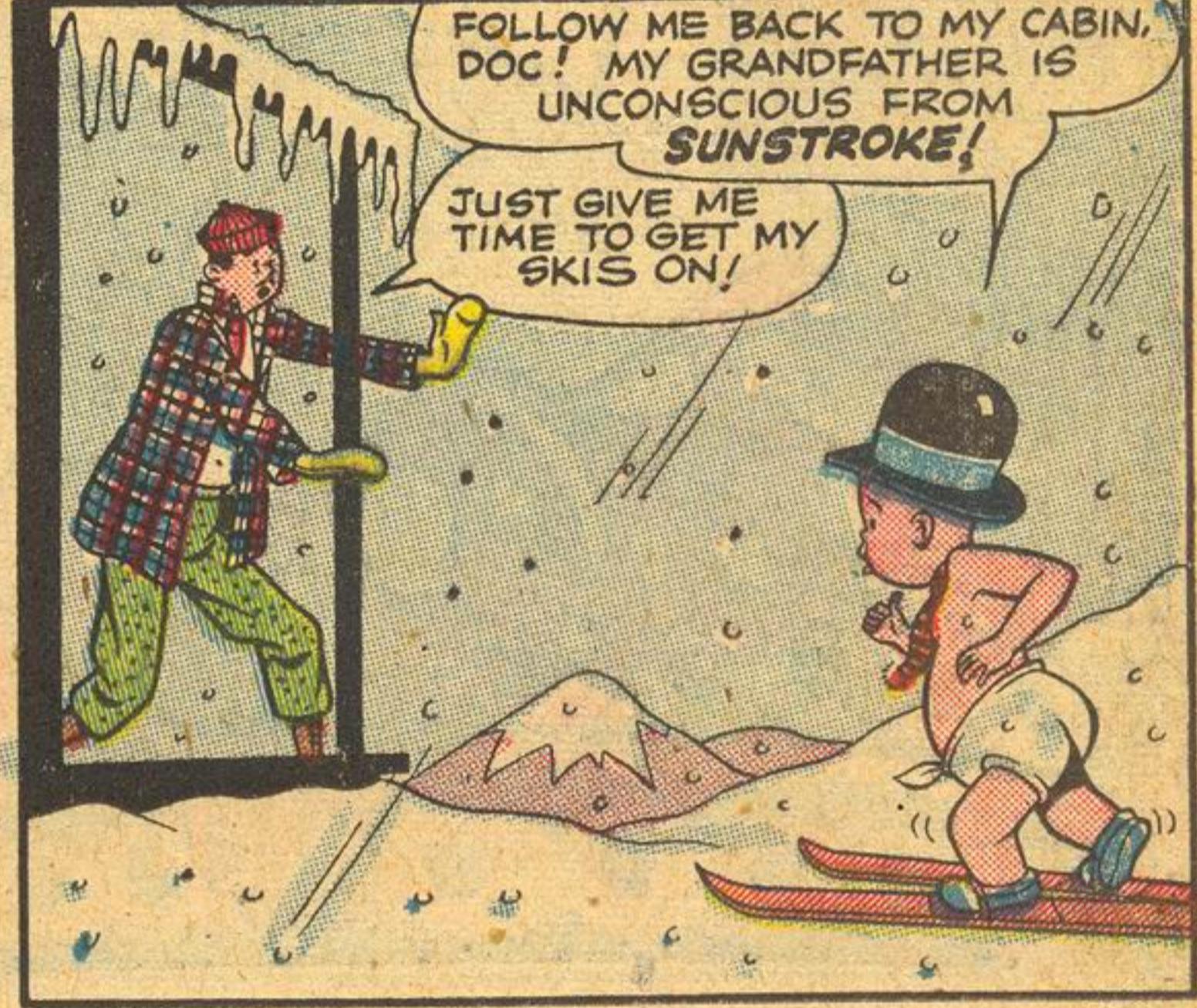
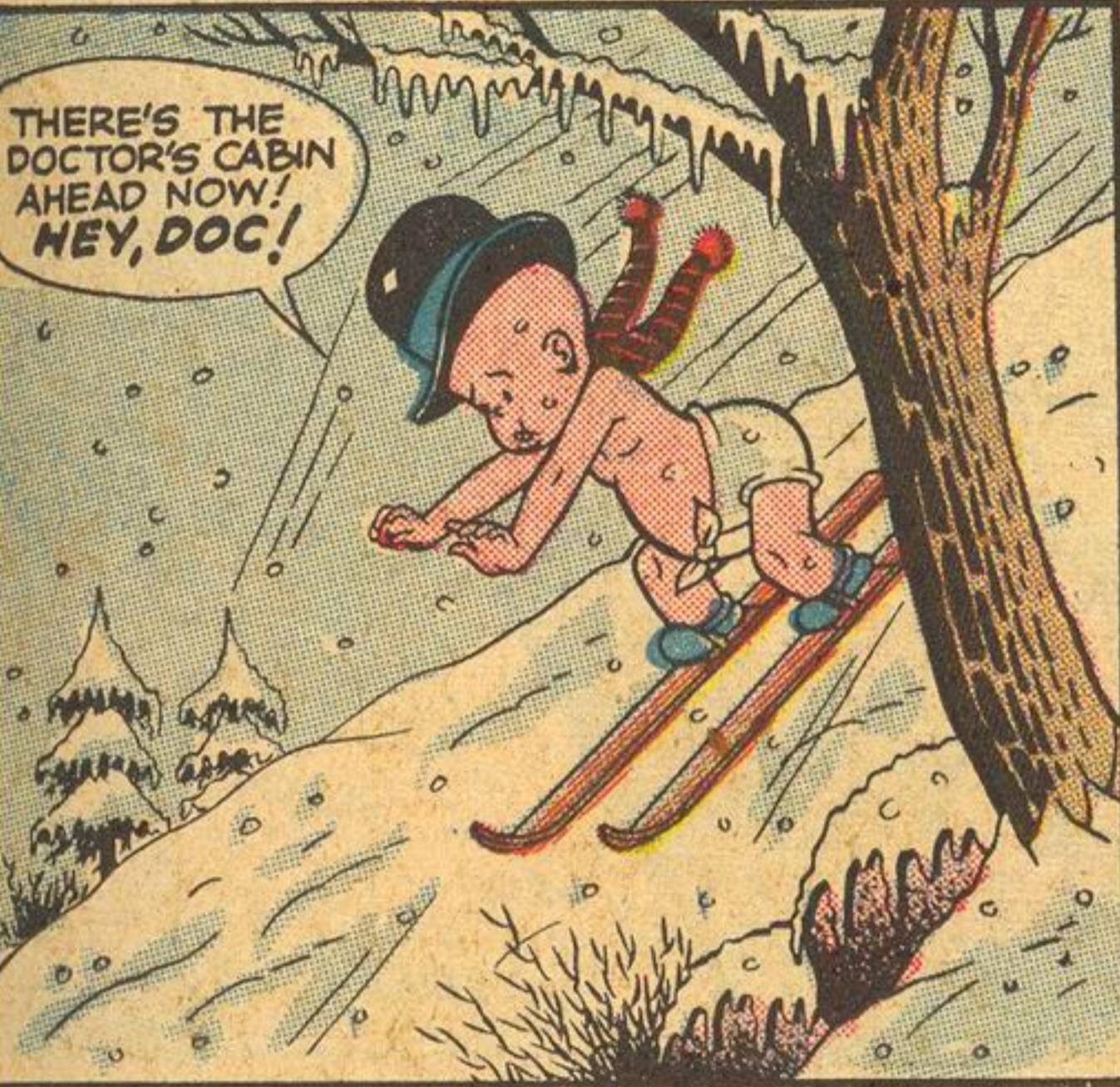
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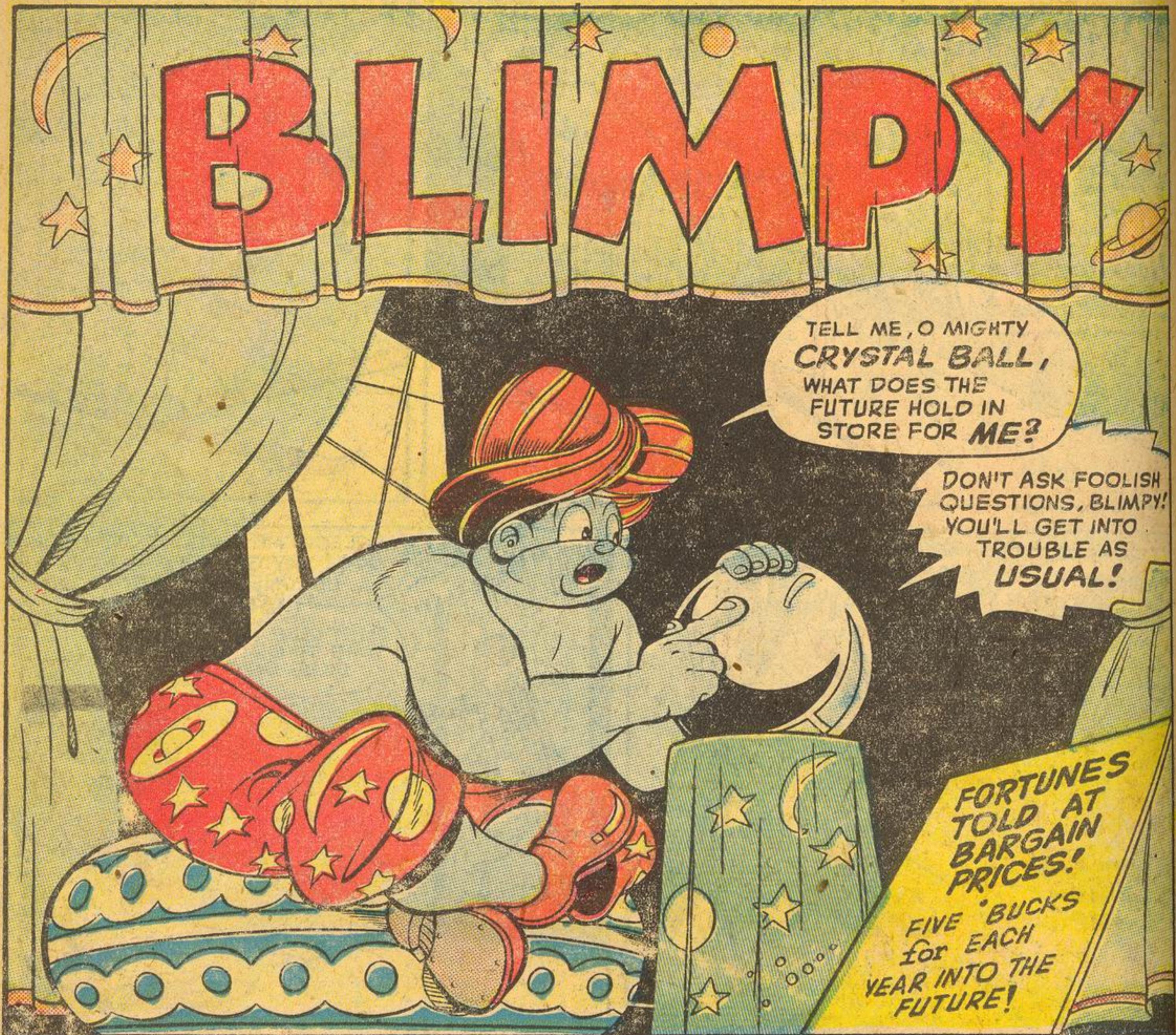
# POISON IVY

POISON AND HIS GRANDFATHER ARE ON A VACATION IN THE COLDEST PART OF ALASKA, WHEN TROUBLE STRIKES!

G-GOSH, GRANDPA IS UNCONSCIOUS! I'D BETTER HURRY!

I HOPE I GET THE DOCTOR BACK HERE IN TIME!





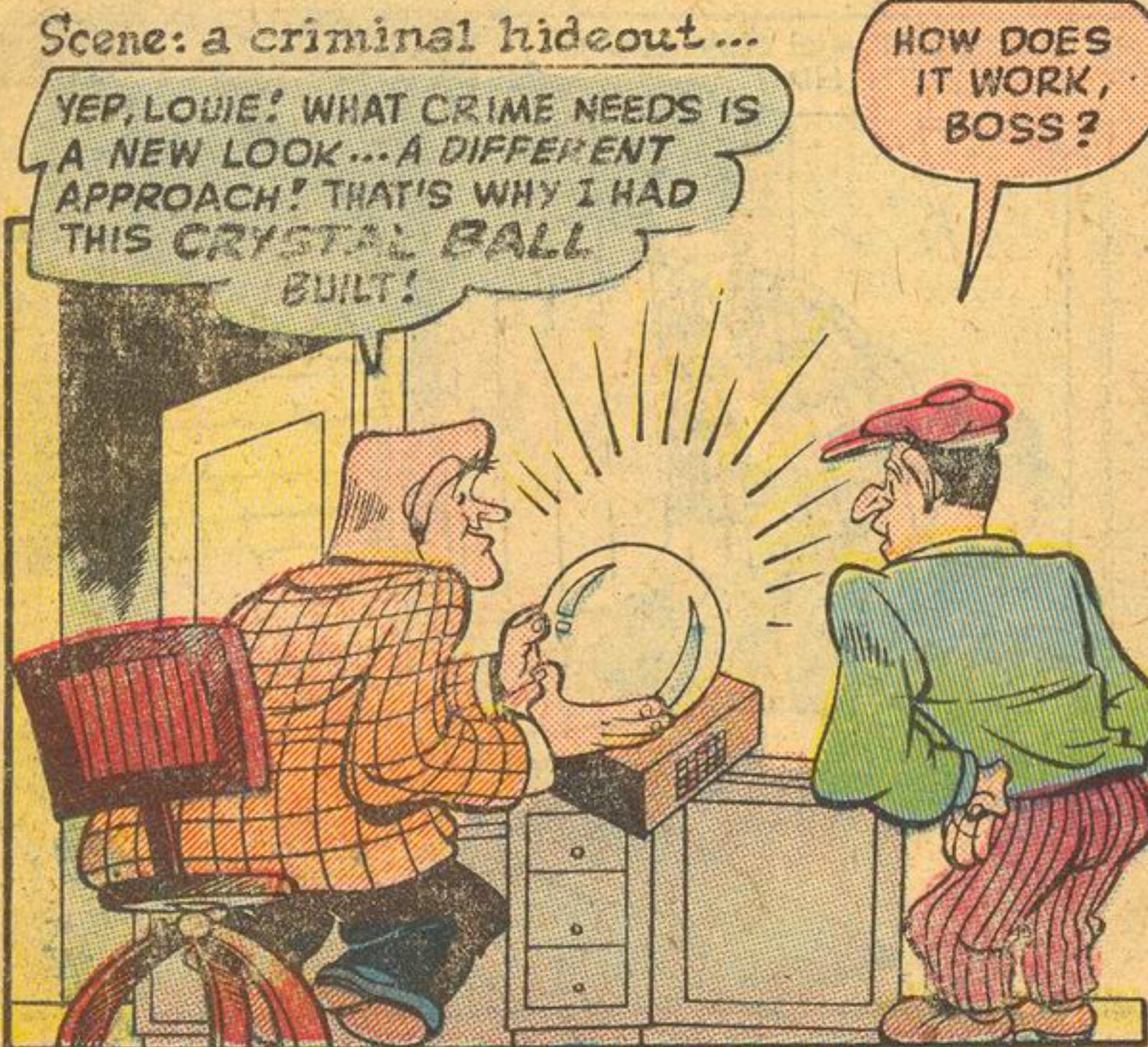
Scene: a criminal hideout...

YEP, LOUIE! WHAT CRIME NEEDS IS A NEW LOOK... A DIFFERENT APPROACH! THAT'S WHY I HAD THIS CRYSTAL BALL BUILT!

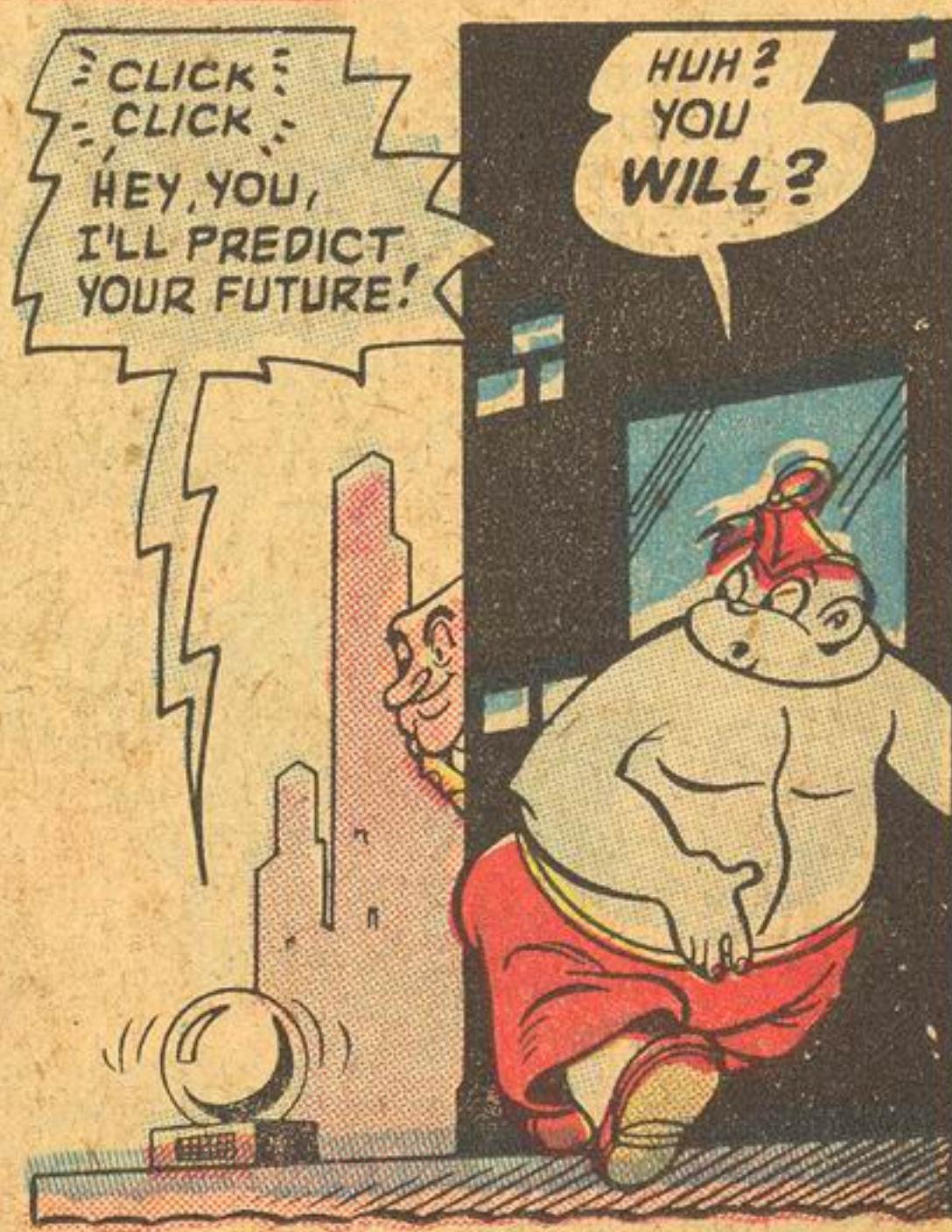
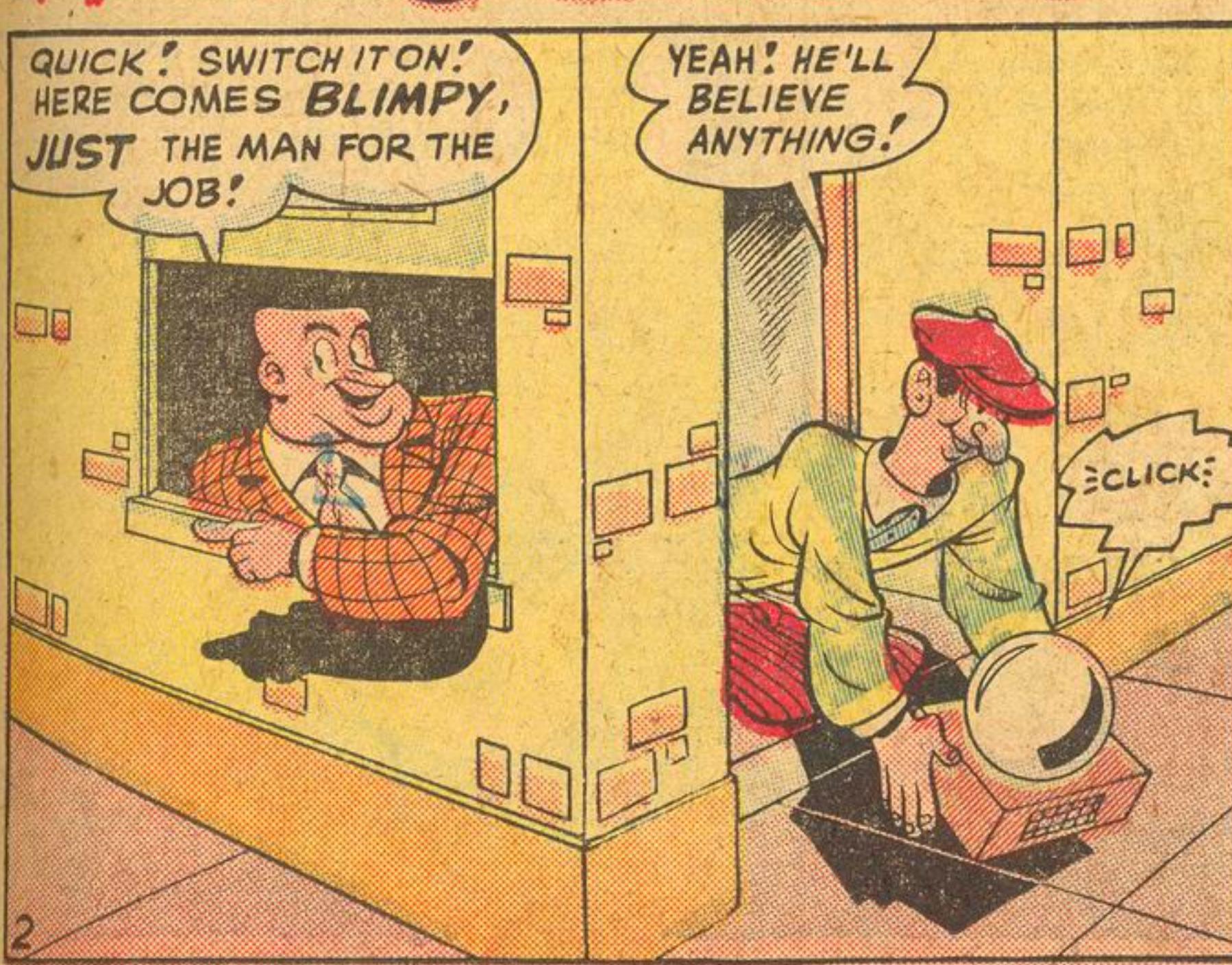
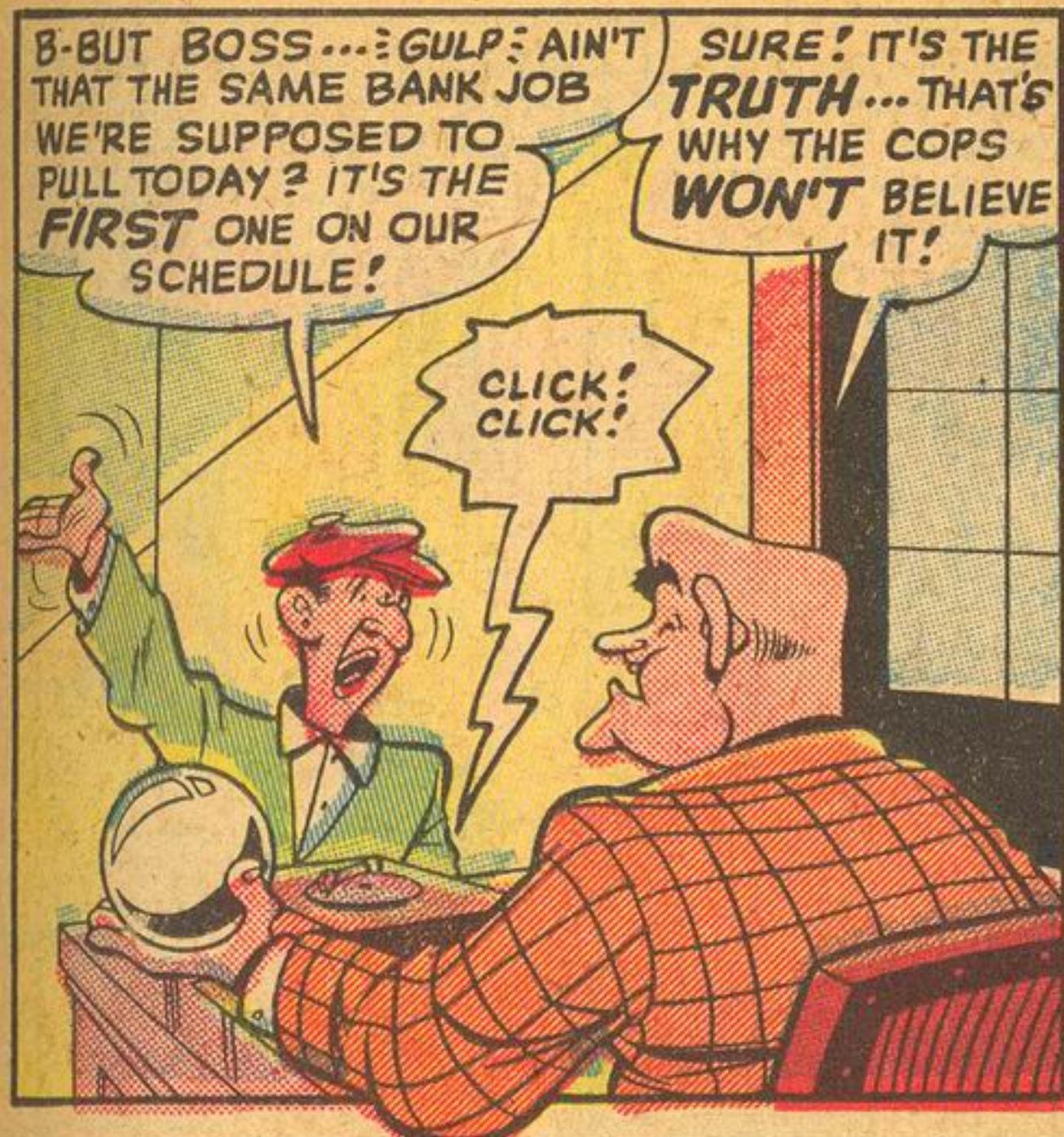
HOW DOES IT WORK, BOSS?

SIMPLE! THERE'S A HIDDEN PHONOGRAPH WITH A RECORDED MESSAGE! LISTEN!

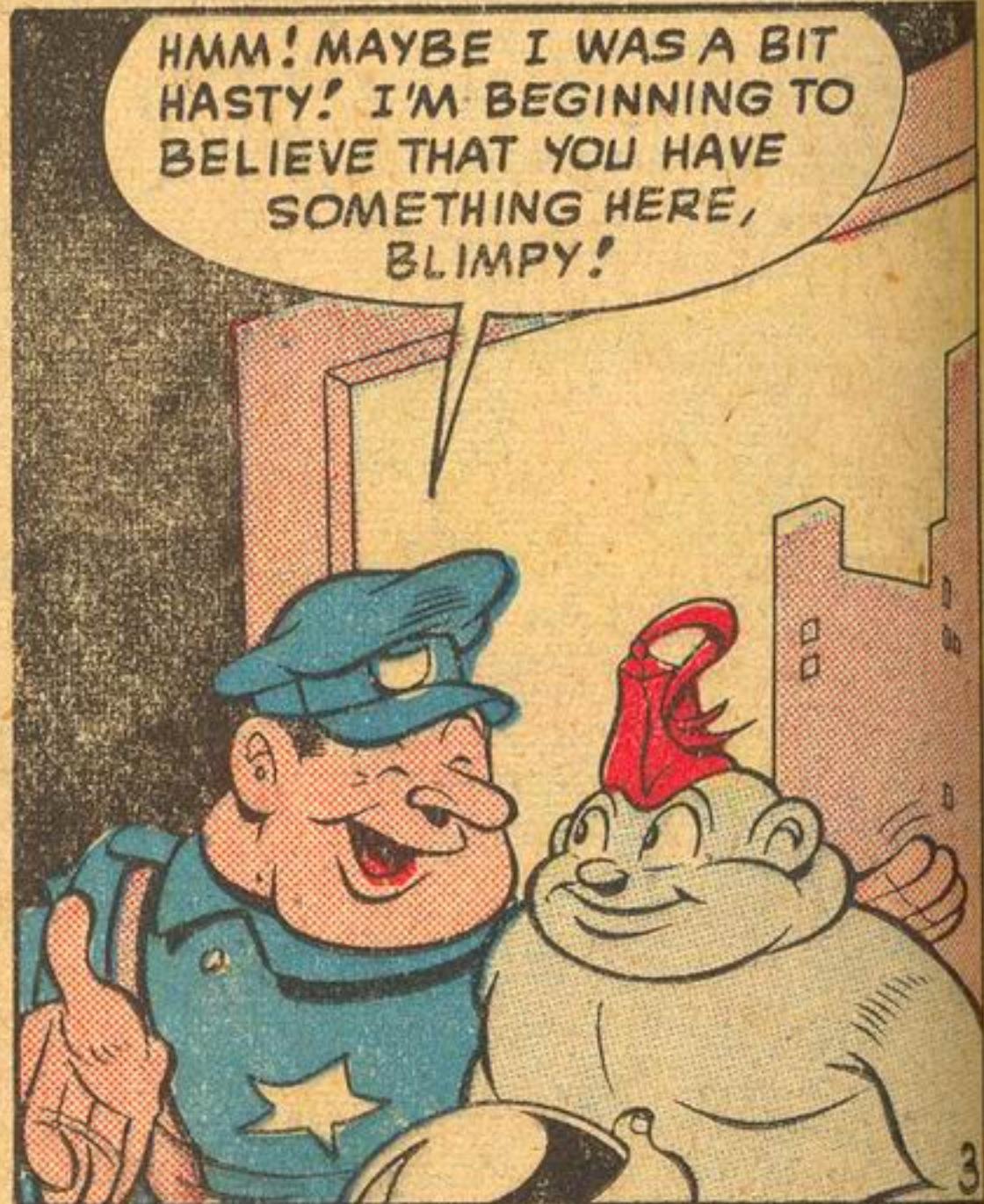
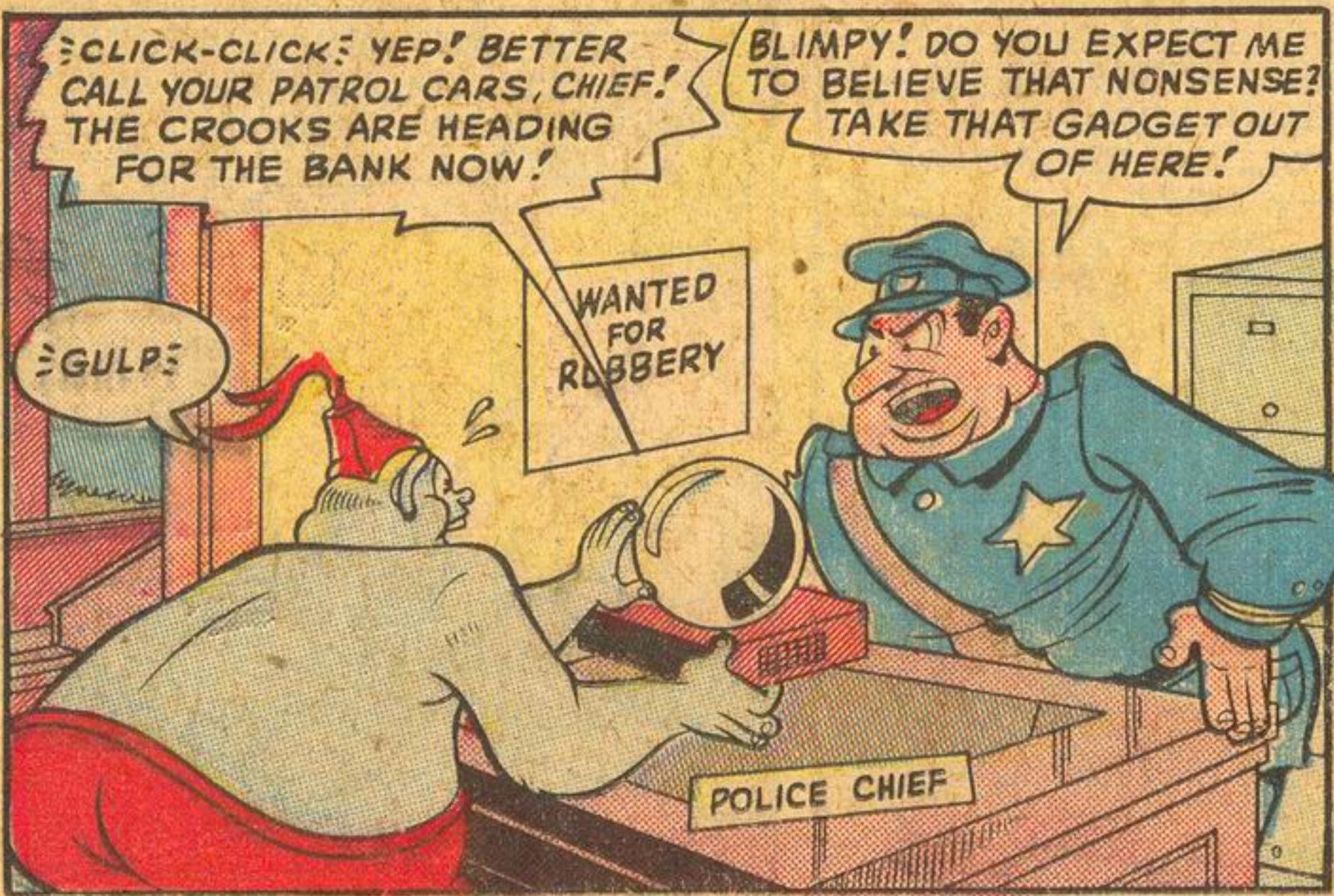
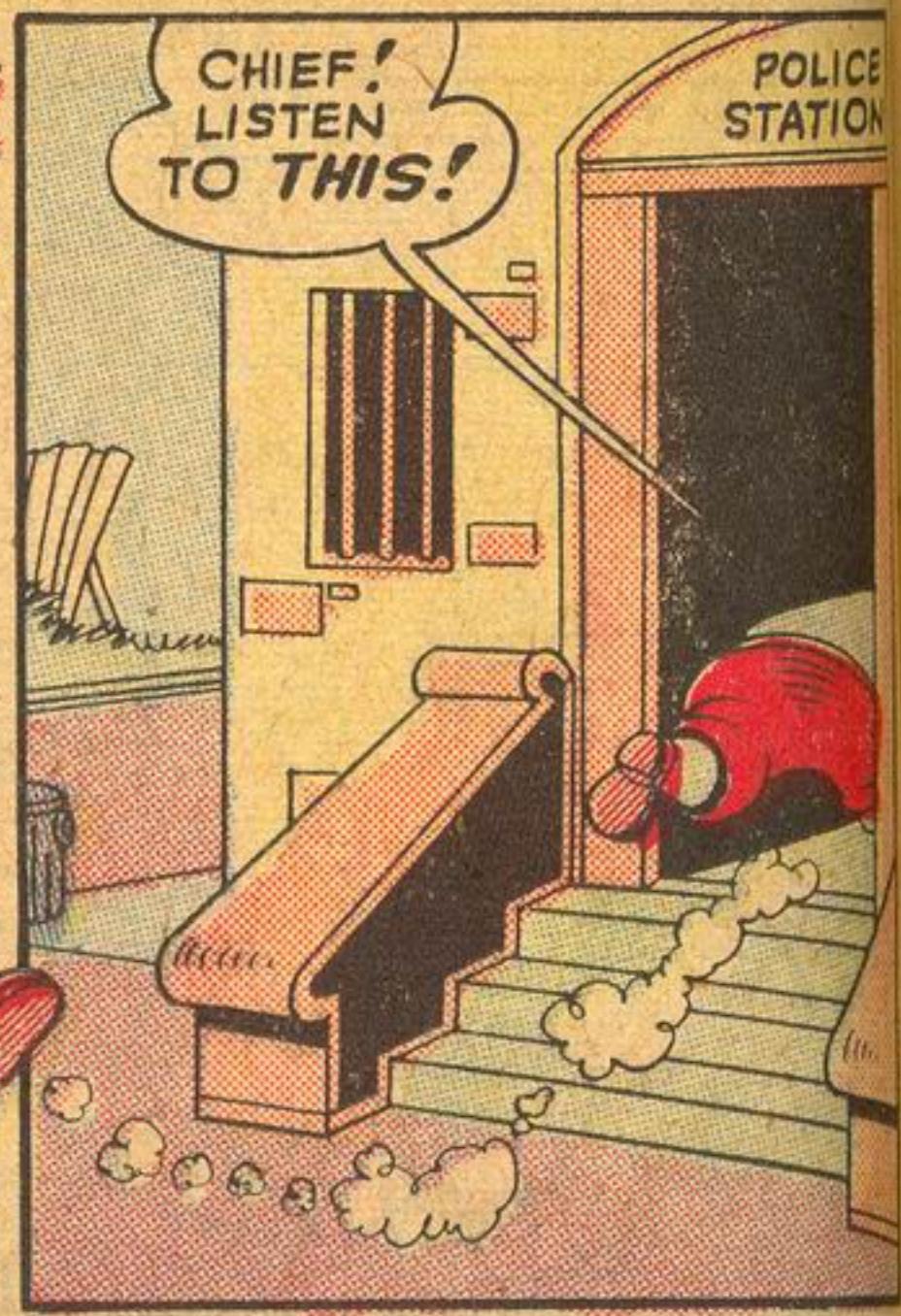
CLICK! CLICK! ATTENTION, ALL COPS! I SEE THE FUTURE! AT ONE P.M. SOME CROOKS WILL BLOW THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK VAULT!



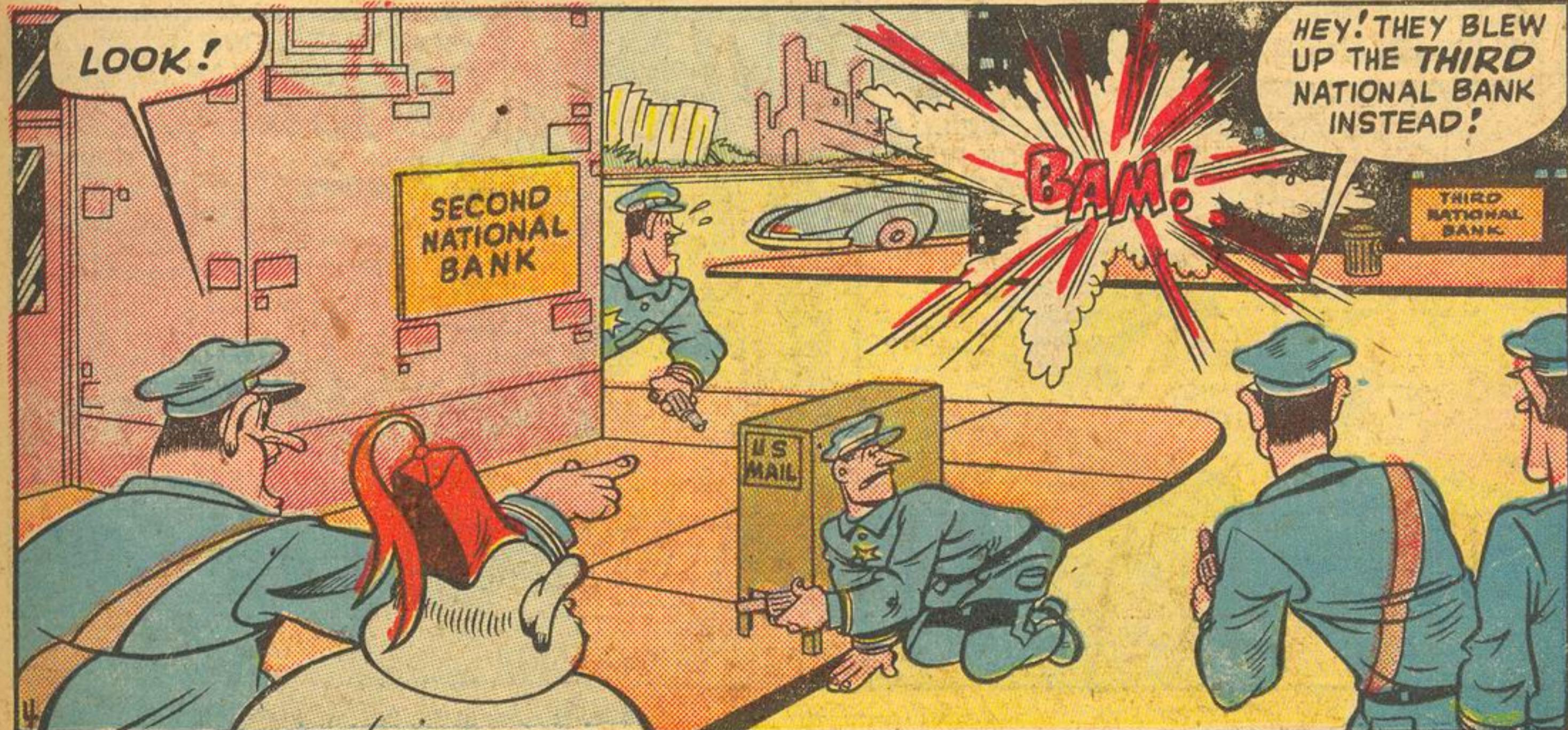
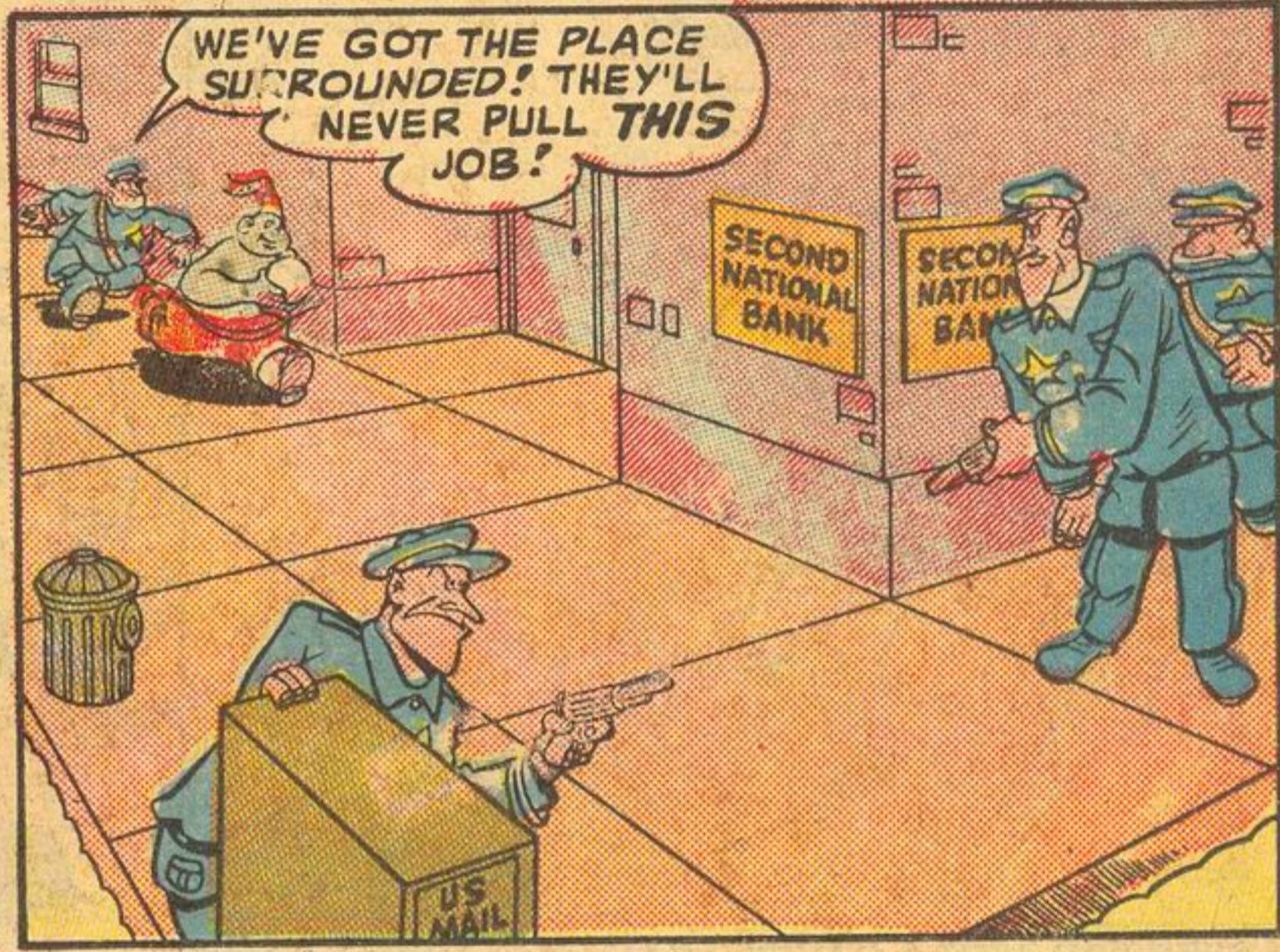
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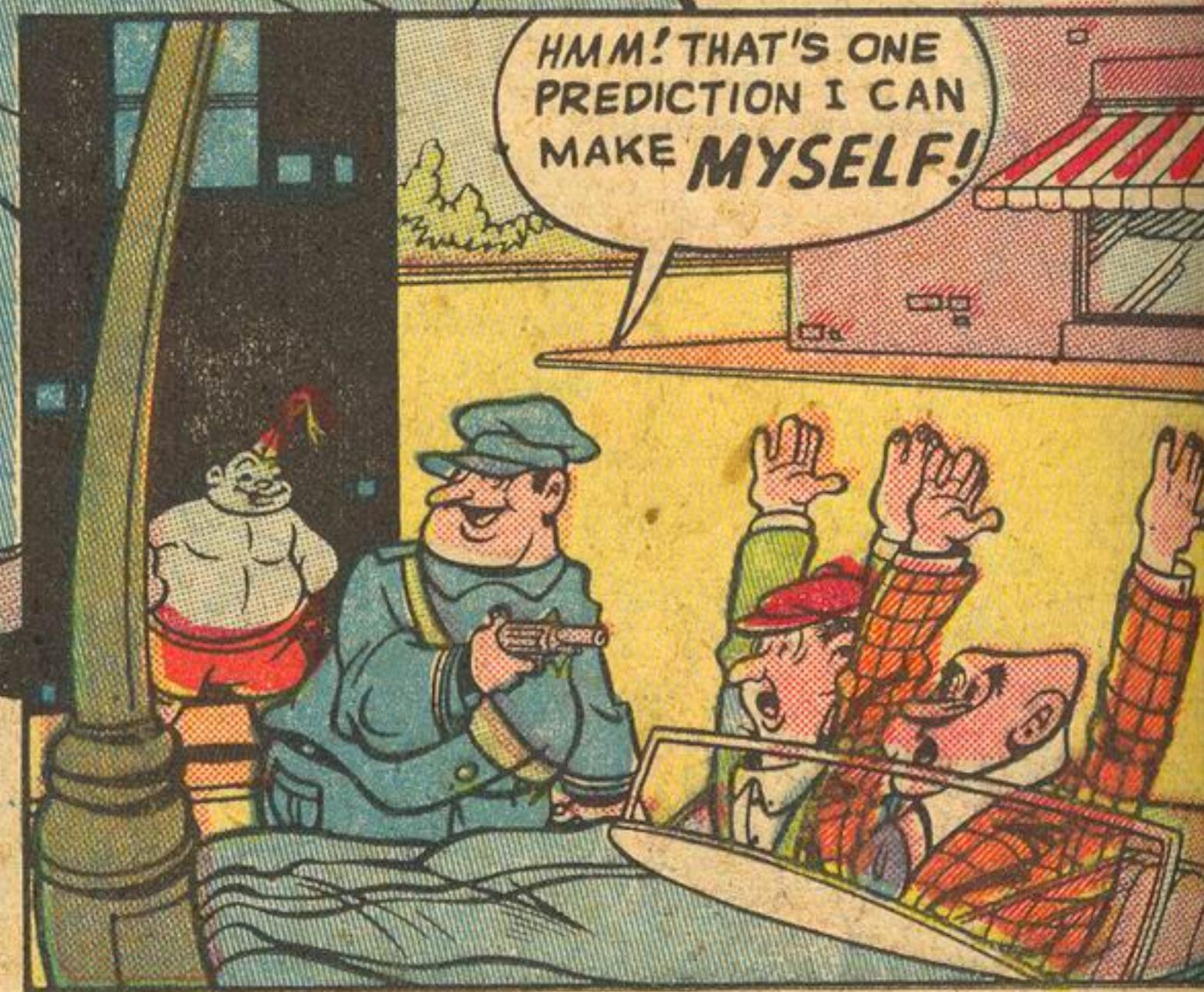
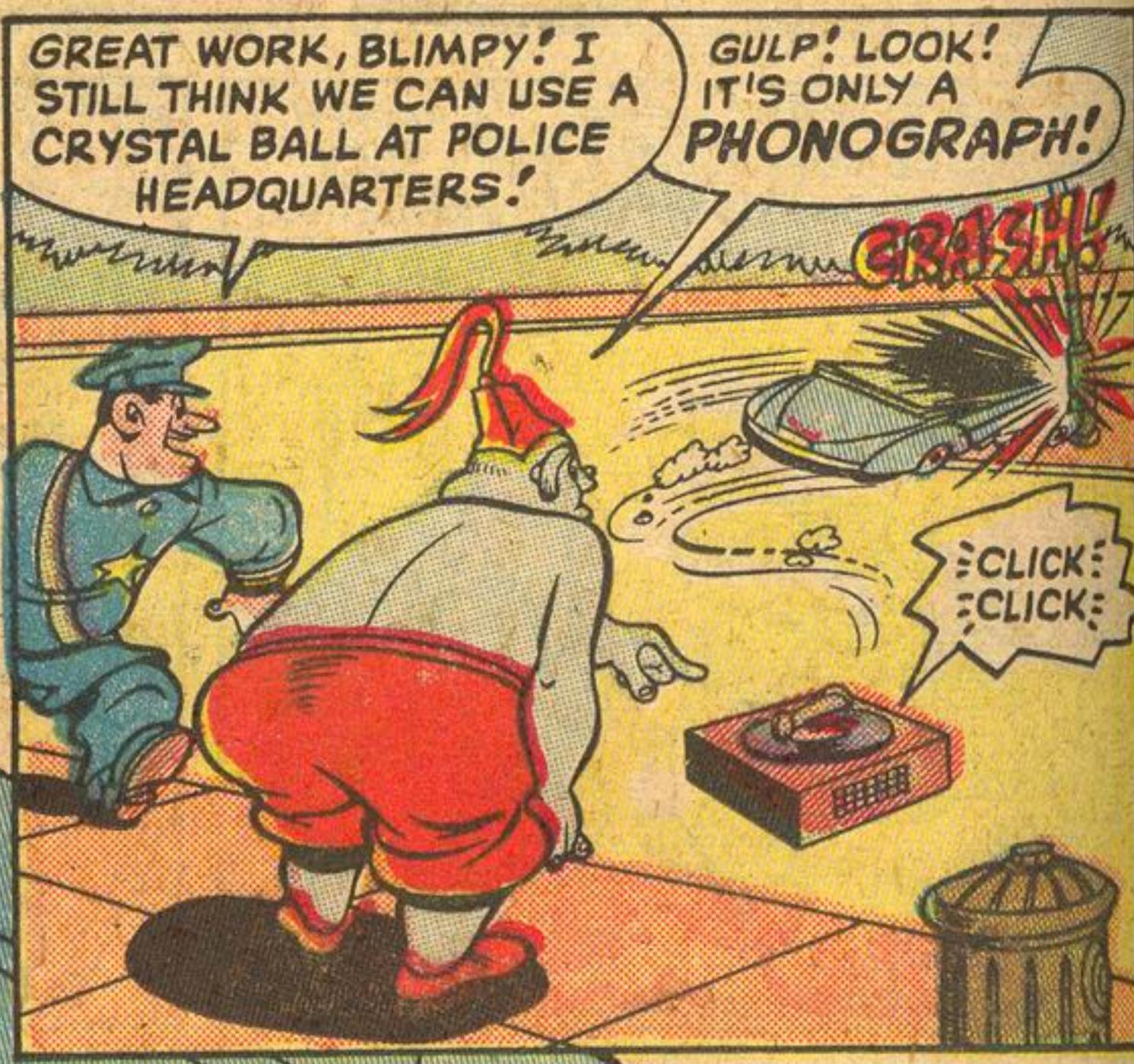
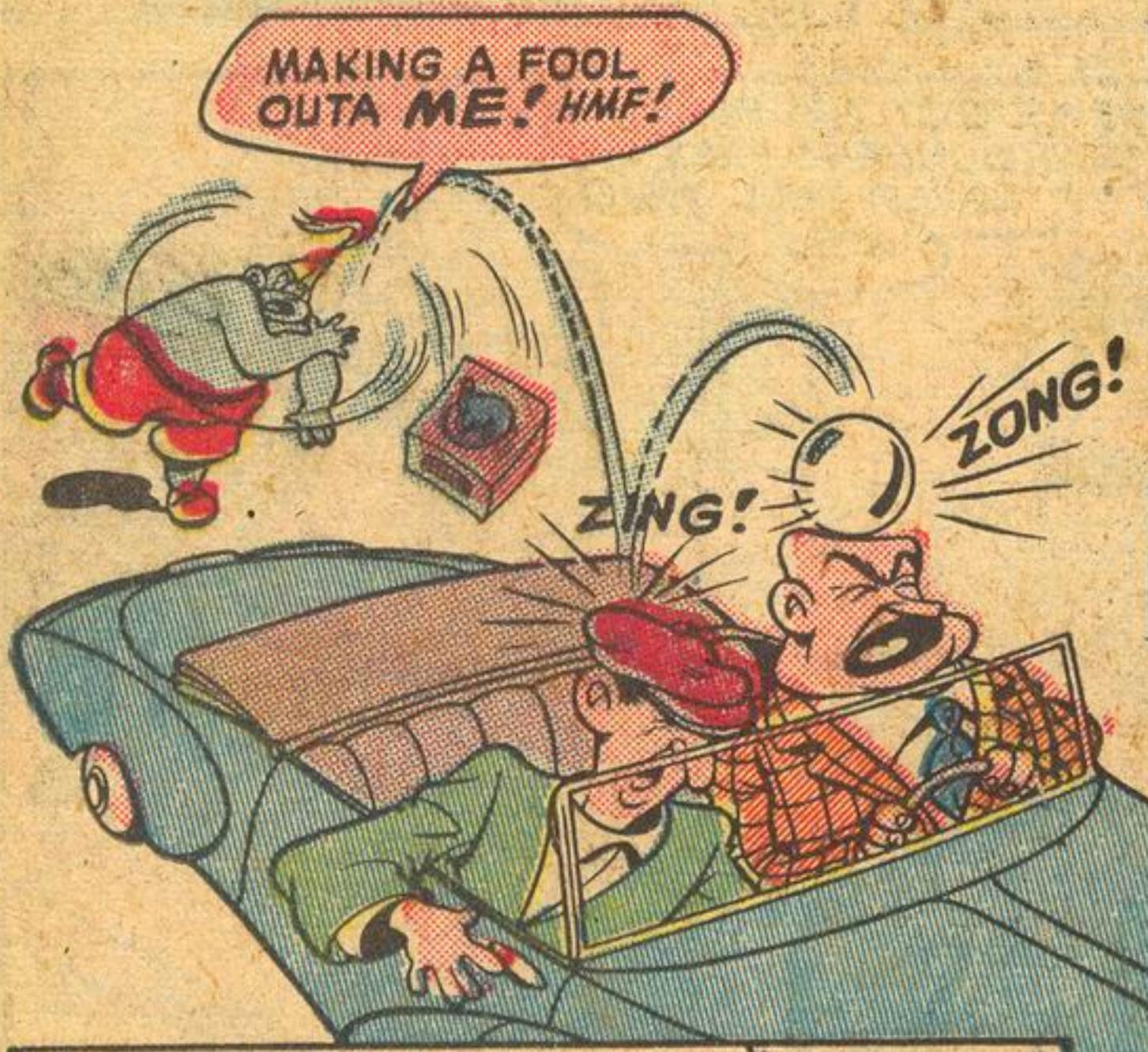
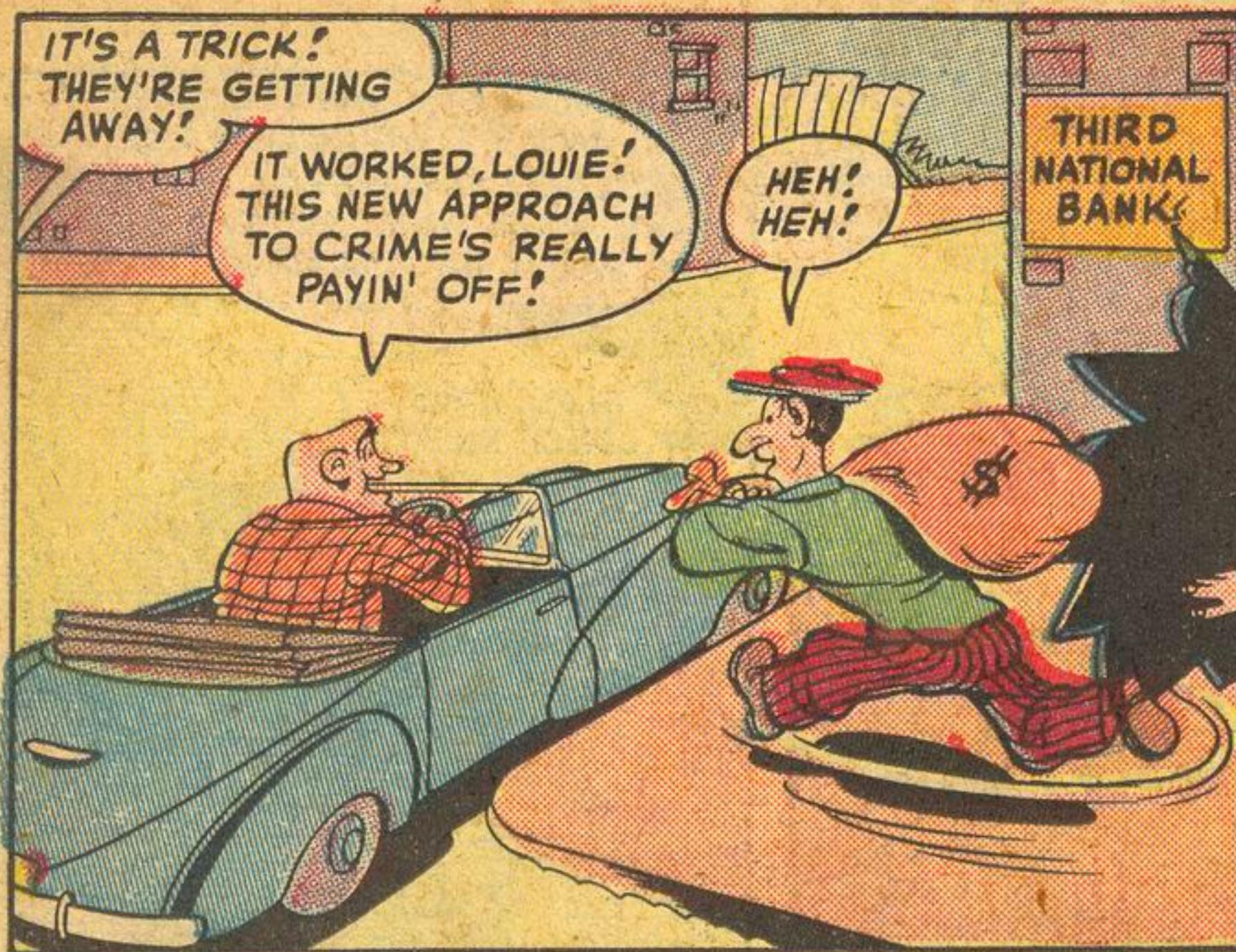
FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



# Swing Sisson

STOP THE MUSIC!  
SOMETHING'S  
GONE WRONG!

The  
PRETTIEST  
GIRLS  
in the  
WORLD

Beauty in the line of duty  
brings discord to the  
harmonies of Swing  
Sisson and his band!

A conference at the Clover Club...

THE SITUATION IS SERIOUS!  
OUR BUSINESS IS FALLING  
OFF NIGHTLY! EVERYBODY'S  
GOING TO THE RHYTHM  
CLUB DOWN THE  
STREET!

I KNOW, MR.  
MASON! YOU CAN'T  
KEEP THE CLOVER  
CLUB GOING VERY  
LONG AT THIS  
RATE!

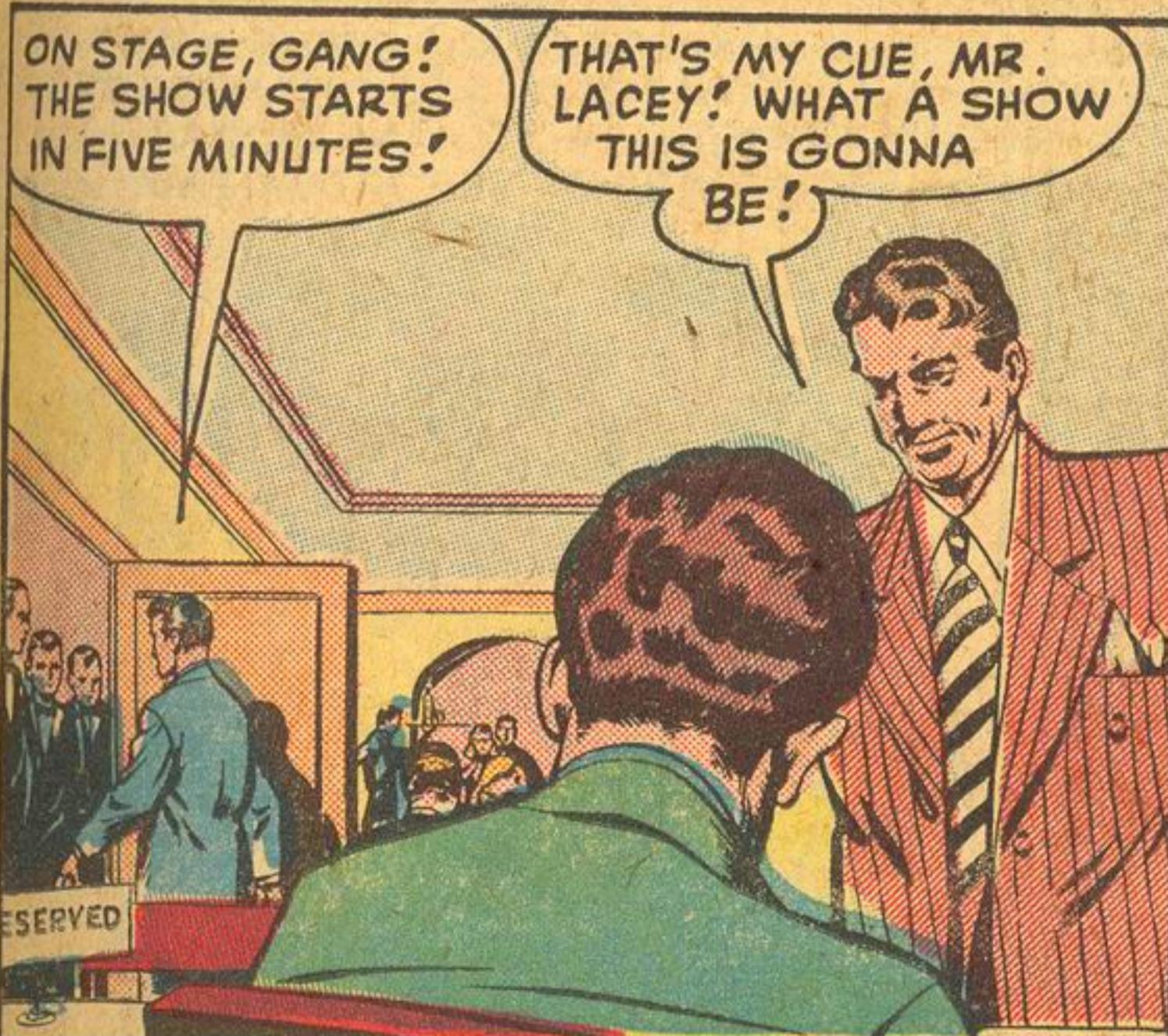
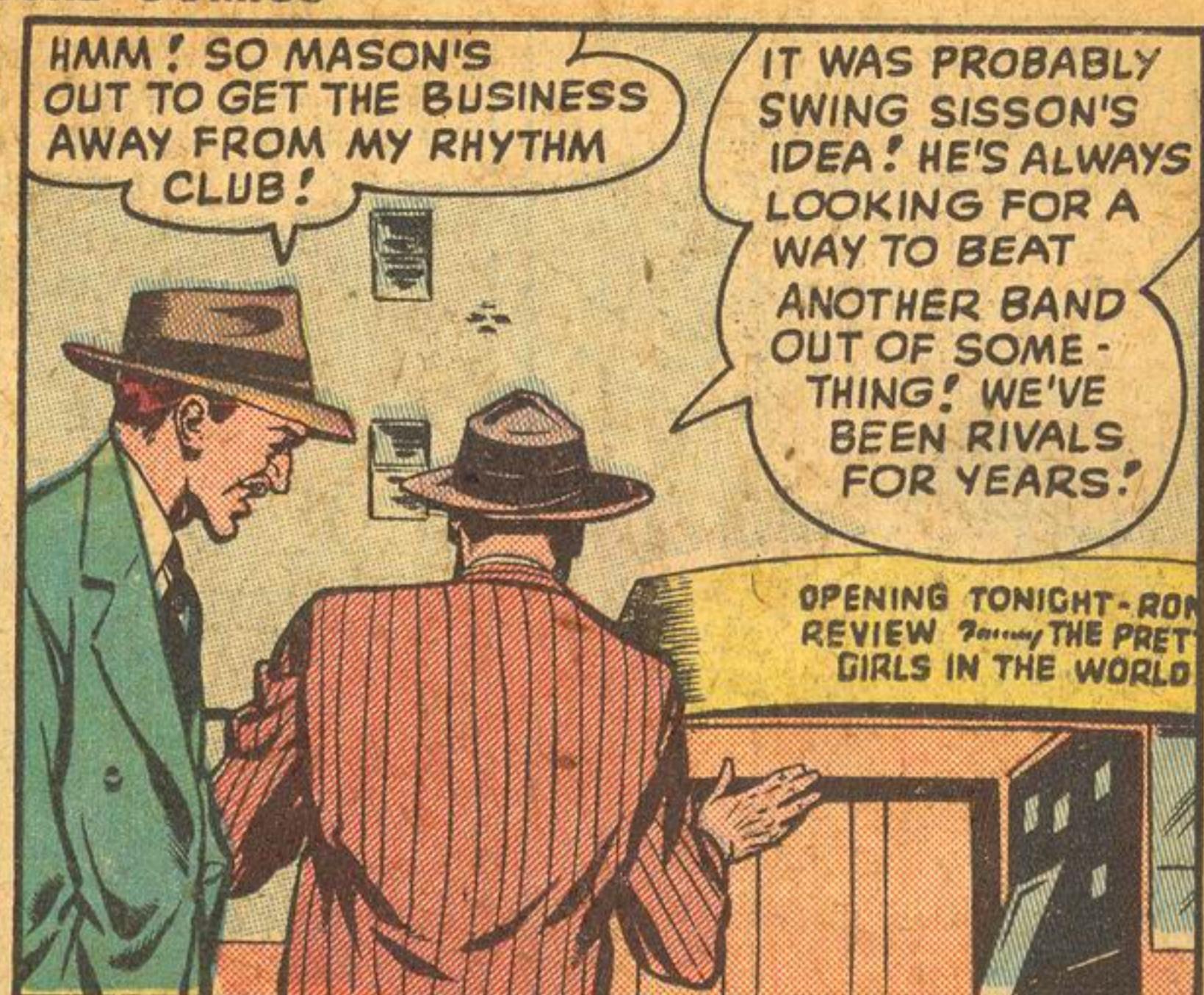
IT'S THAT NEW FLOOR  
SHOW AT THE RHYTHM  
CLUB THAT'S DRAWING  
AWAY OUR CUSTOMERS!  
IF I COULD ONLY THINK  
OF SOMETHING THAT  
PEOPLE WOULD RATHER  
SEE THAN ANYTHING  
ELSE...

THAT'S EASY,  
MR. MASON!  
BEAUTIFUL  
GIRLS!

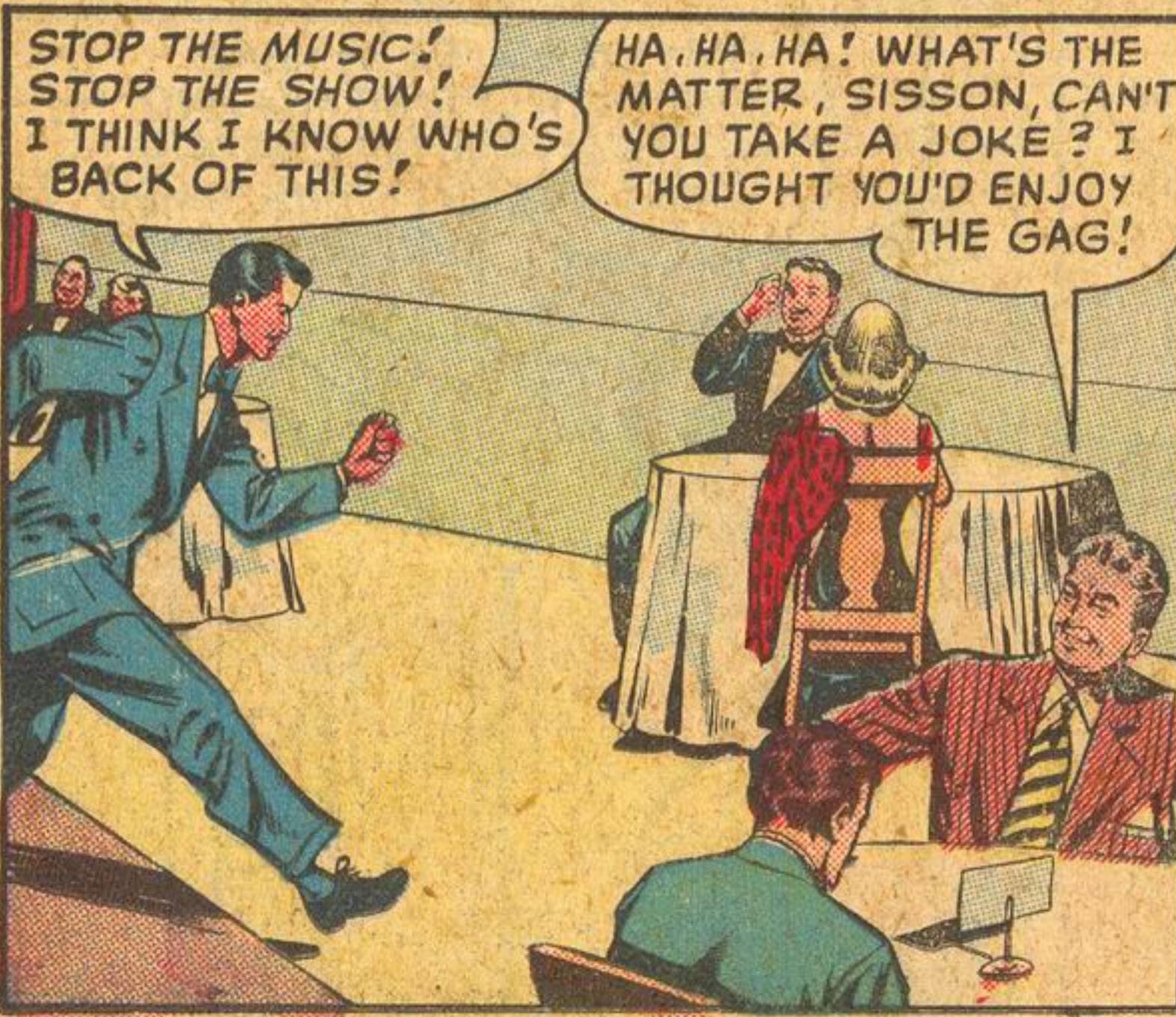
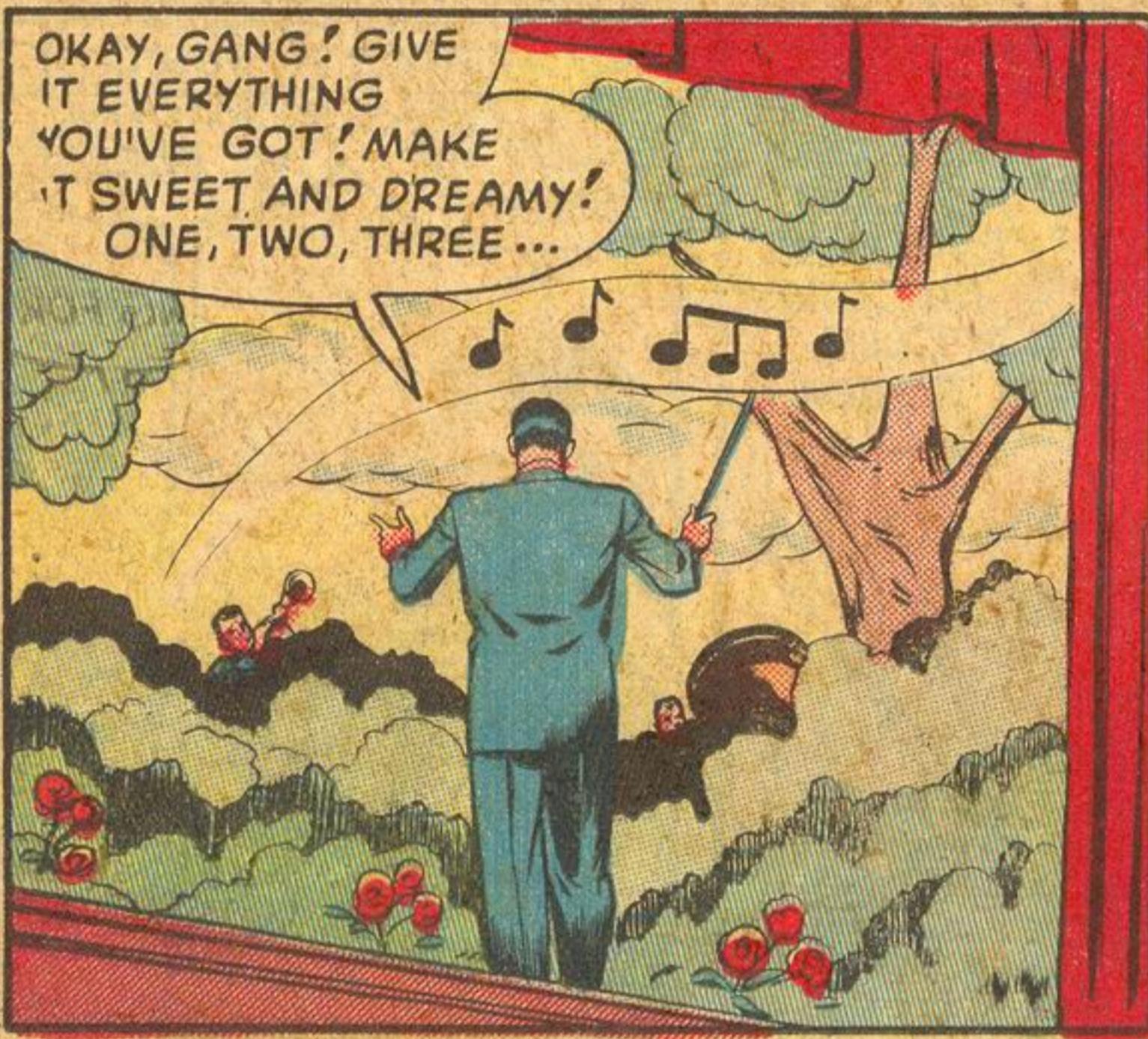
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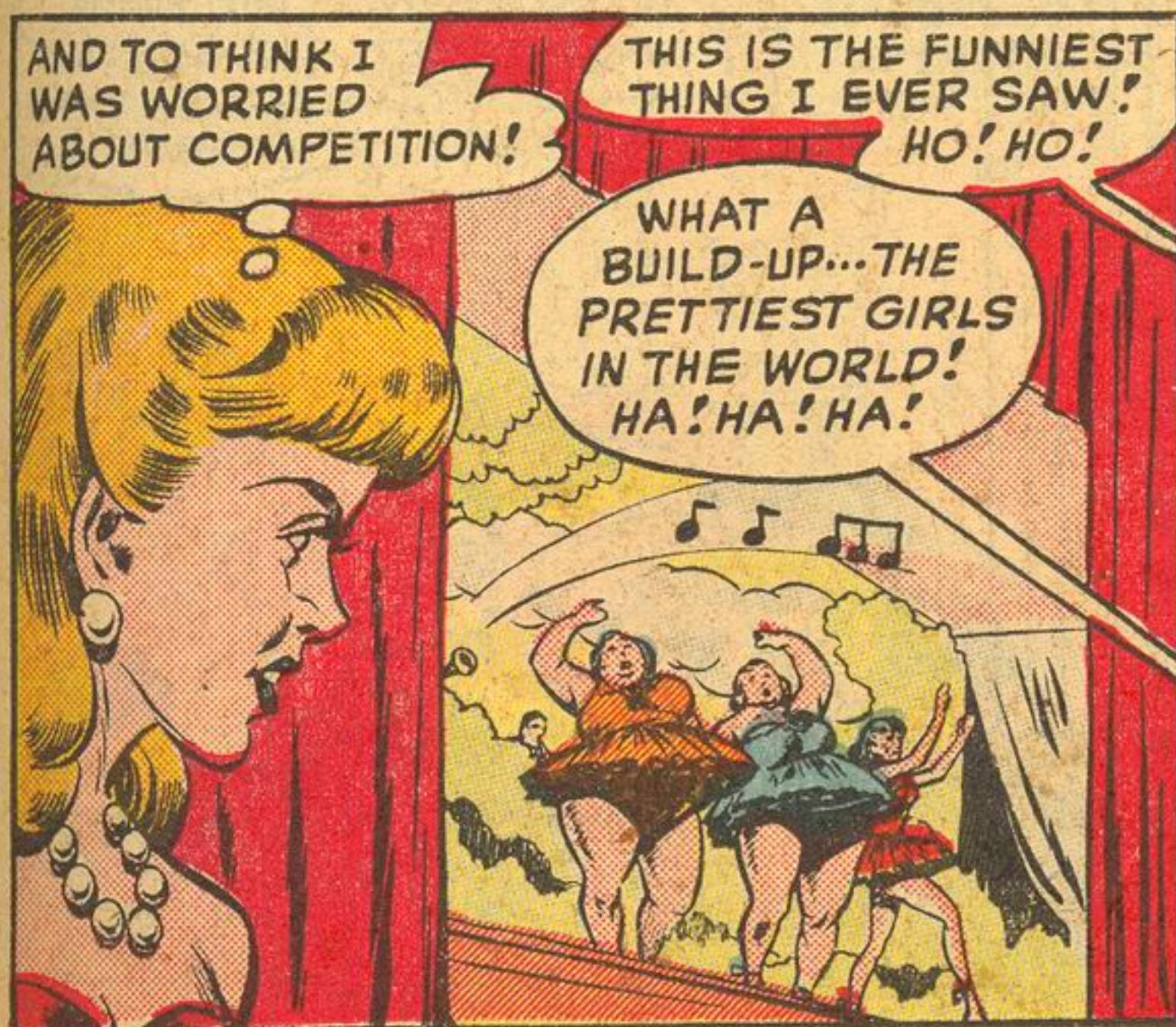
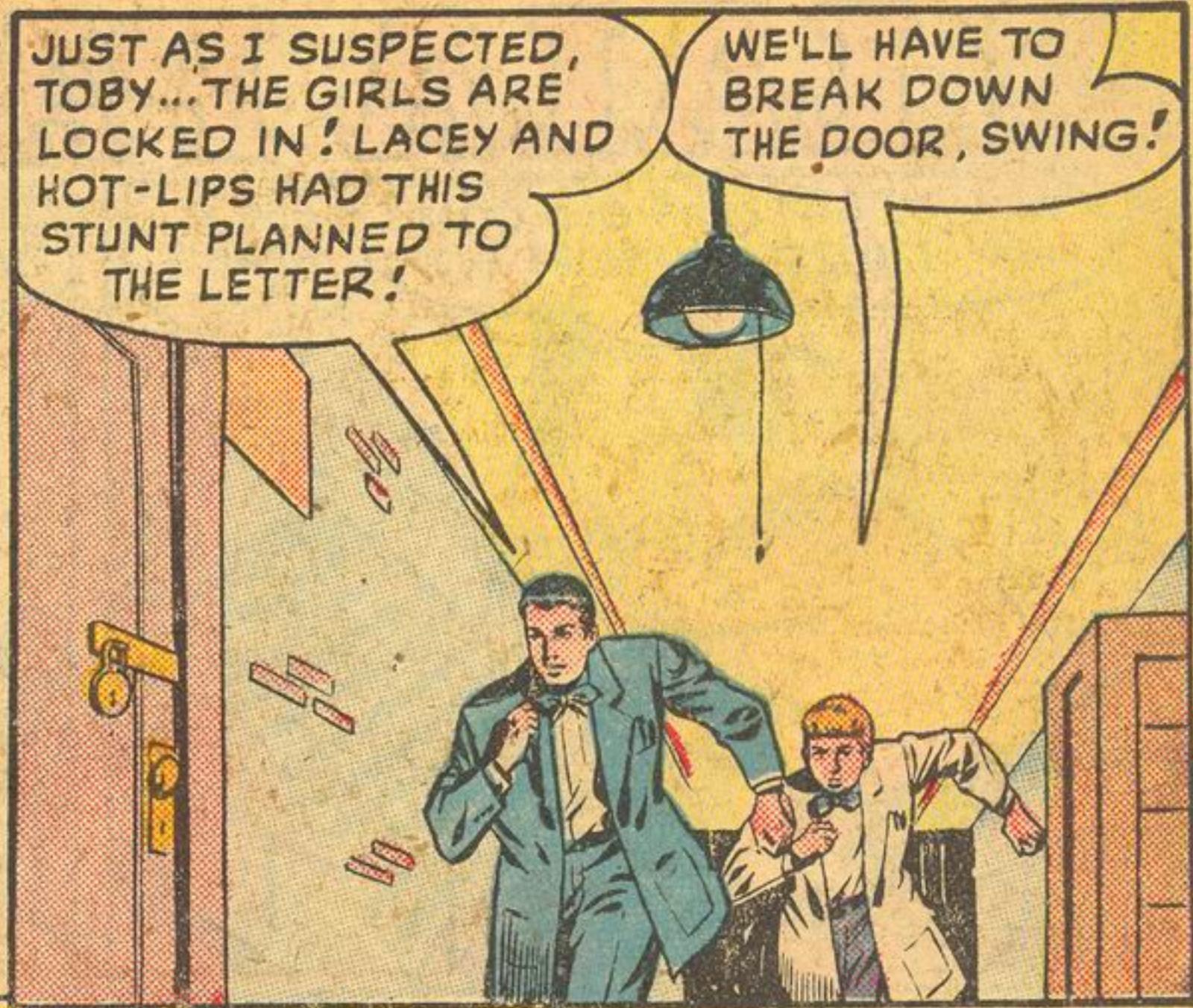
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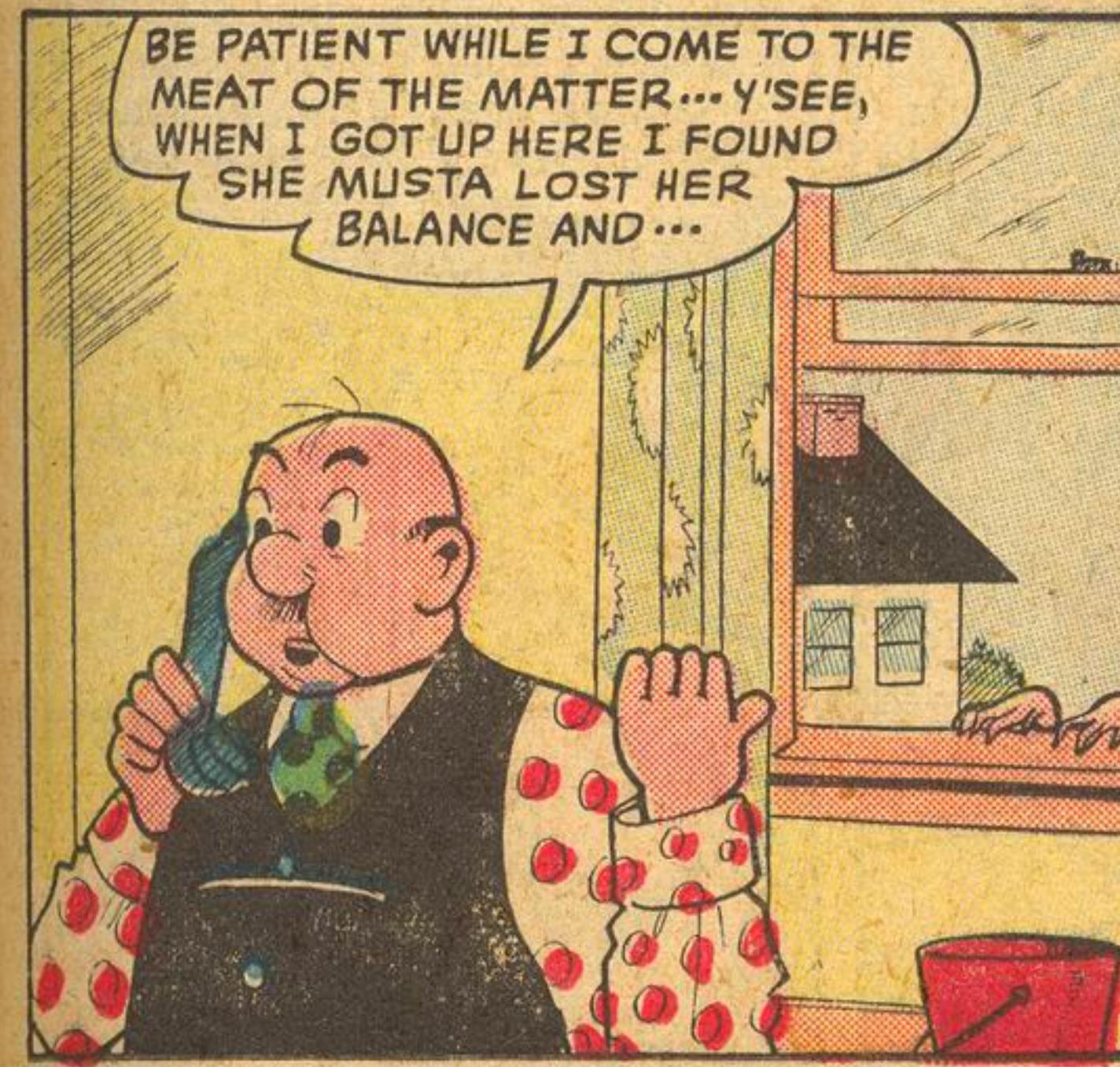
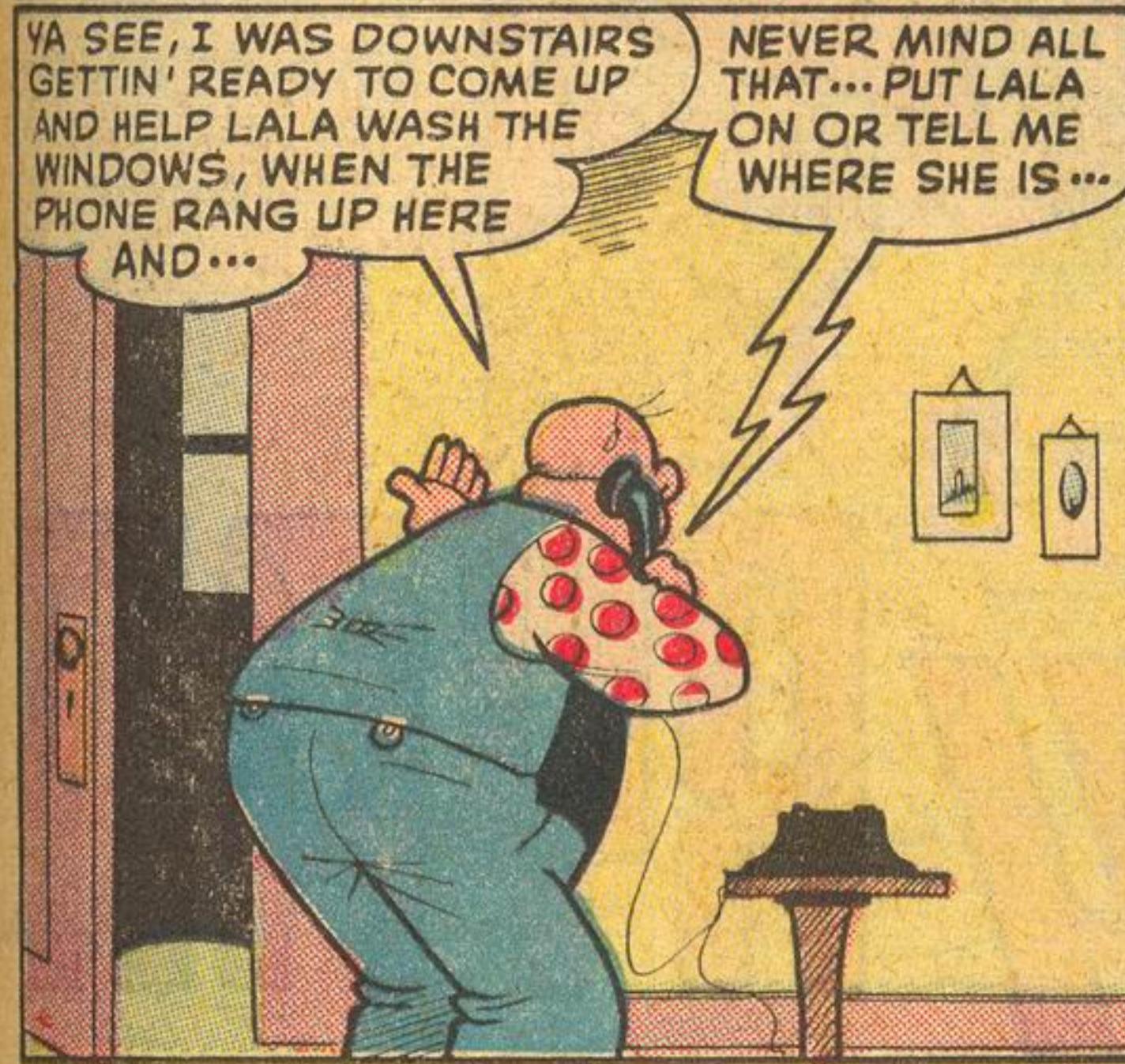
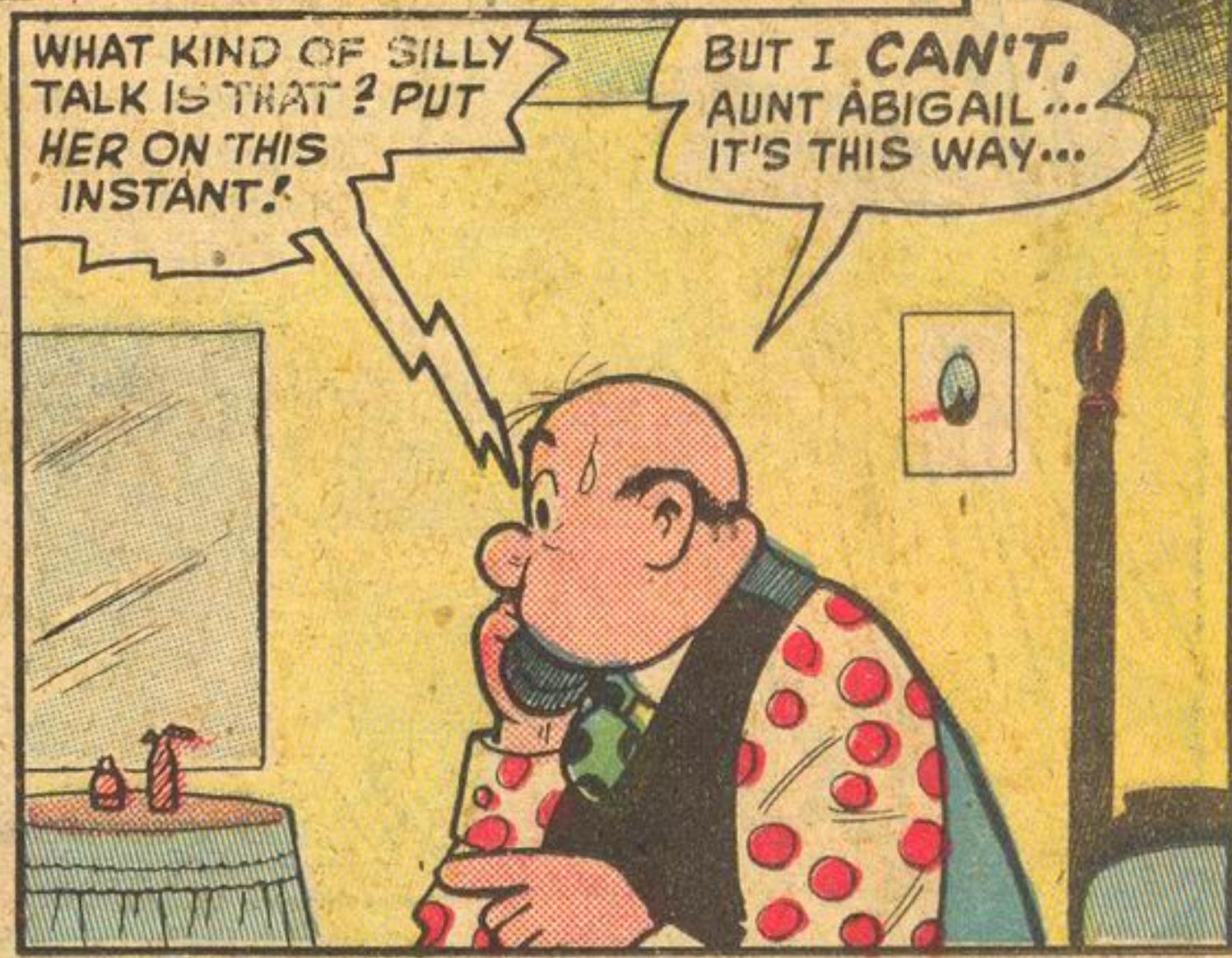
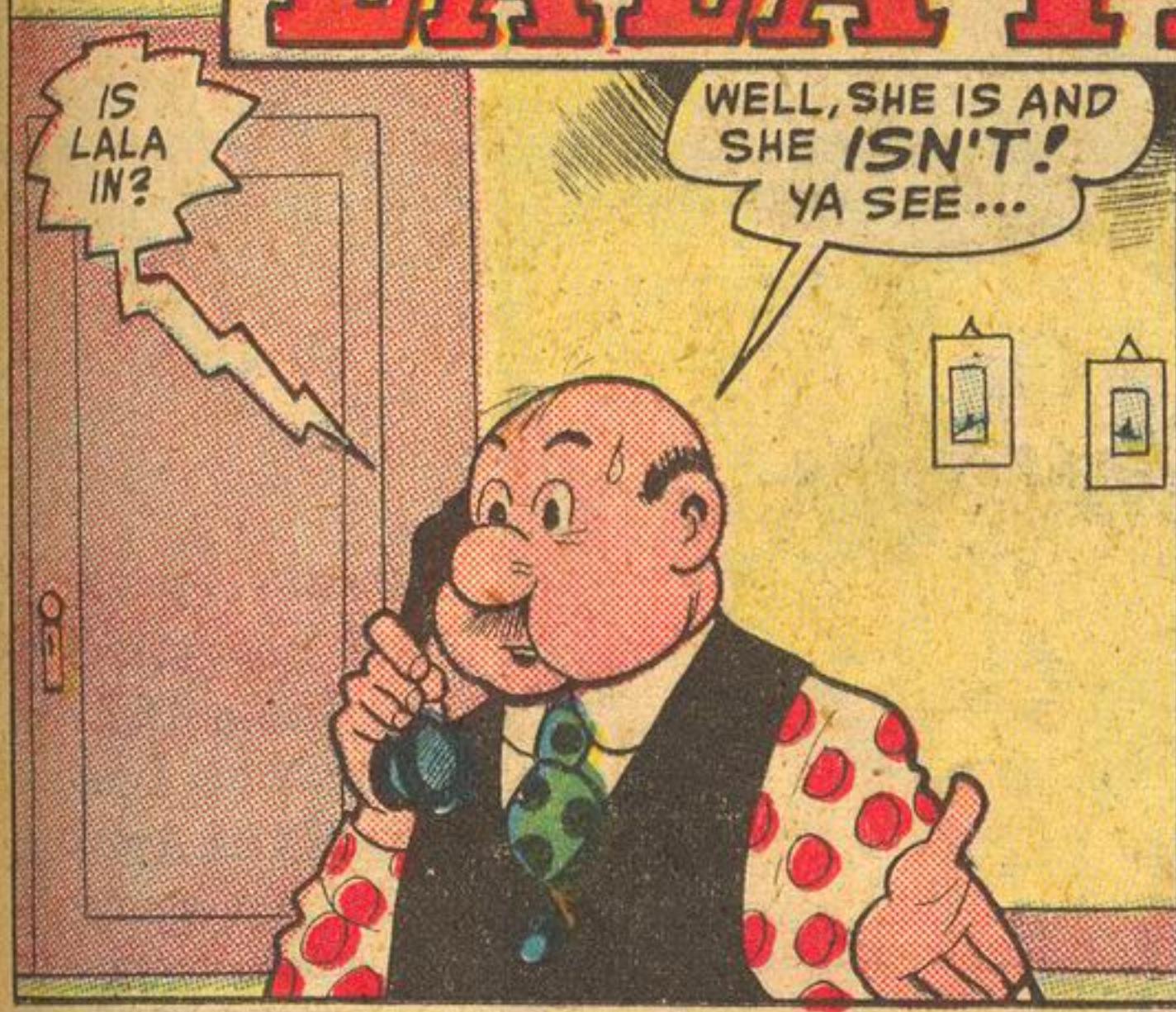


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# LALA PALOOZA



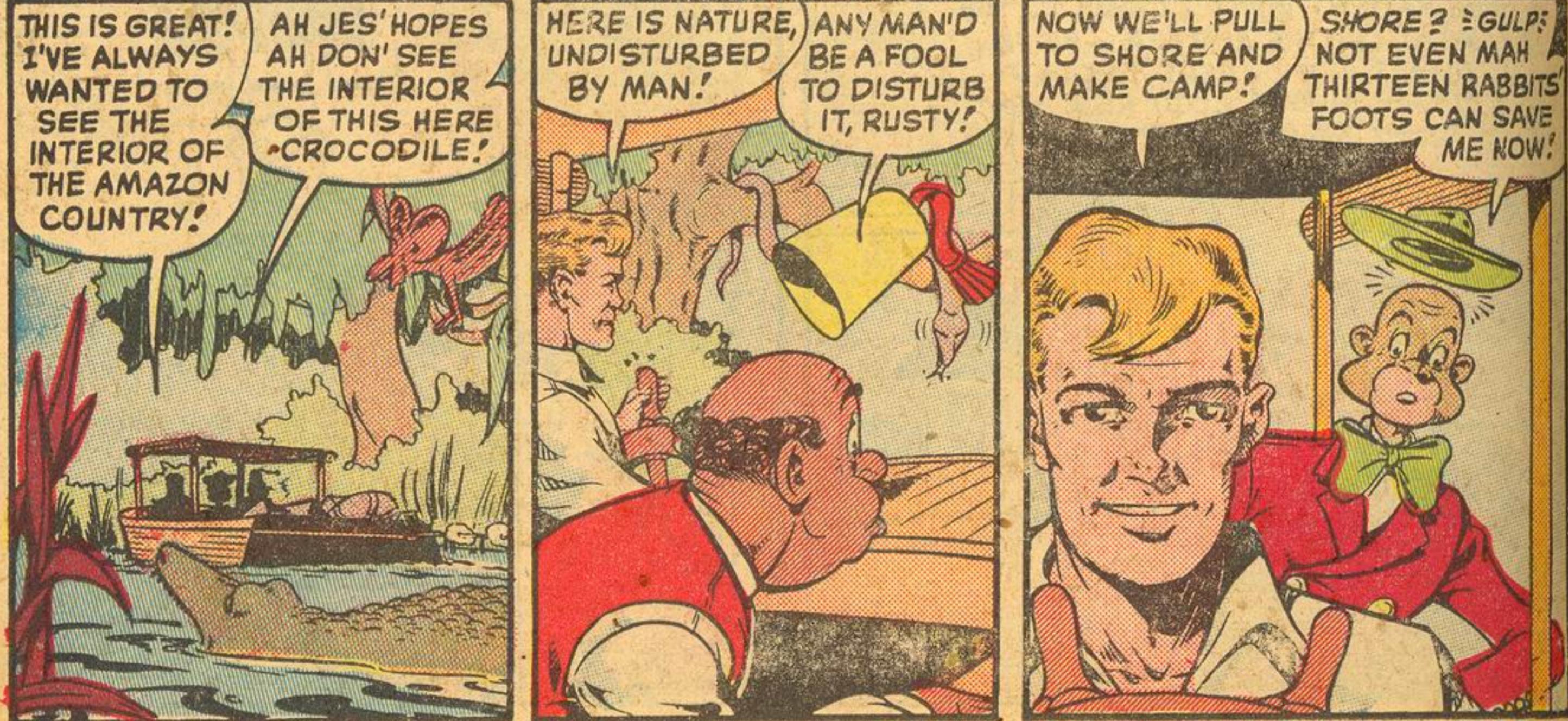
# LALA PALOOZA





Rusty Ryan and his pals, Alababa and Pierpont Lee, find the Amazon jungles no more mysterious than the sinister SWAMP MAN who inhabits them...

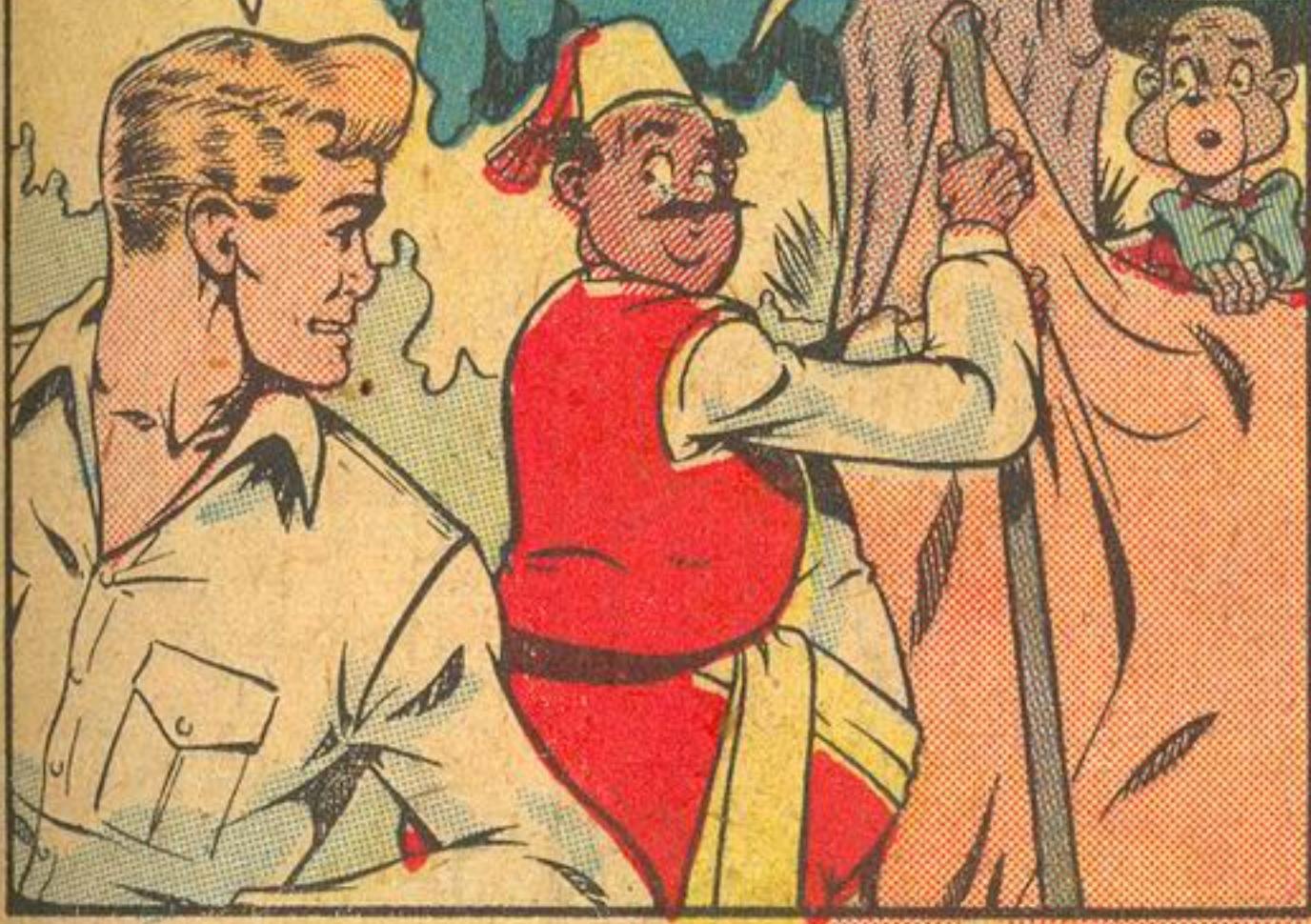
# Rusty Ryan



FEATURE COMICS

WHILE YOU FELLOWS SET UP AND GET A MEAL STARTED, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

IF WE'RE NOT HERE WHEN YOU GET BACK, YOU'LL KNOW WE MADE A MEAL... FOR SOME HUNGRY BEAST!



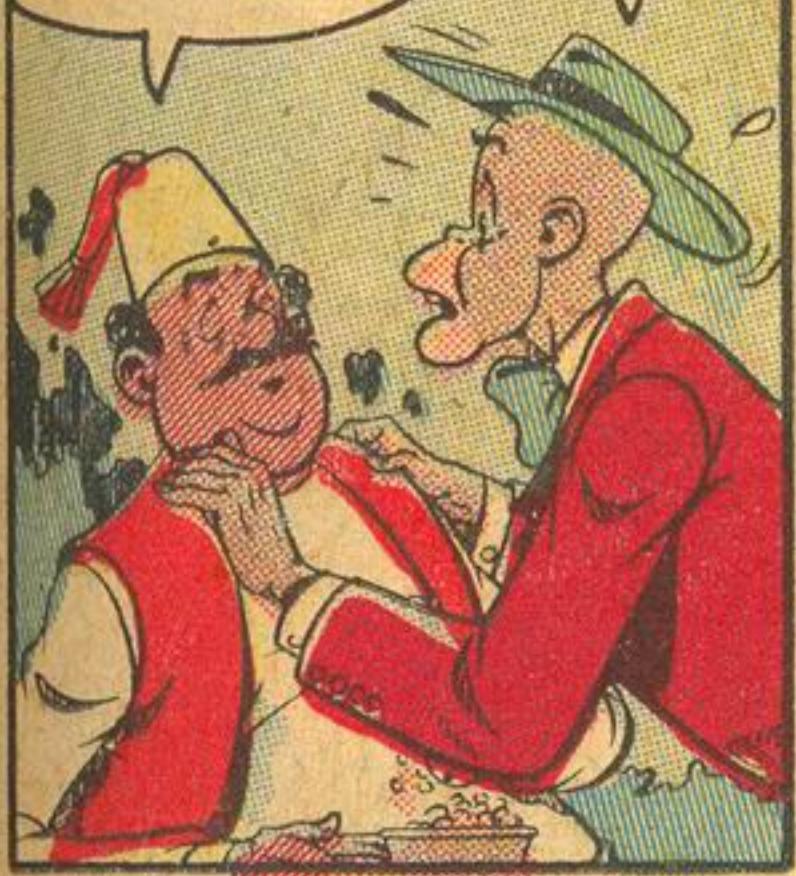
ALABAMA, MISTAH RUSTY'S A GREAT GUY, BUT DON' YO' THINK HE'S CARRYIN' THIS ADVENTURE STUFF JES' A LITTLE TOO FAR?

PIERPONT, IT IS MY OPINION THAT WE WILL GO NO FARTHER! SO WE MAY AS WELL EAT HEARTY BEFORE WE DIE!



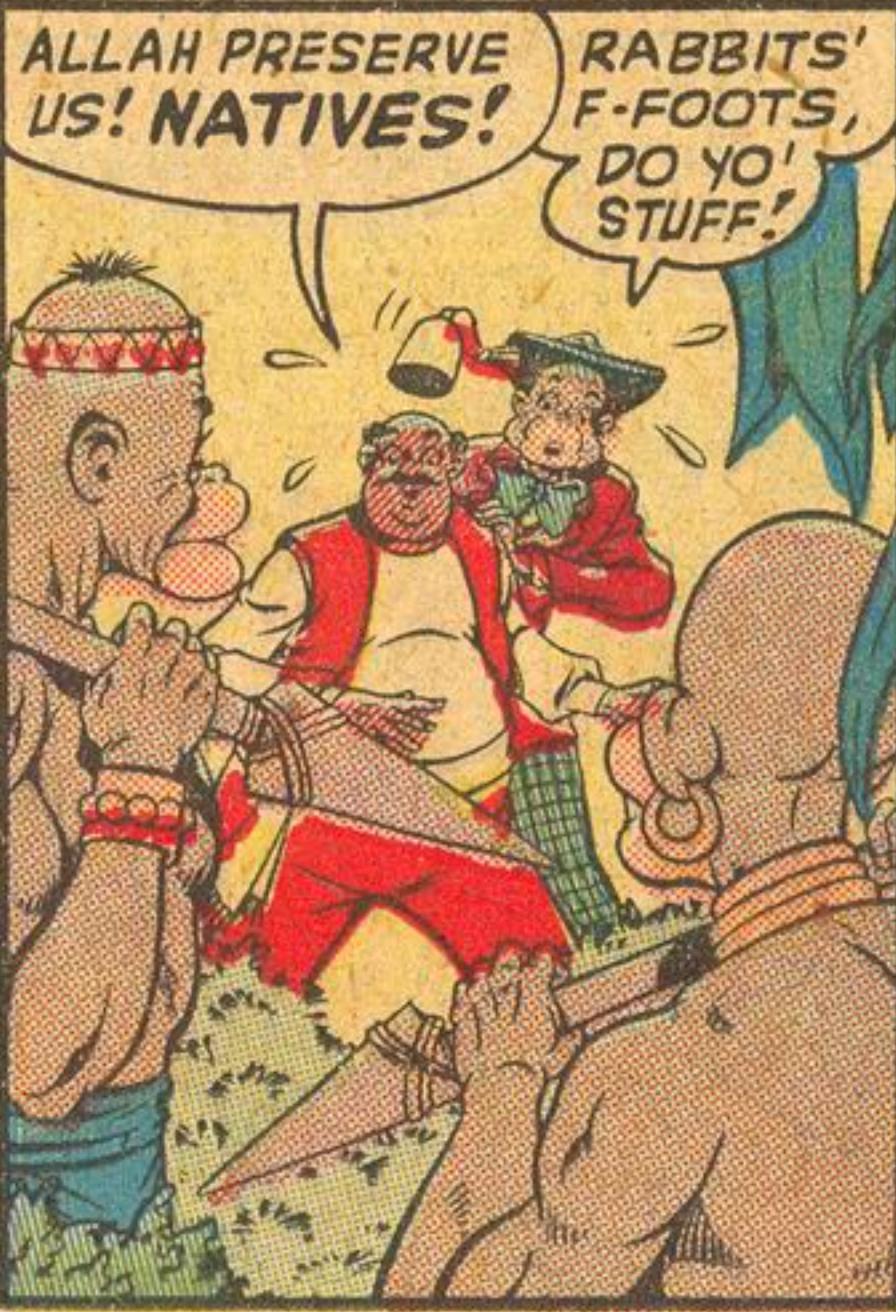
NOW, WHEN IT COMES TO HANDLING MEN, I'M A SHREWD OPERATOR! BUT ANIMALS...

THEN START OPERATIN', PAL, AN' YO' ALL BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY!



ALLAH PRESERVE US! NATIVES!

RABBITS' F-FOOTS, DO YO' STUFF!



GOOBLA ICKA DOOKI!

L-LISTEN, BOYS: GULP: WE DON'T SPEAK-A DA LINGO!

IF YO' ALL IS C-CANNIBALS, T-TAKE H-HIM. H-HE'S F-FAT!

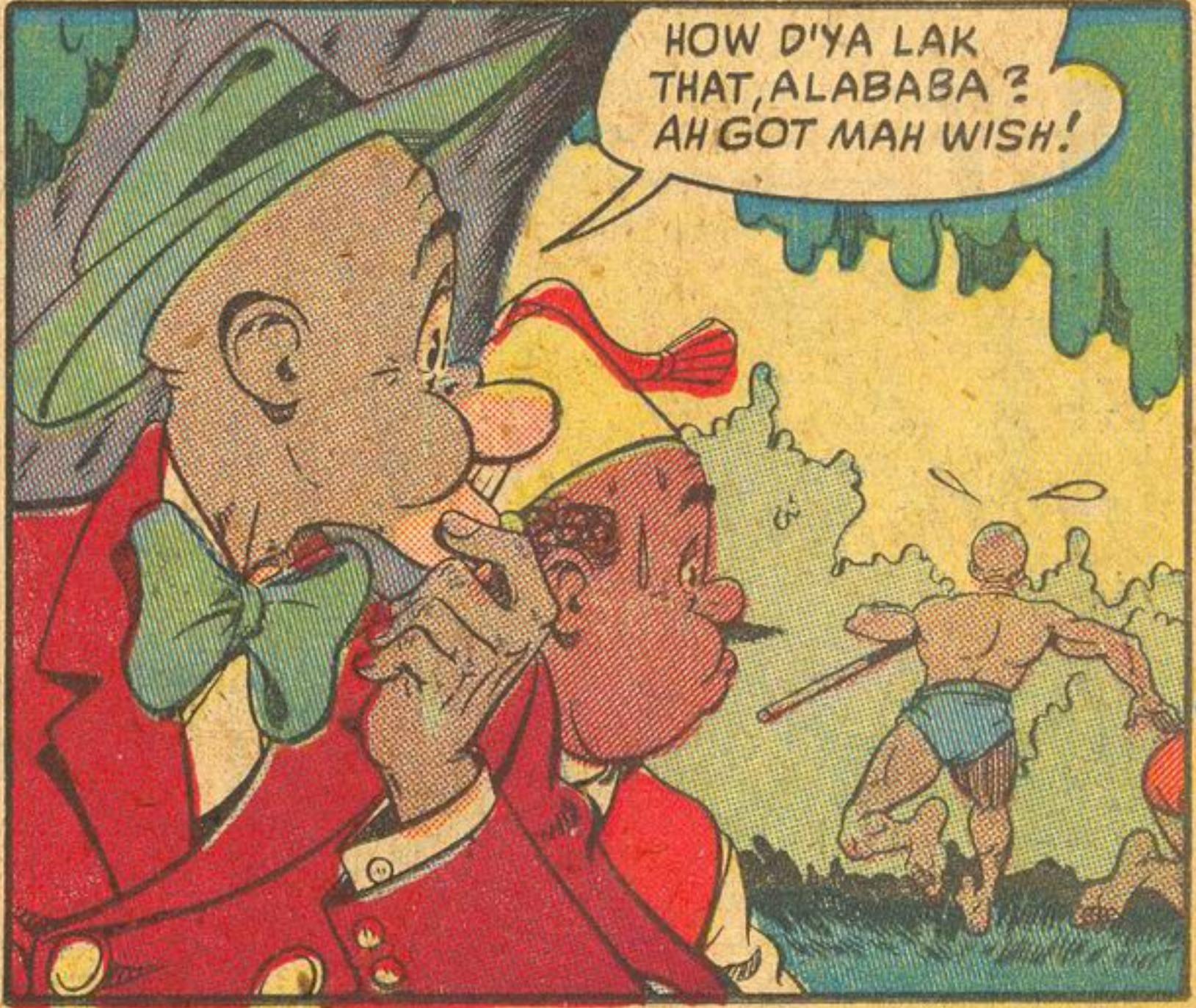


BEFO' AH DIES, AH'S GOT ONE LAST REQUEST... AH SHO' WOULD LIKE TO LIVE!

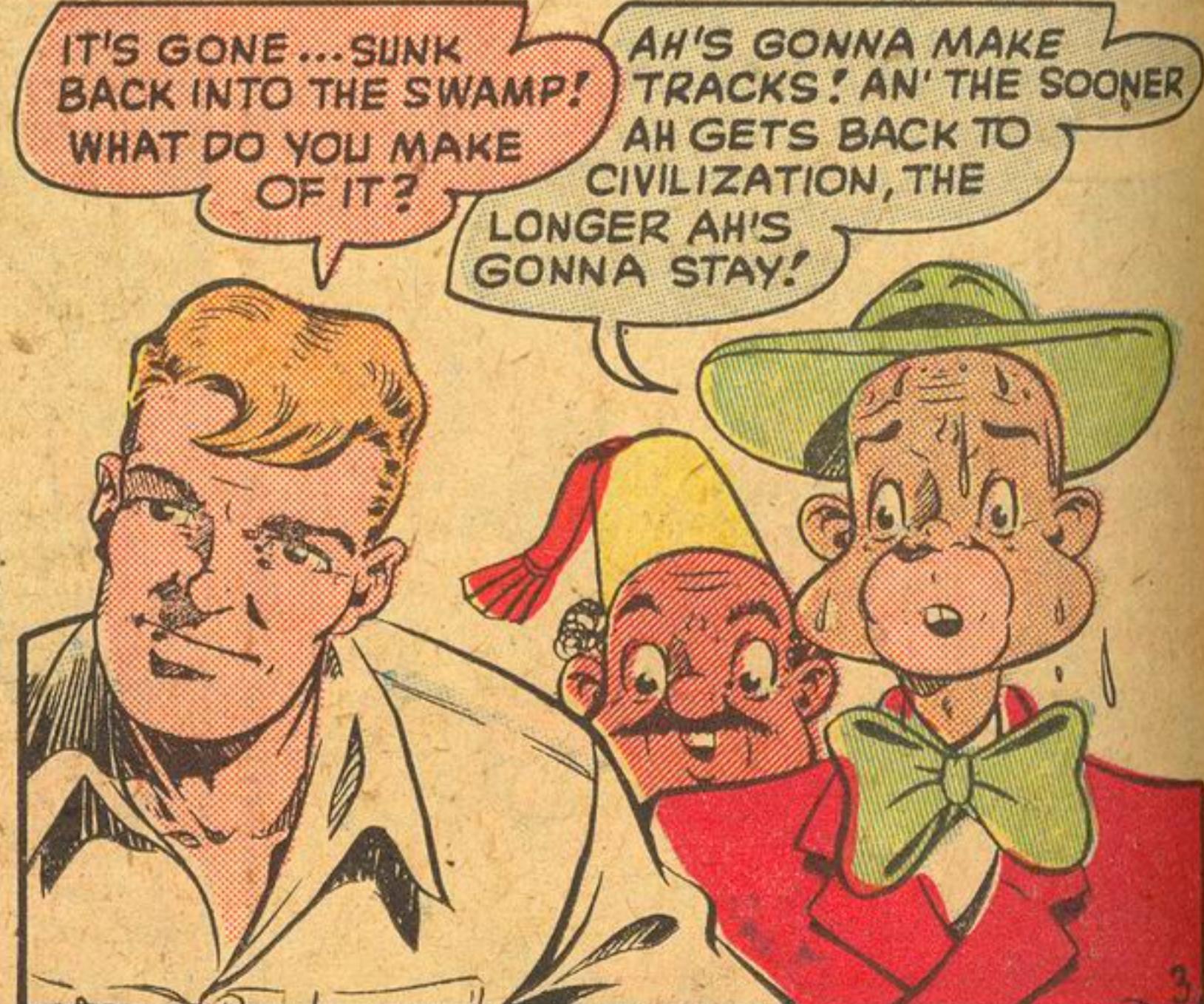
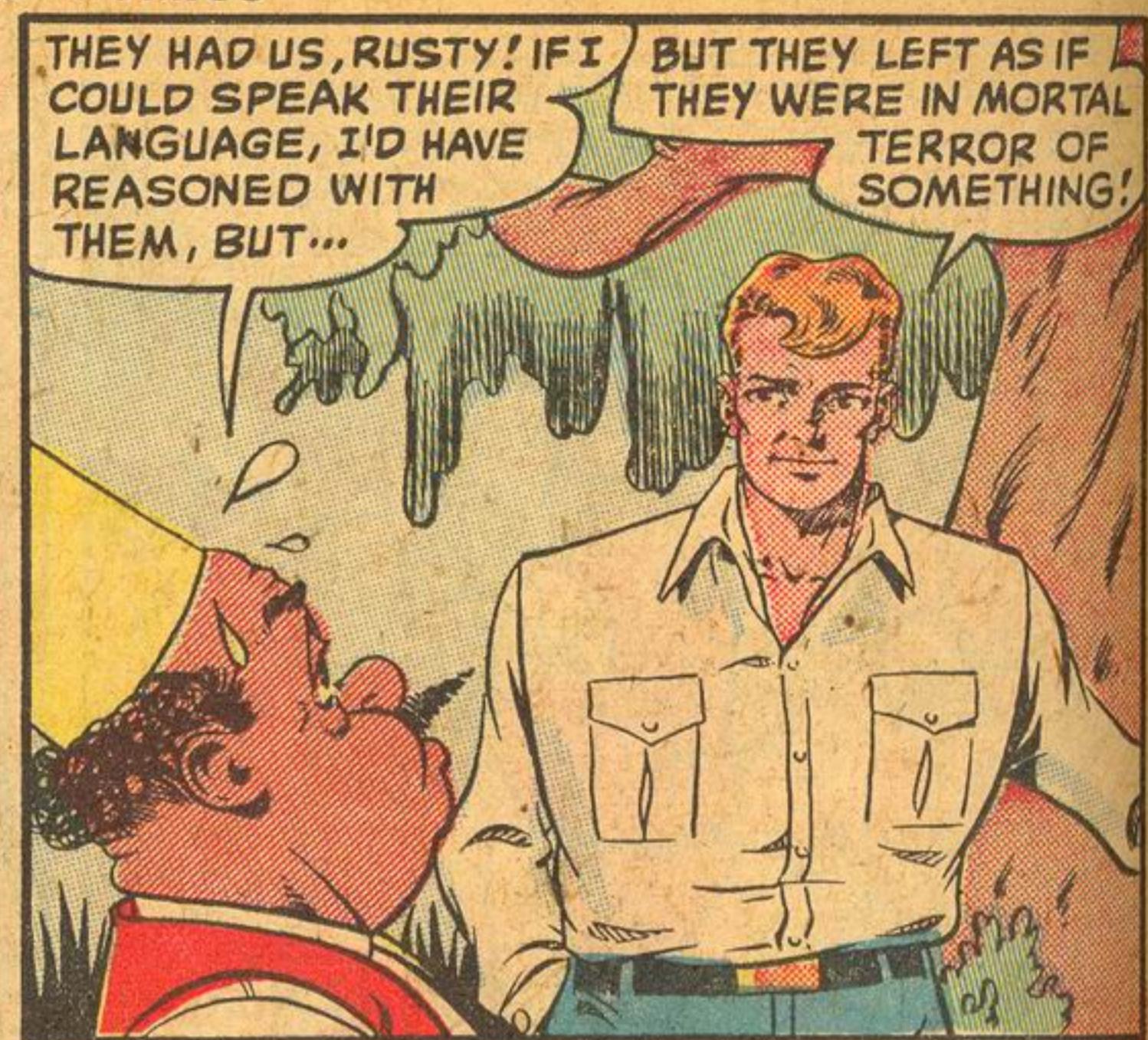
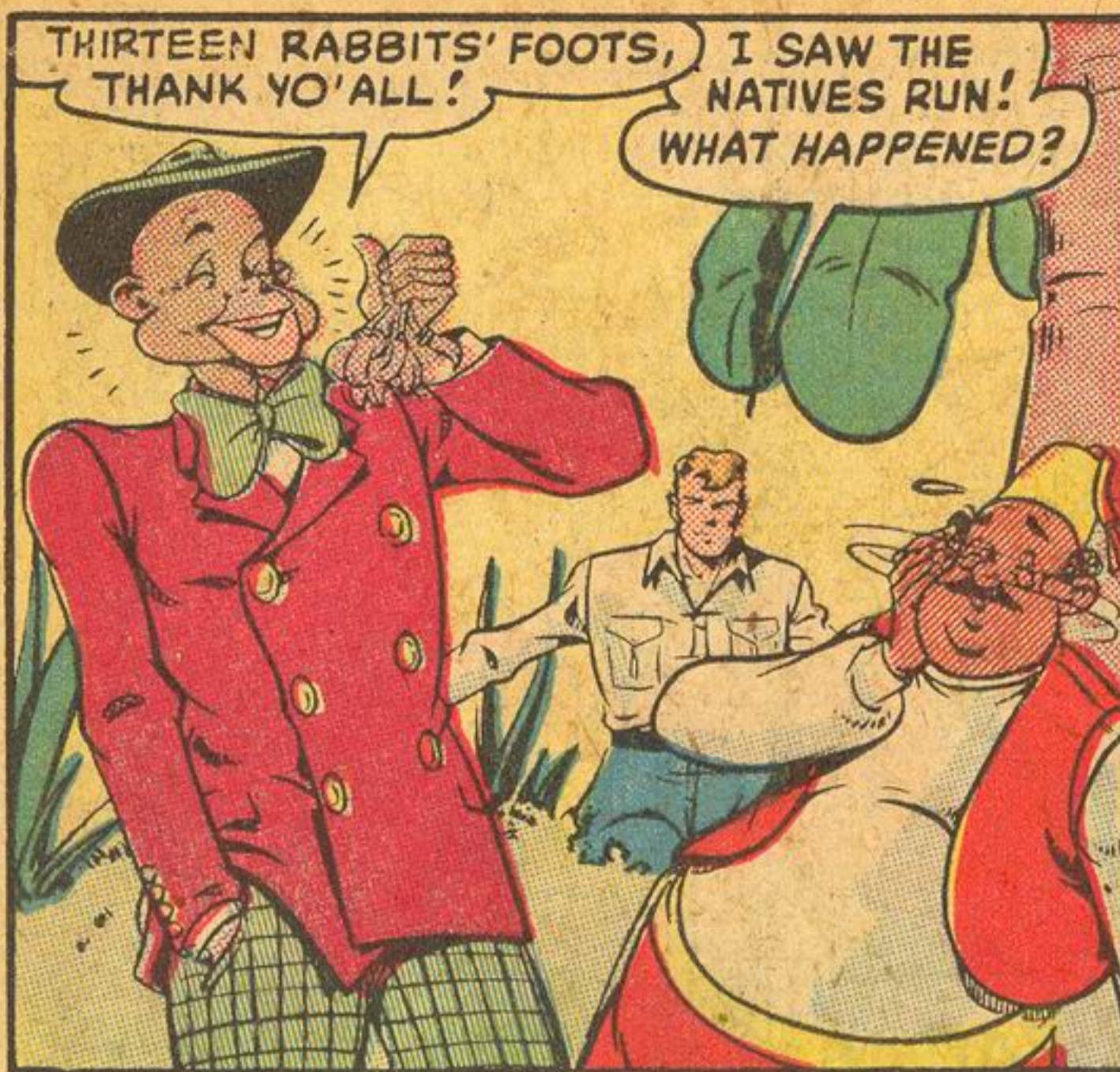
YAGGA POSI! IMMA DOGLE PAK FOO!



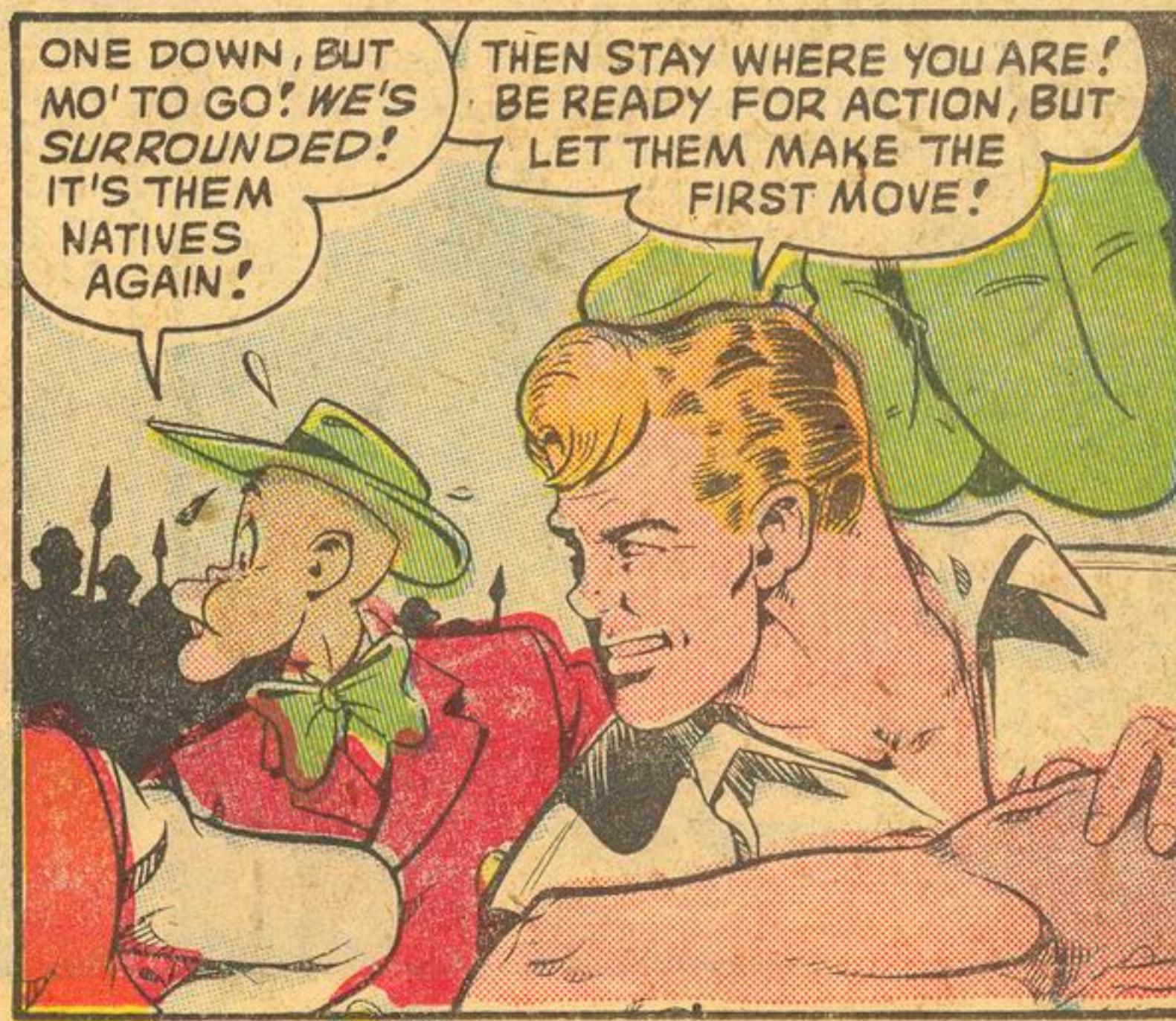
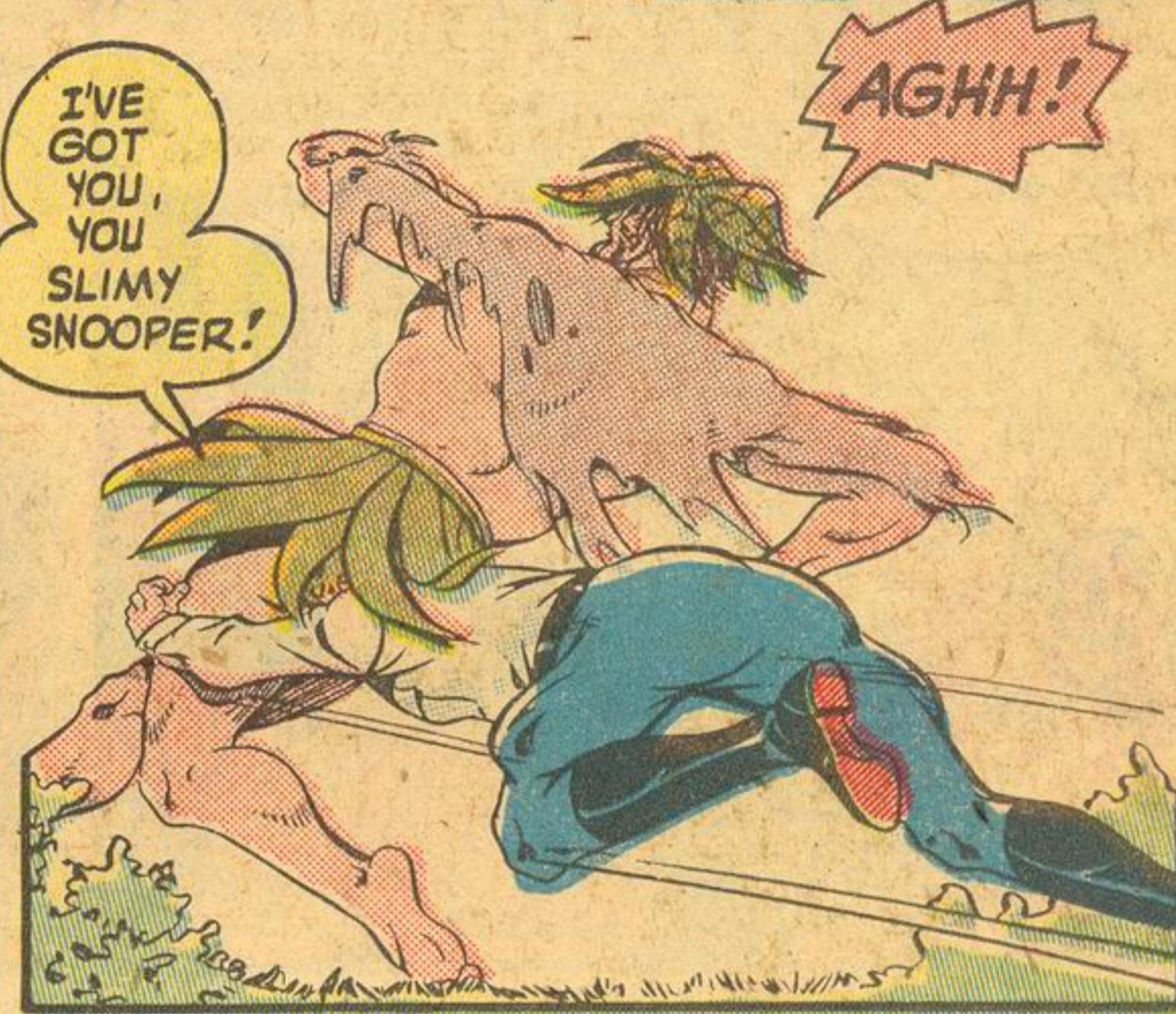
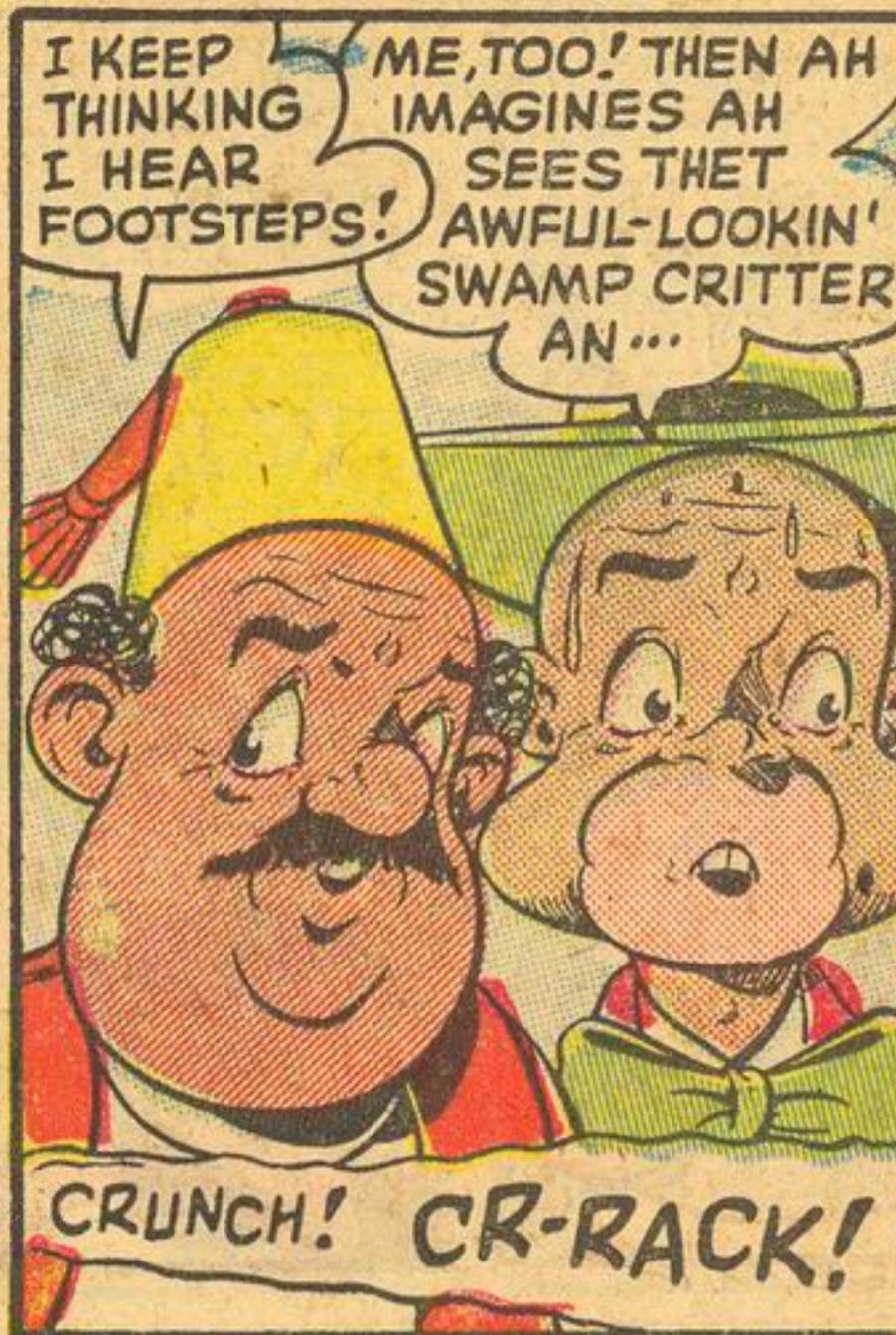
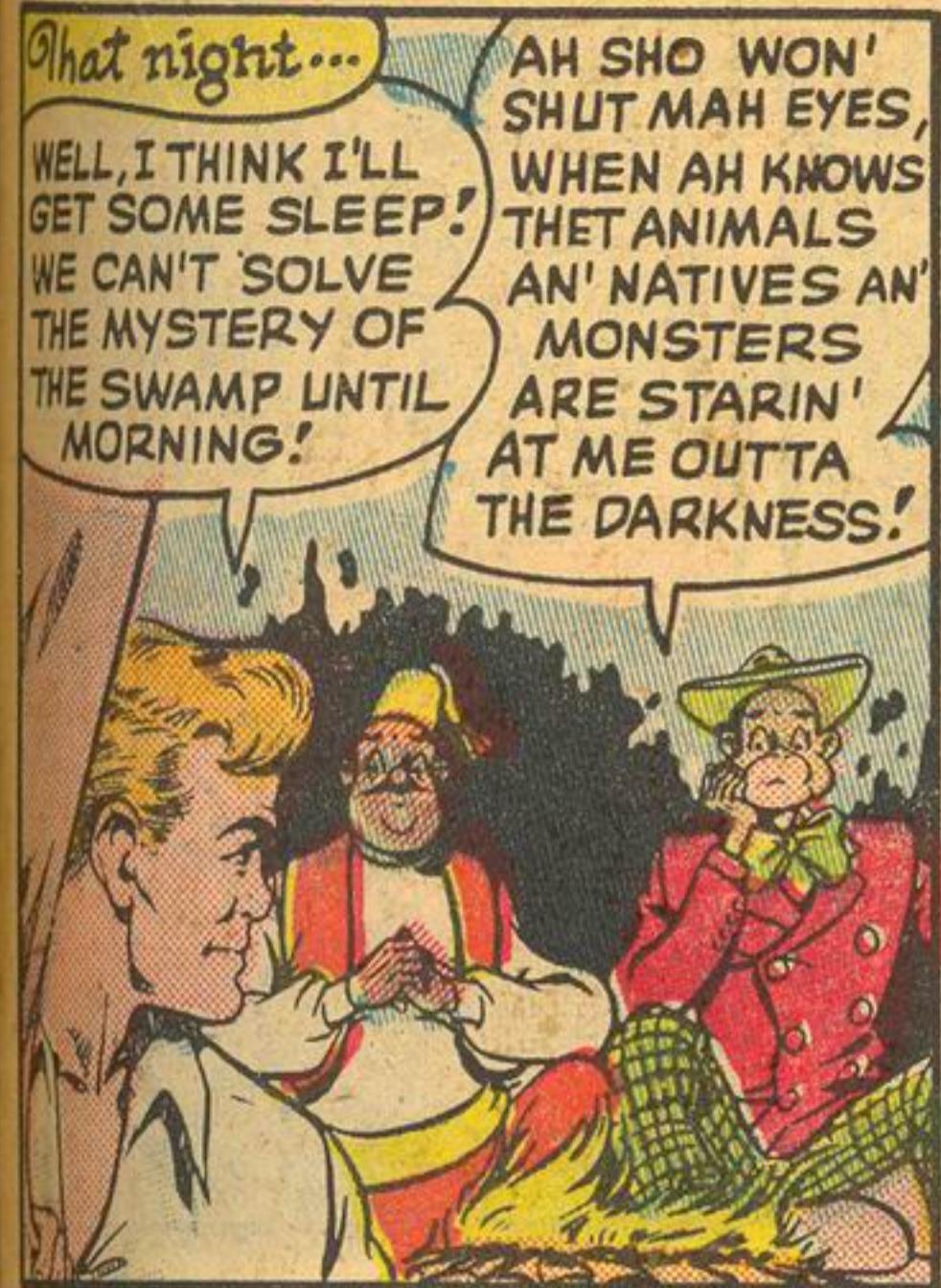
HOW D'YA LAK THAT, ALABABA? AH GOT MAH WISH!



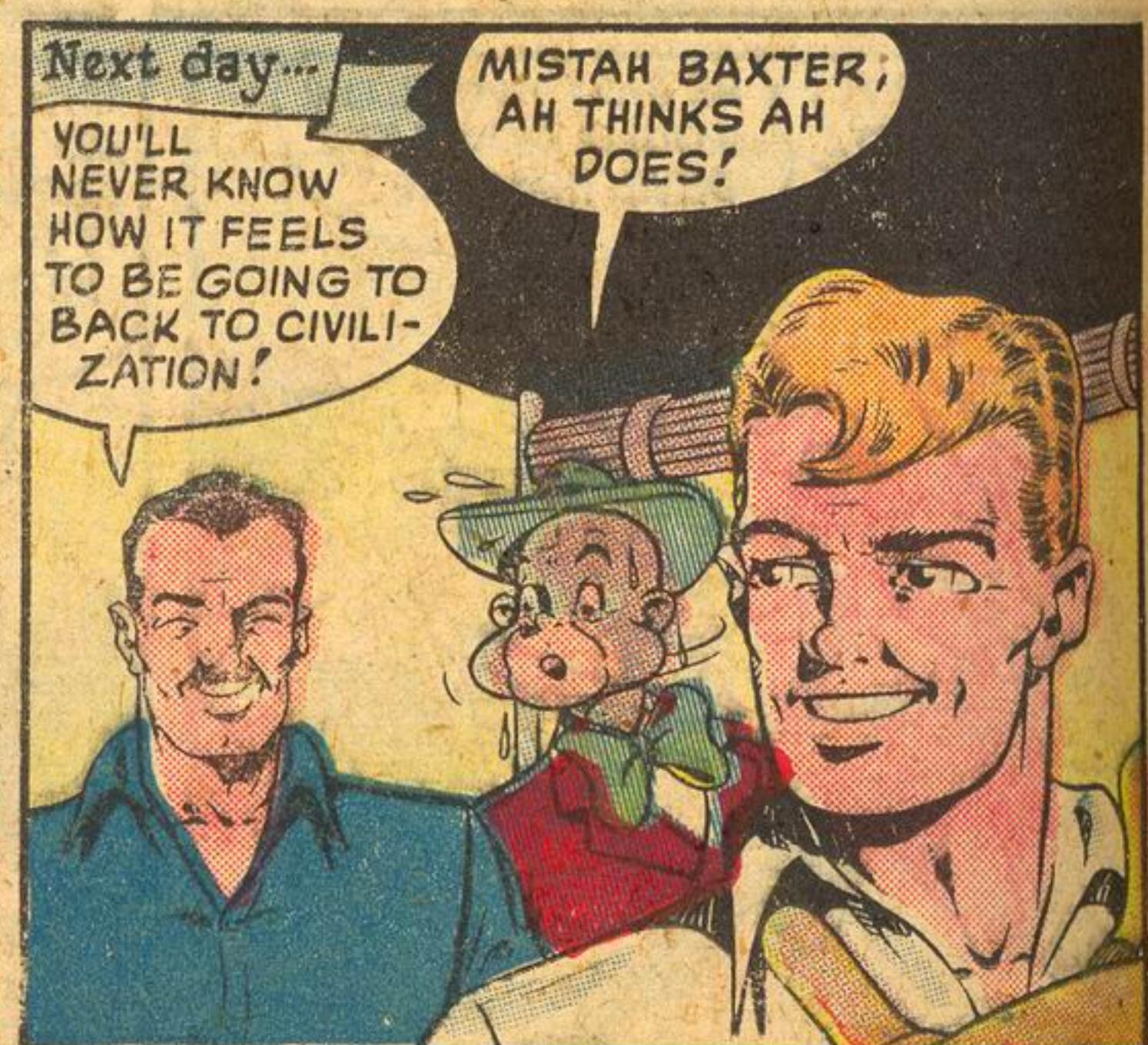
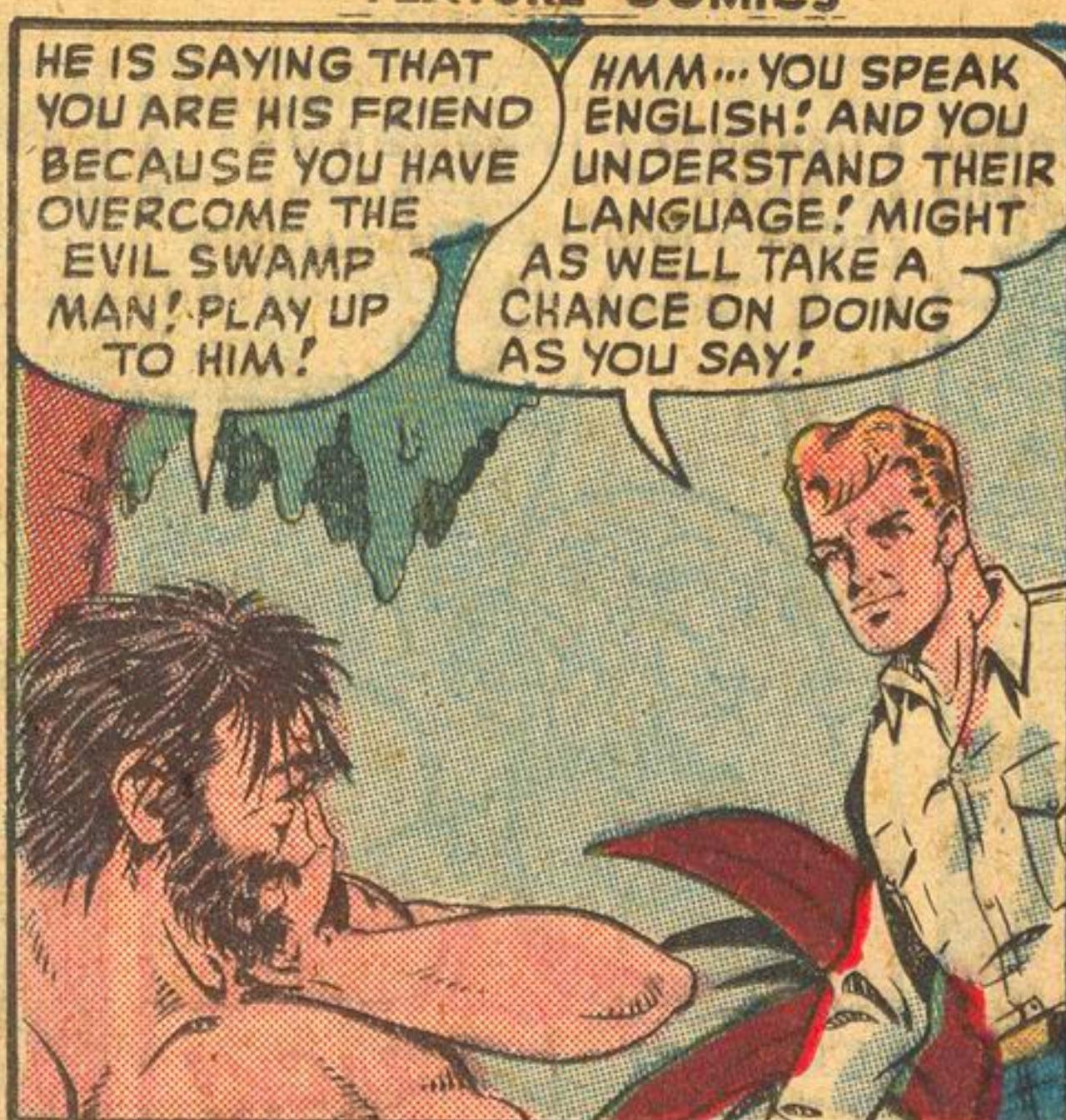
FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



# ROSCOE

GORSH, EL POPO, LOOK AT ALL THIS GOLD! DON'T YOU GET A BANG OUT OF GETTING RICH?

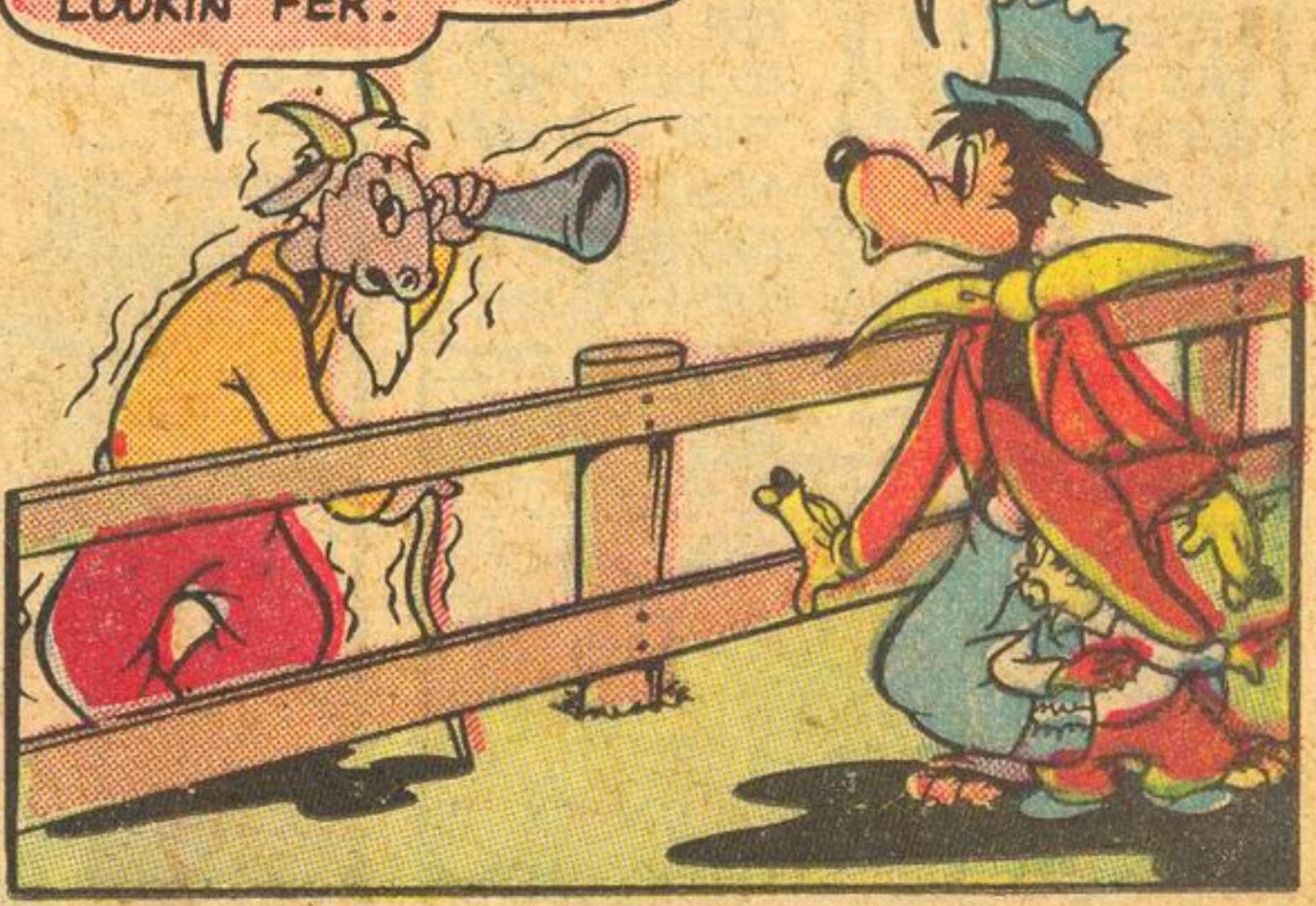
AWK! I THEENK WE WEEL GET A BIGGER BANG, SENOR ROSCOE, WHEN THEES VENTURE BLOWS UP EEN OUR FACES!

EL POPO, OUR SITUATION IS GRAVE!

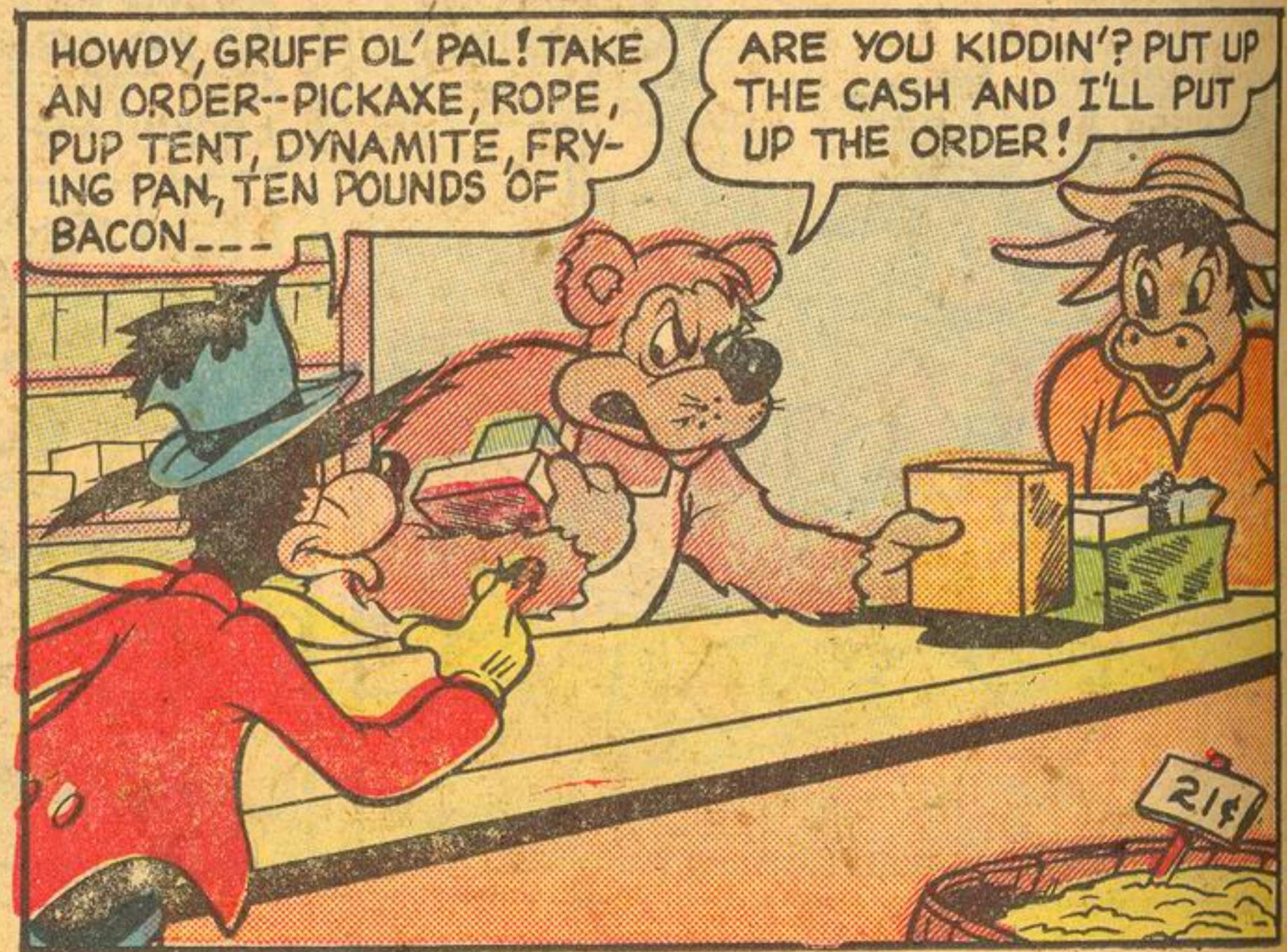
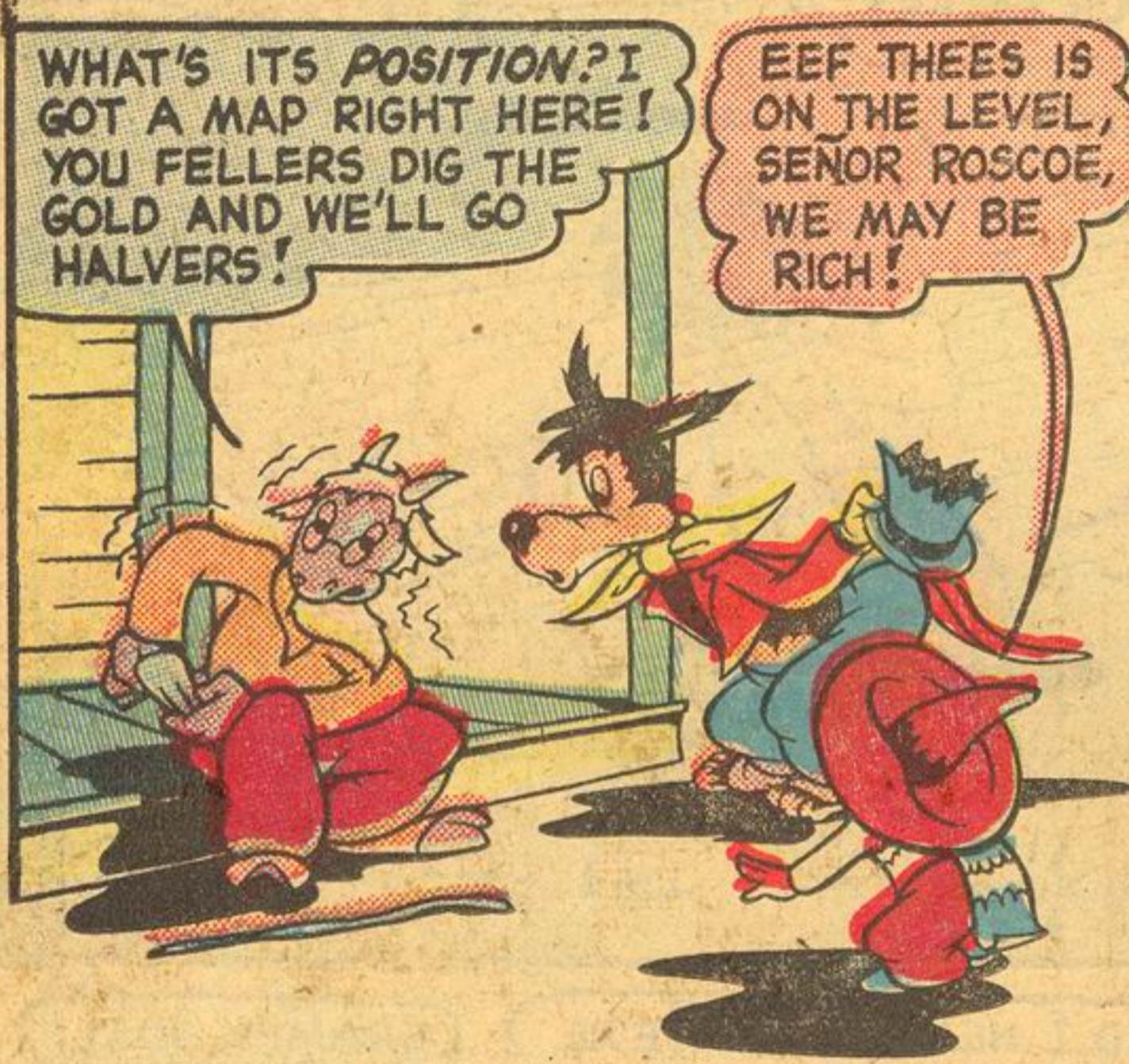
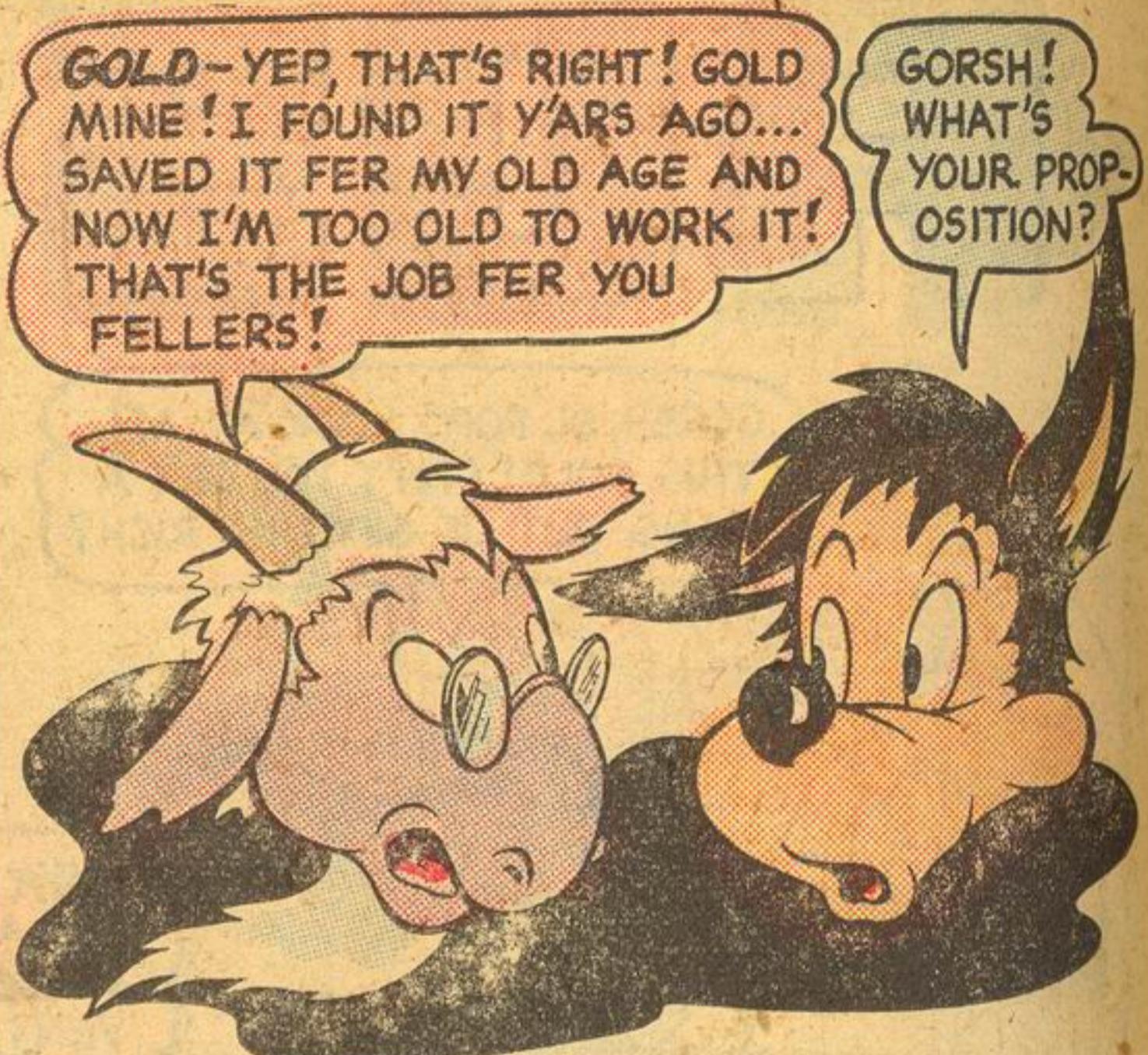
SI, SEÑOR!  
ALWAYS, WE ARE BUSTED!

DID I HEAR YE SAY YE'RE BRAVE AND ALWAYS TO BE TRUSTED? THEN YE'RE JEST THE FELLERS I'M LOOKIN' FER!

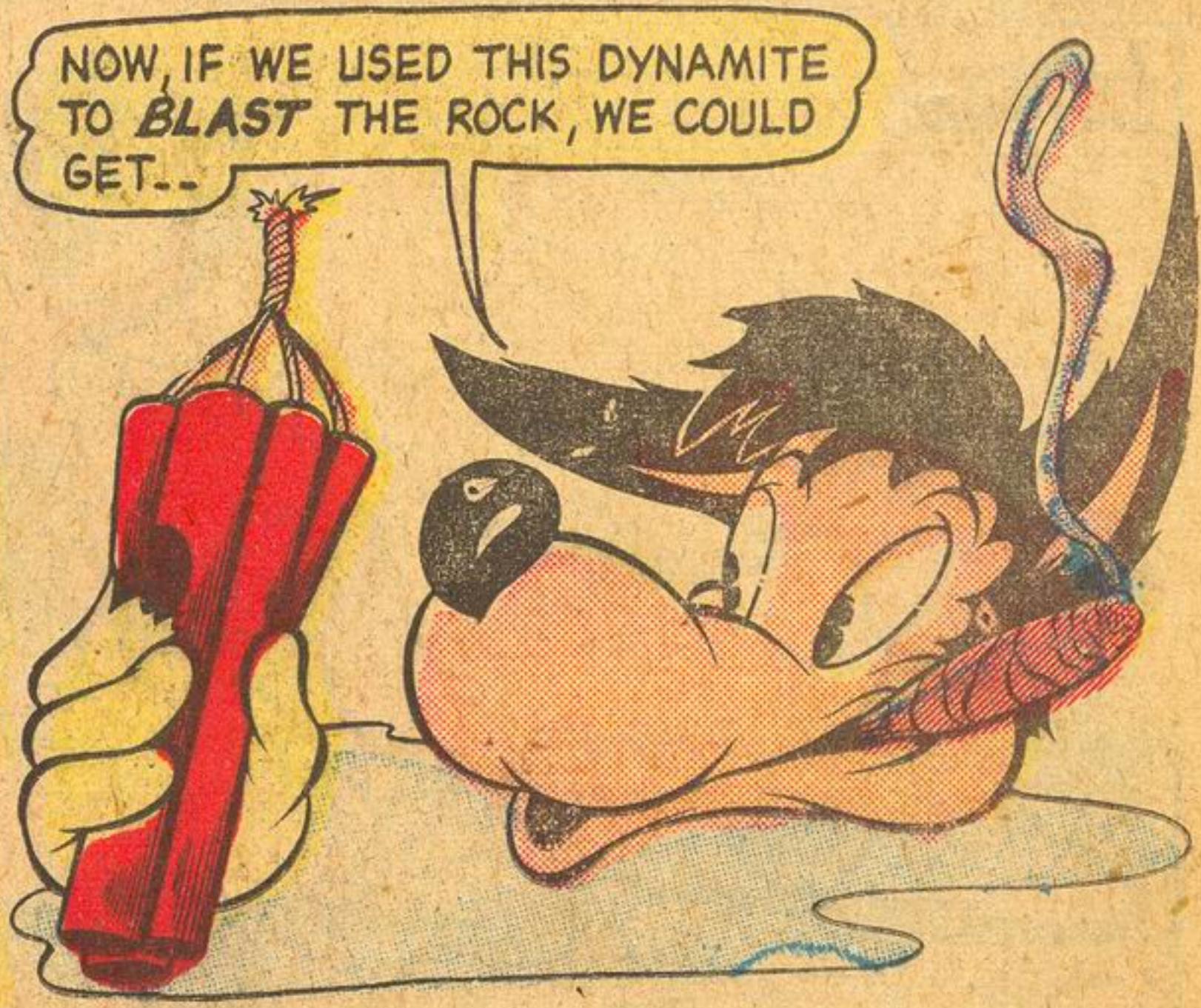
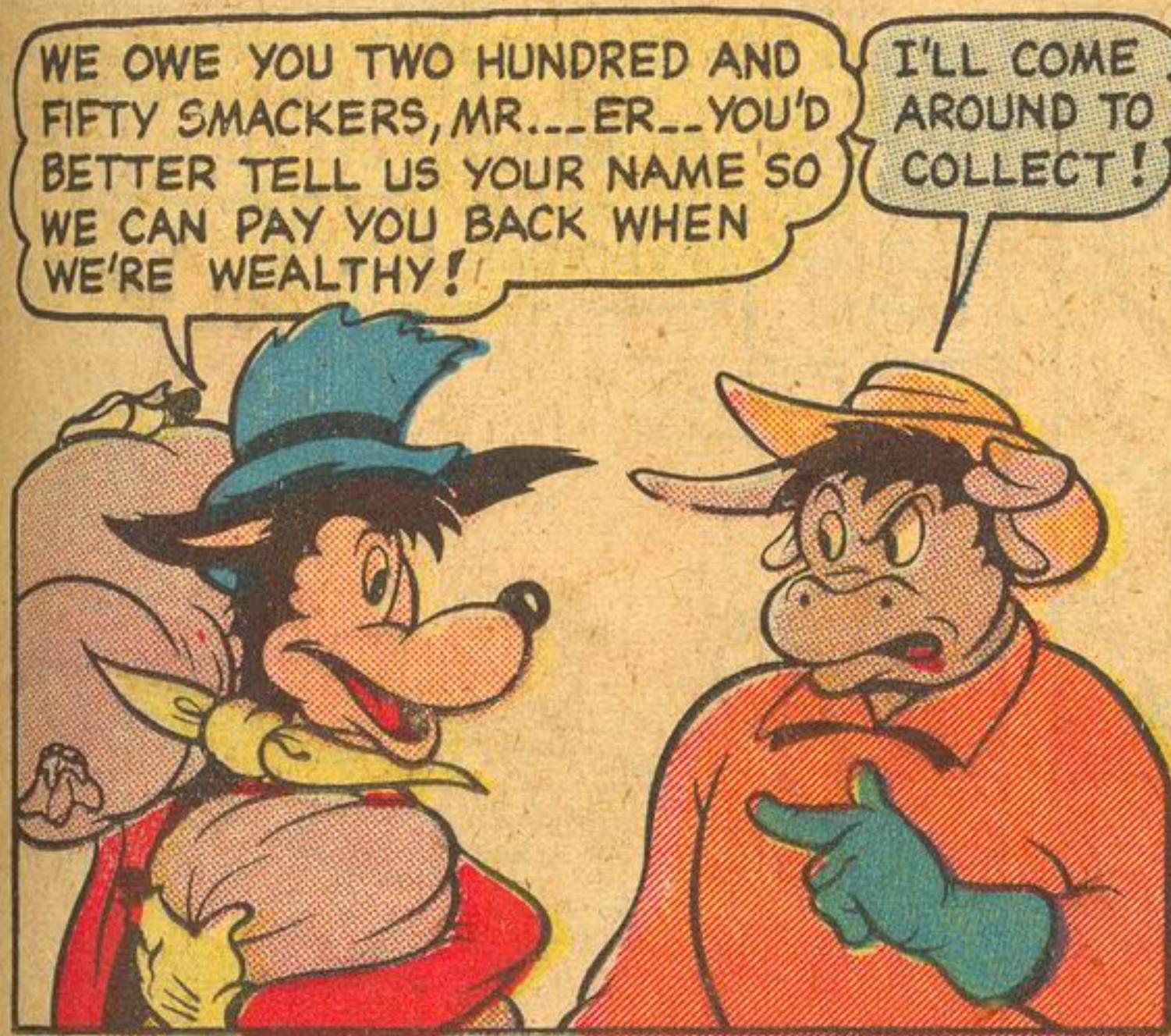
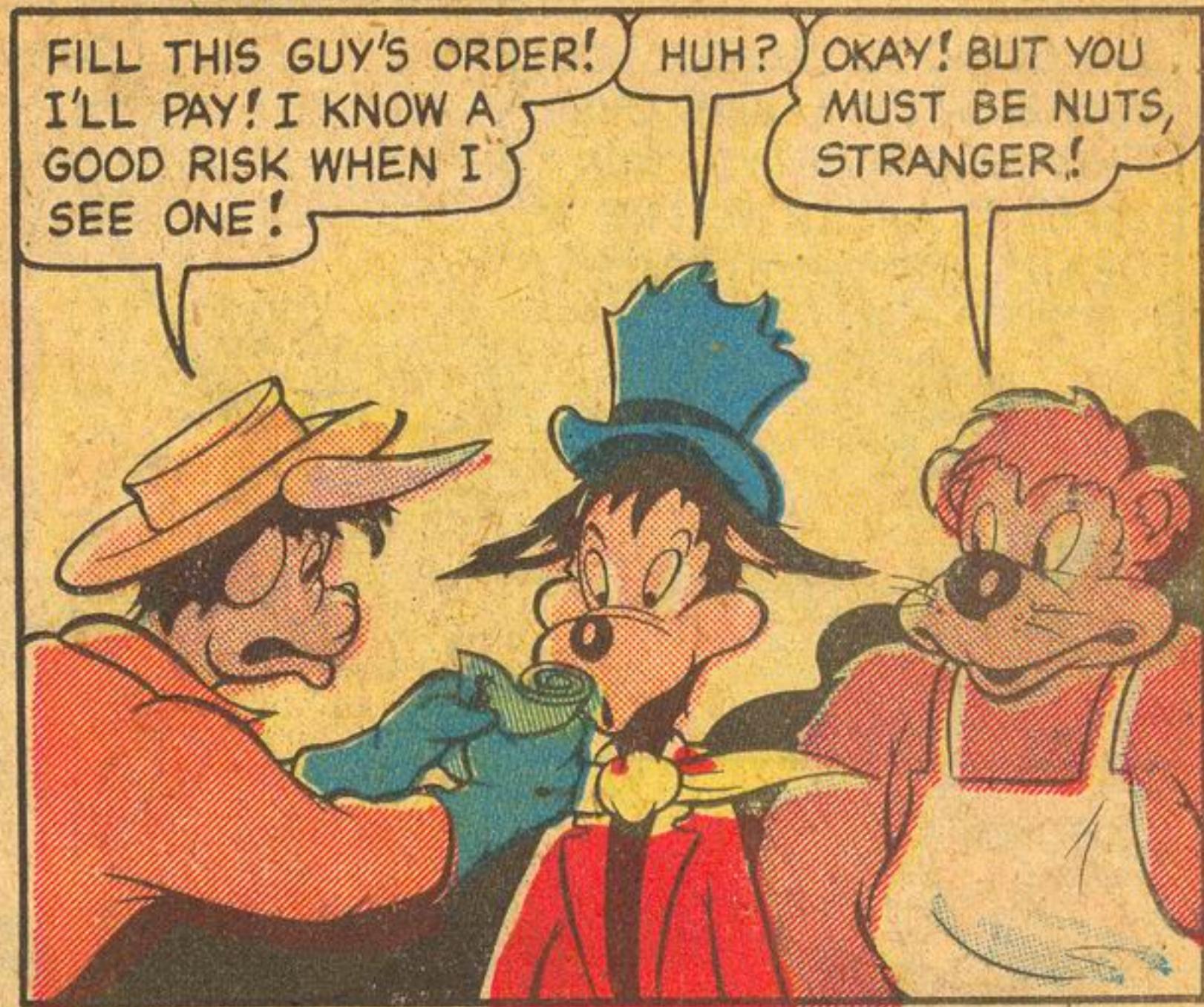
GRAMPY GOAT!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



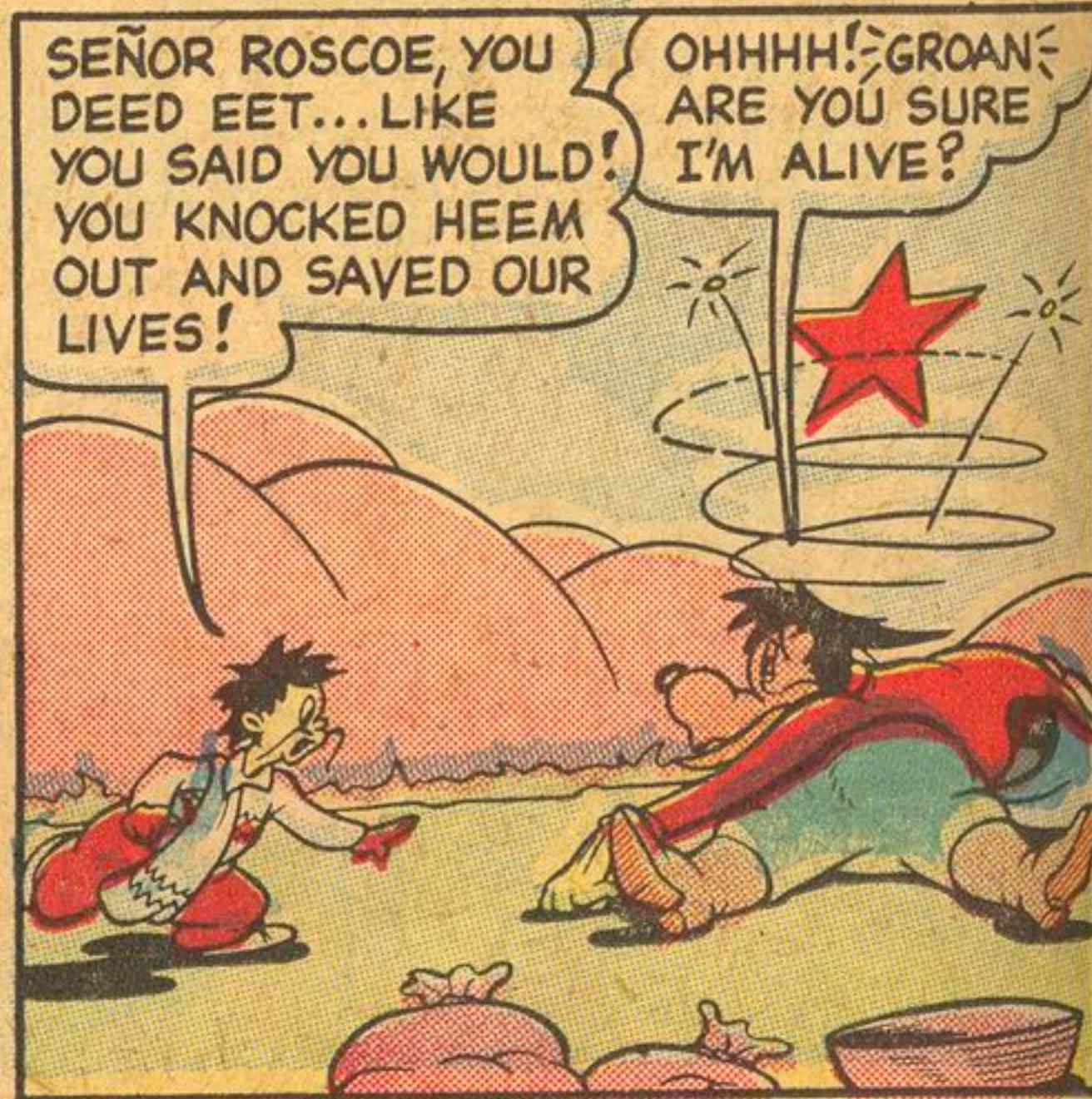
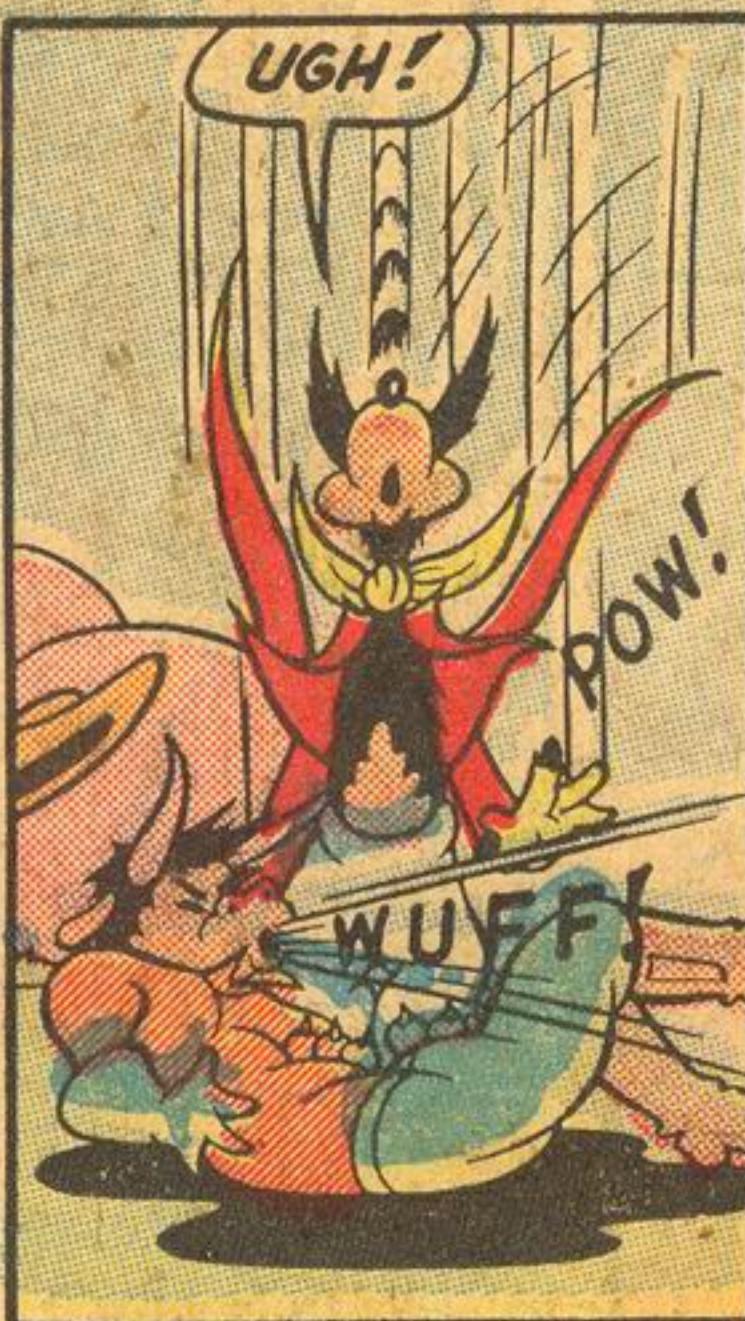
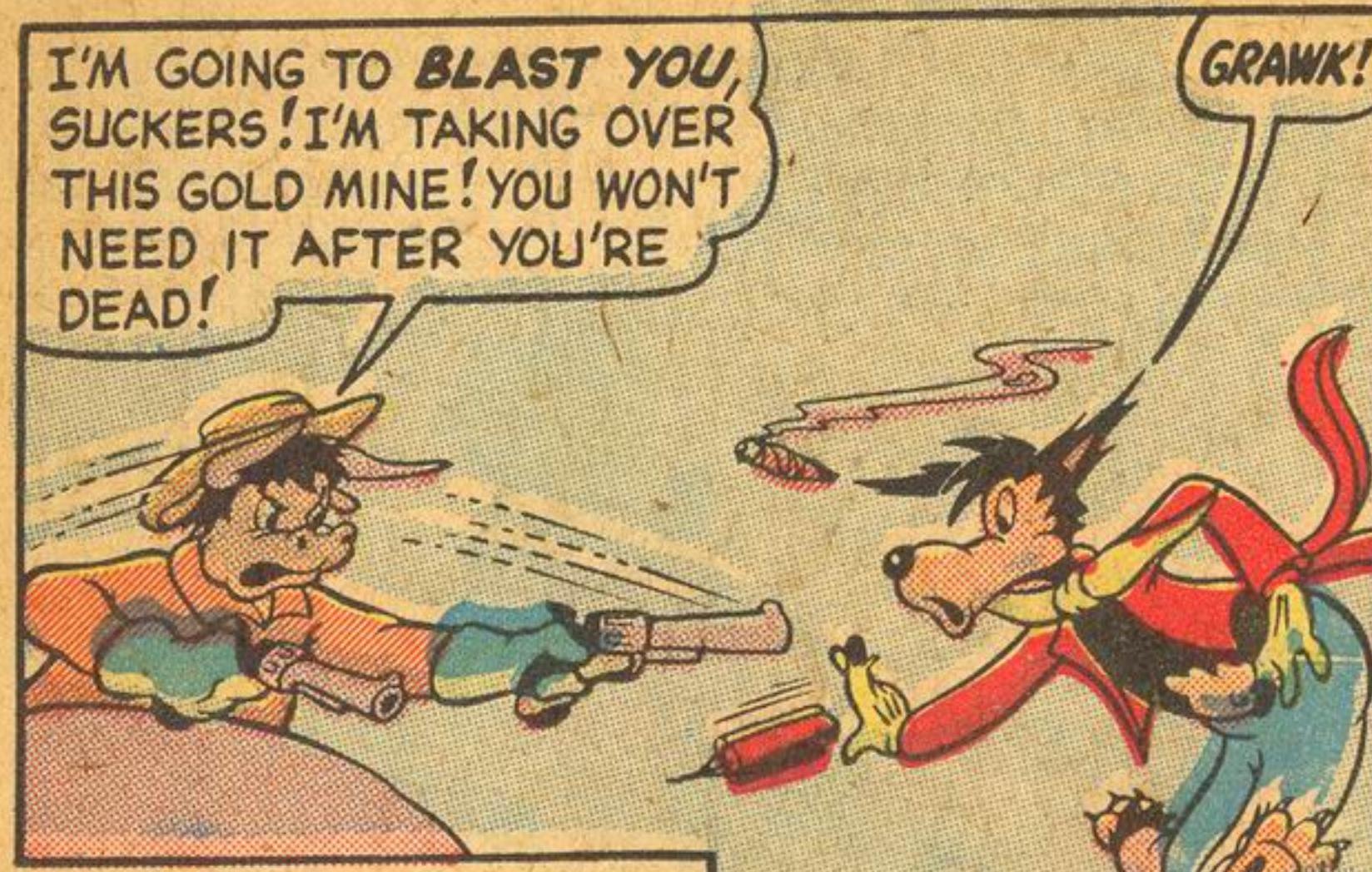
FEATURE COMICS



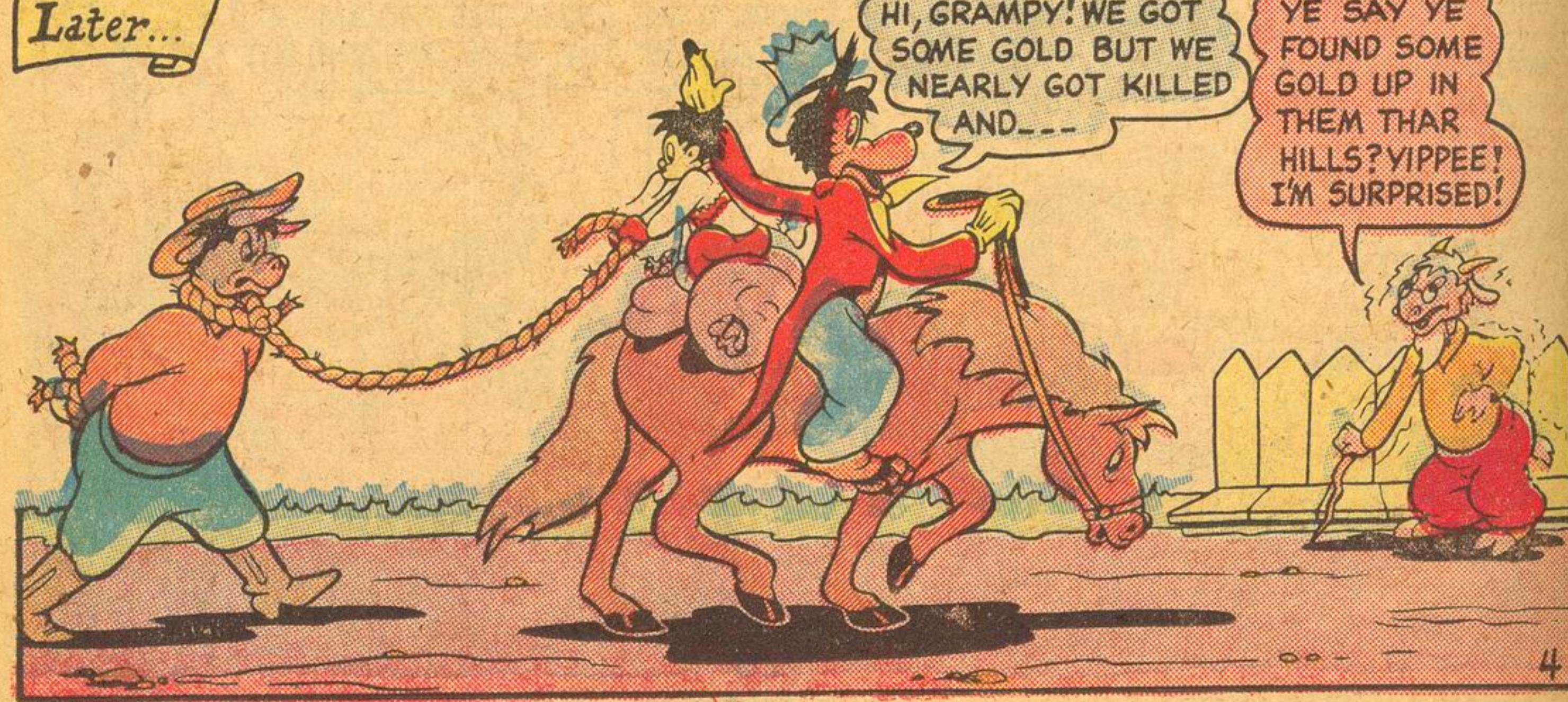
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



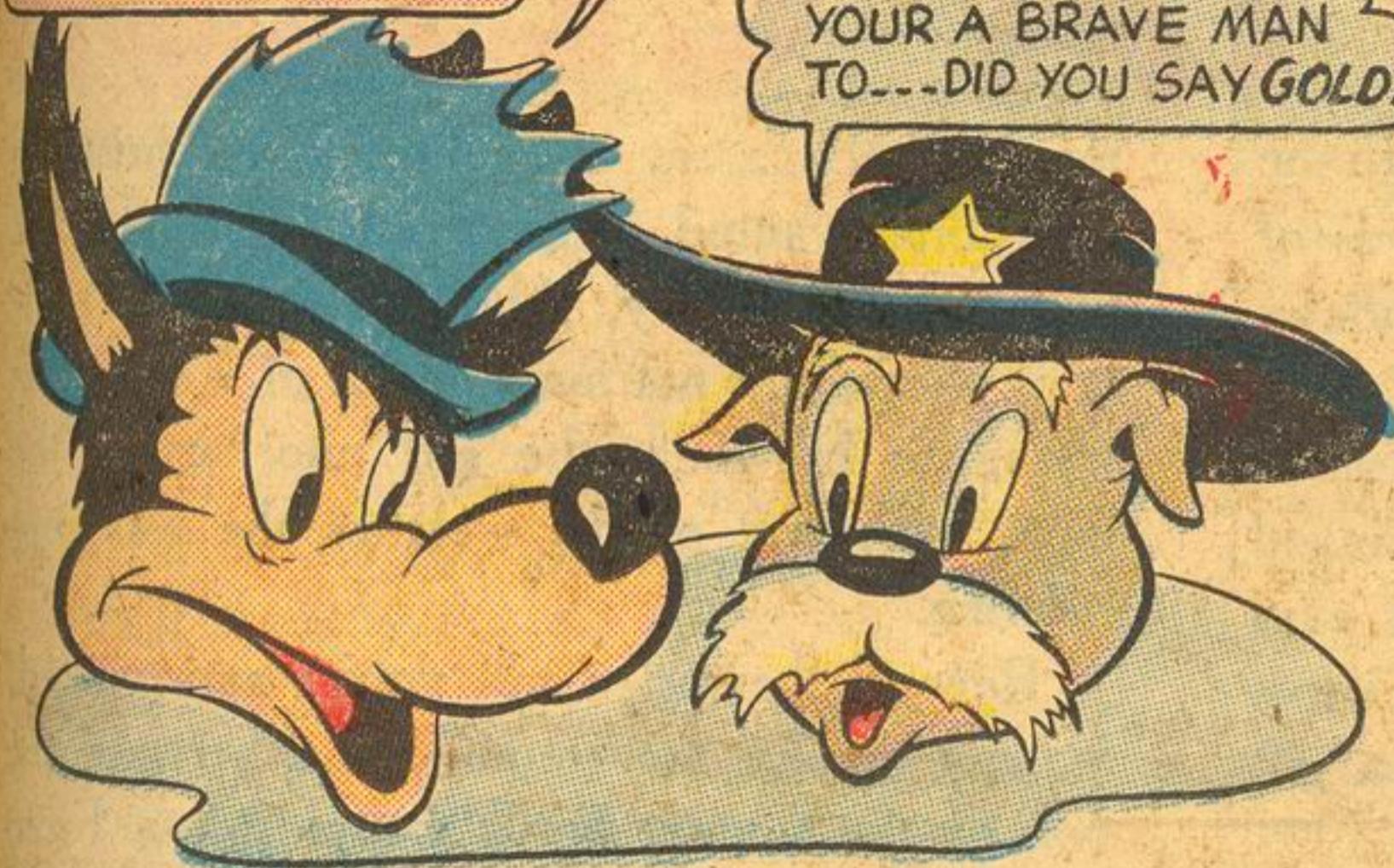
Later...



FEATURE COMICS

SHERIFF, THIS GUY TRIED TO KILL US TO GET OUR GOLD! BUT AFTER I POUNCED ON HIM HE WAS HELPLESS!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S BRUTE BISON, A DESPERATE ESCAPED CONVICT! ROSCOE, YOUR A BRAVE MAN TO---DID YOU SAY GOLD?



I'M NOT ONLY BRAVE, BUT ALSO RICH! LOOK AT THESE, SHERIFF!

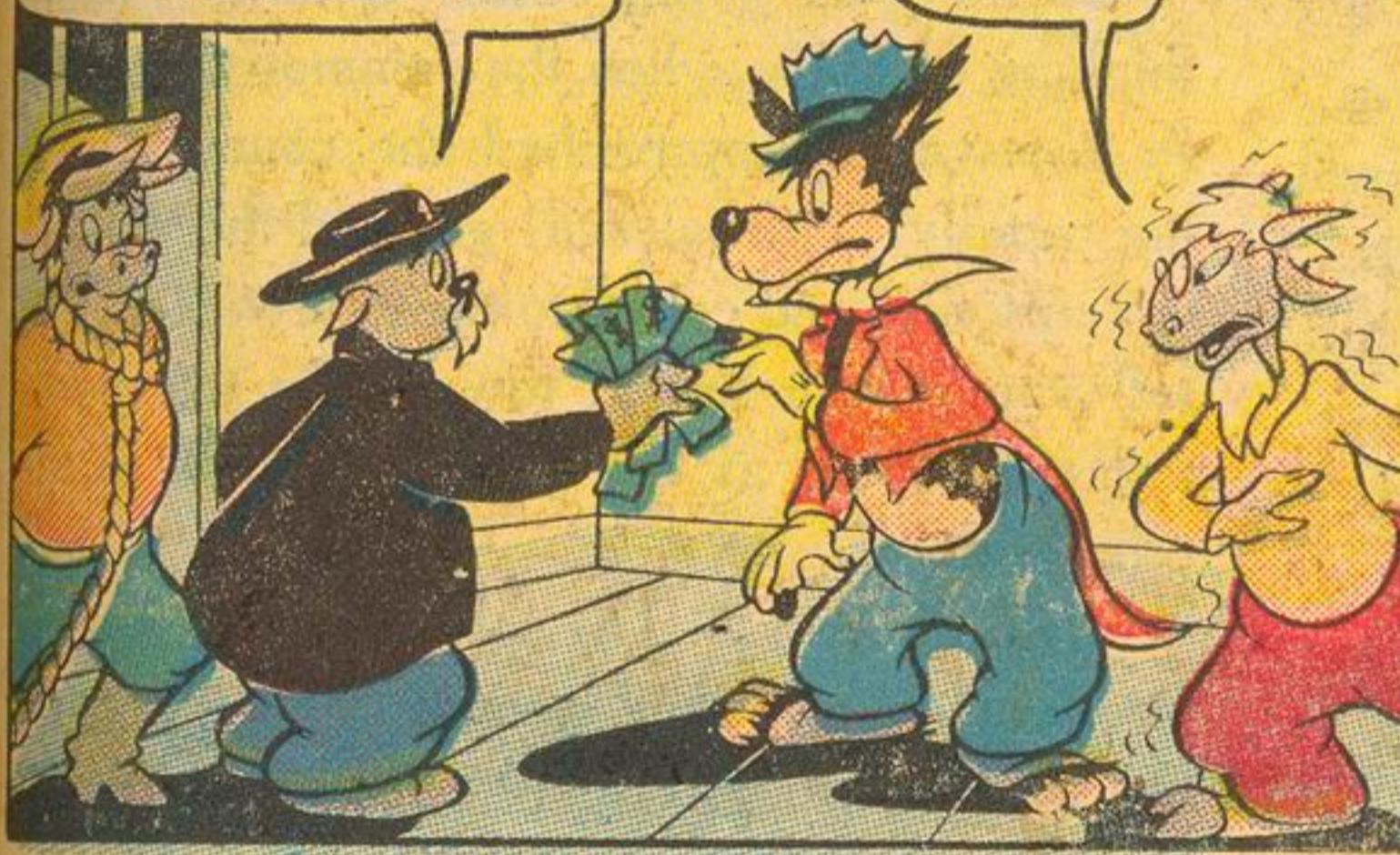
I HATE TO TELL YOU, BOYS, BUT THESE NUGGETS ARE ONLY IRON PYRITES, FOOL'S GOLD! THEY'RE NOT WORTH A CENT!

THEES EES THE END!



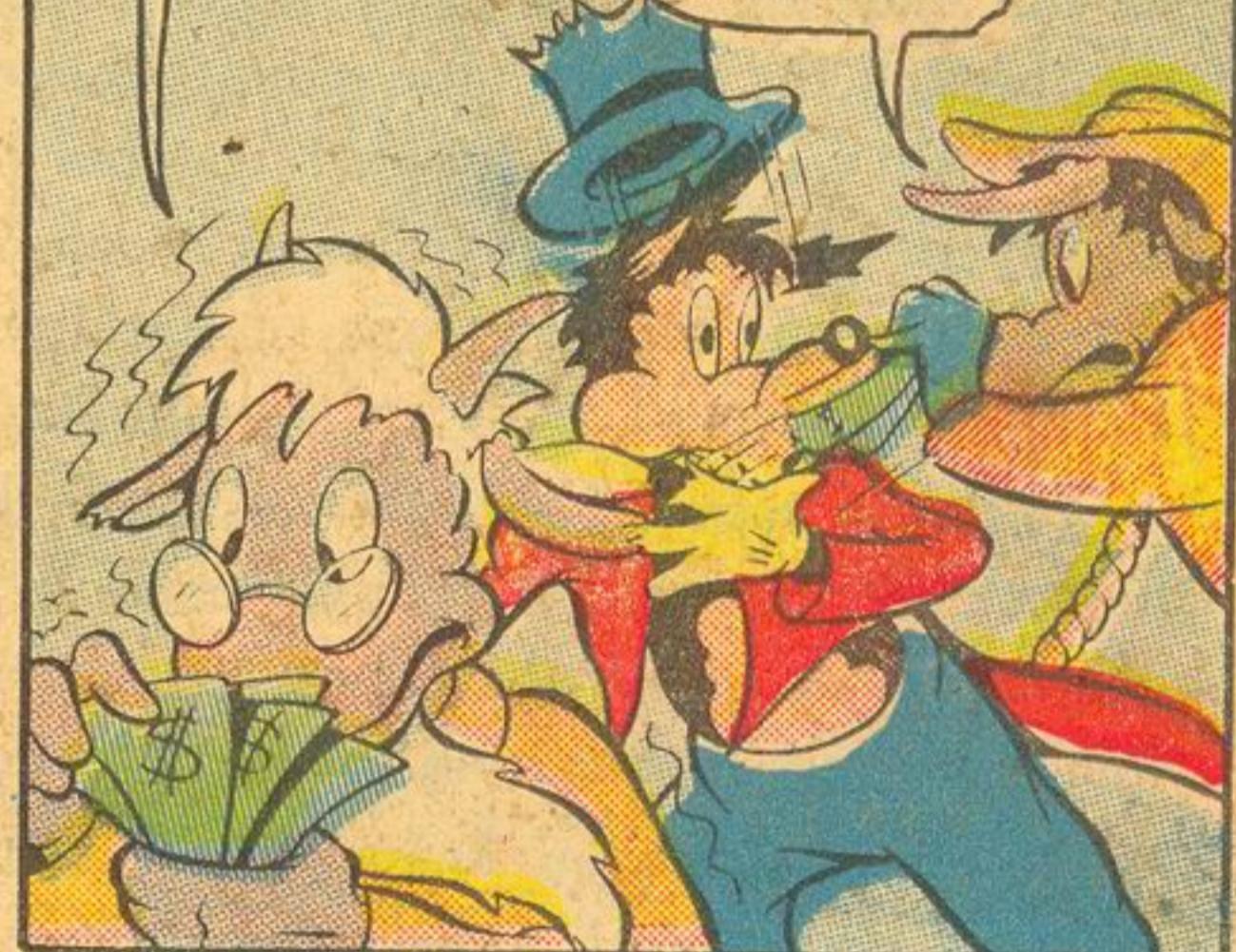
BUT THERE'S A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF BRUTE BISON... HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! YOU'VE GOT THAT COMING FOR THE BOLD CAPT---

DID YE SAY THAT'S WHAT'S COMIN' FER THEM GOLD NUGGETS? I GET HALF!



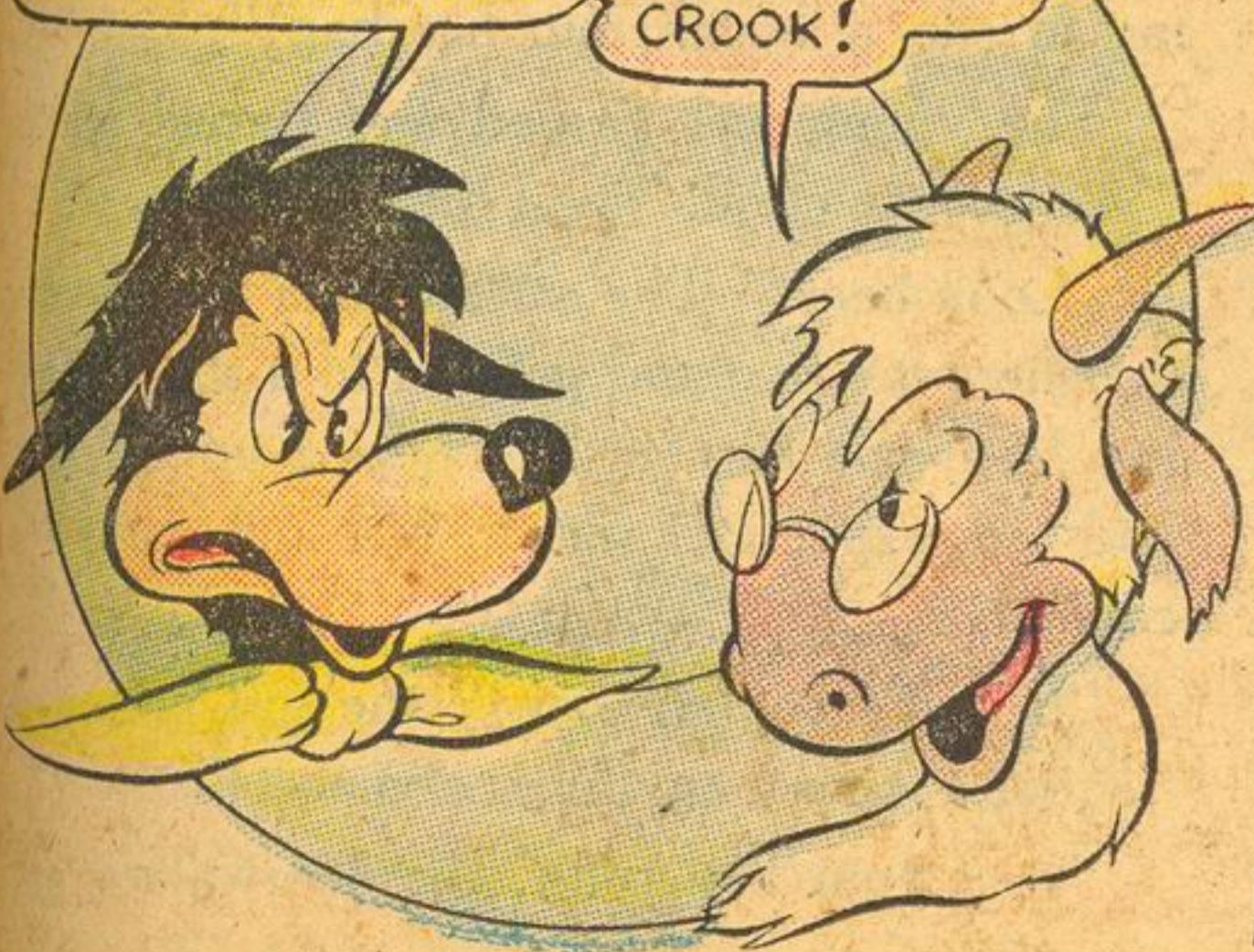
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS IS MINE!

AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER HALF.. THAT'S WHAT YOU OWE ME!



HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

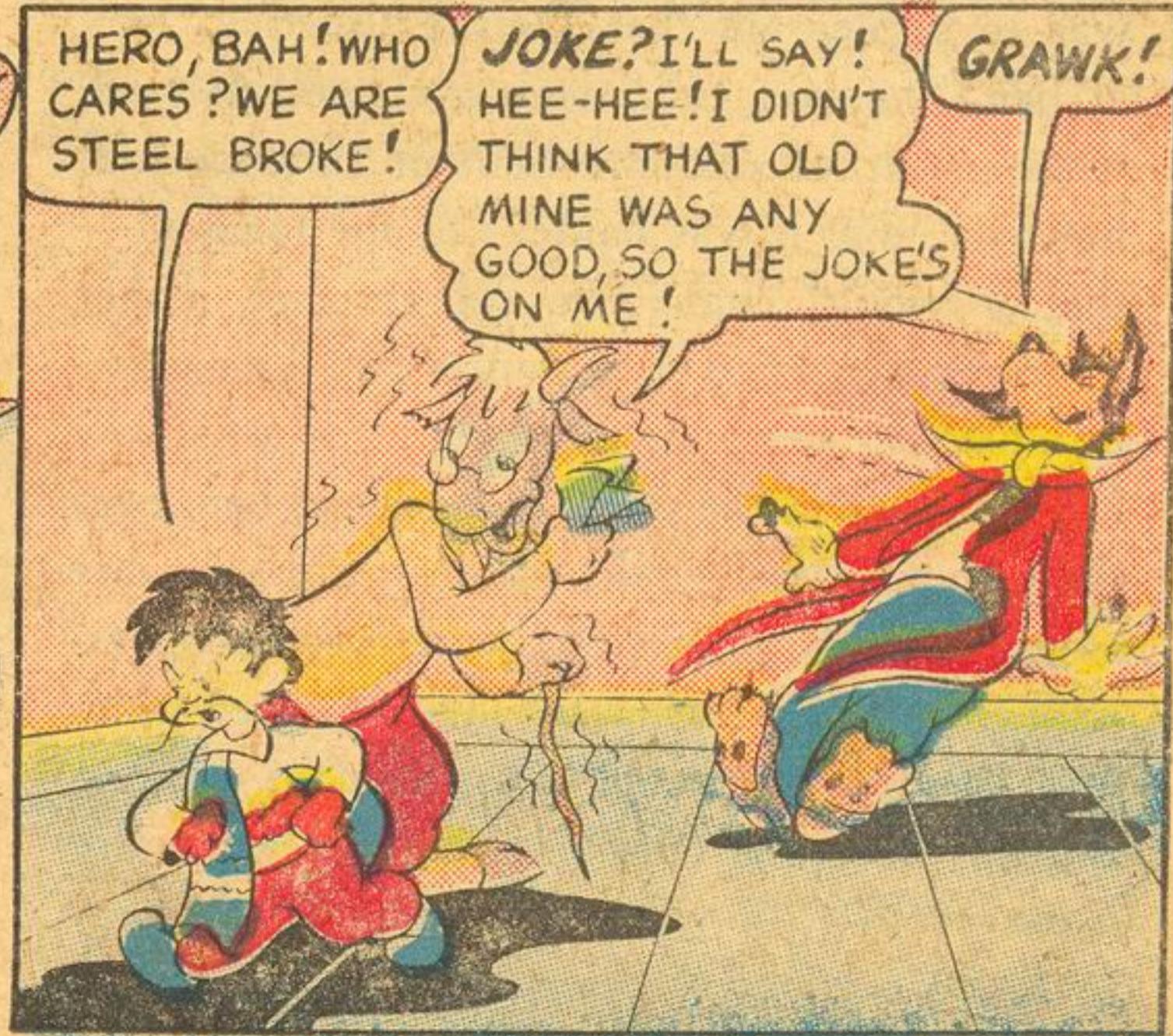
YESSIR, MY BOY... MIGHTY COURAGEOUS! YOU'RE A HERO, CATCHIN' THAT CROOK!



HERO, BAH! WHO CARES? WE ARE STEEL BROKE!

JOKE? I'LL SAY! HEE-HEE! I DIDN'T THINK THAT OLD MINE WAS ANY GOOD, SO THE JOKE'S ON ME!

GRAWK!





# DETECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

DARREL DANE swung along through the drifting snowfall, dodging the crowds of shoppers on the sidewalk. The shop windows were impressively decorated for the Christmas season. A loudspeaker blared a jingling seasonal tune and a curbstone Santa Claus clanged his bell. Darrel grinned happily. It was easy to be caught up in the Christmas spirit, especially since he was on his way to buy a gift for his fiancee, Martha Roberts.

Turning in to one of the shops; he ducked past a heavy matron laden with parcels. It would be convenient, he mused, if he could do his shopping as the Doll Man—easier to get through the crowds. He stopped beside a counter at which tiny jeweled watches were displayed. He remembered having heard Martha admire one worn by one of her friends. Perhaps this would make an appropriate gift.

The only salesgirl in sight was busy down the counter, showing a young woman a tray of men's watches. With nothing else to do, he found himself overhearing their conversation.

"Well, really, you know, you'll have to make up your mind!" The saleswoman's tone was so unpleasant that Darrel turned to look at her. She was tall, sleek and well-dressed, with an air of extreme hauteur. Darrel felt, however, that it was hauteur of the moment—that it would change to subservience if her customer happened to be impressive. This woman customer certainly was not. She was now fingering two of the watches, her head bent over them, but Darrel could see from flush on her cheek that she was embarrassed at the saleswoman's tone. She was slender, even thin, and dressed in cheap, inconspicuous clothes. As she looked around hesitantly Darrel also observed that she was very young. It was easy to figure out her dilemma. She was buying a

man's watch . . . undoubtedly a Christmas gift. She wanted a good one, but couldn't afford much money. And the salesgirl, realizing she would not make much of a sale, was trying to browbeat the girl into buying the more expensive of the watches she was considering.

Beyond the girl a tall young man waited, leaning against the counter, and between the two on the counter lay a shopping bag. From his clothes and manner it was obvious that the man was not with the girl. Also it seemed obvious that the bag belonged to the girl, not the man.

Darrel was noting these details, without thinking of them, when the commotion started. A floorwalker approached the counter, moving rapidly. The salesgirl grasped the wrist of her customer and called to the floorwalker. The tall young man turned toward the two, looking astonished, as did Darrel himself on the other side.

"Mr. Murray!" The salesgirl addressed the floorwalker, gesturing significantly at the wrist she held.

"What's the trouble, Miss Evans?"

"Look!" The salesgirl, identified as Miss Evans, nodded toward the customer and the shopping bag. "I just caught this woman trying to slip a watch into her bag!"

The young girl gasped and turned white. "Why!" she cried. "I—I didn't!"

"Look here!" The saleswoman reached for the shopping bag and pointed to a strap hanging from one corner. She tipped up the bag, and an expensive watch fell out onto the counter.

"But it's not my bag!" the girl protested. "I don't know anything about it!"

"Is it your bag, sir?" the floorwalker asked.

## FEATURE COMICS

ed politely of the young man standing on the other side.

He raised his eyebrows and grinned. "Do I look like it was mine?" It was an obvious answer. It was hard to imagine the immaculate and well-dressed young man carrying the cheap shopping bag.

The floorwalker looked around at the curious crowd that was gathering.

"I'm sorry, Madam," he said to the young girl. "If you'll just step into the office with me . . . and these two gentlemen as witnesses . . . we'll straighten it all out."

"I'm in an awful hurry and I didn't see a thing," the young man said. "No use my going to the office with you. I'll leave my name and address."

Politely but firmly, the floorwalker turned the young girl over to the store detective with instructions to take her to the manager's office. Miss Evans followed them, while Darrel and the floorwalker brought up the rear. The young girl, Darrel could see, was struggling against tears. He couldn't help feeling that there must be some mistake.

"Don't feel too sorry for her," the floorwalker said, as if he could read Darrel's thoughts. "These shoplifters can be very plausible and pathetic. I've had my eye on that counter for some time; we've lost a lot of merchandise from it recently."

The session in the manager's office was brief. Miss Evans and the floorwalker told their stories. The young girl, Ruth Lawrence, denied everything. And Darrel had seen nothing that would add to the evidence one way or the other. Obviously the store people felt that it was an open and shut case. The manager phoned for the police and prepared to prefer charges.

The girl stood there as if she were stunned. "But it's absurd!" she half-whispered. "It can't be happening to me! I haven't done anything."

Darrel wondered. The evidence was all against Ruth Lawrence, but it was hard for him to believe she could fake such innocence. There was one explanation that would make her not guilty—if someone else were lying. He made up his mind to find out.

When the store closed for the night, Dar-

rel was waiting outside the employees' exit. His hat brim pulled low over his face, he stood behind a post and watched the hurrying faces. Soon he saw the one he was waiting for—the salesgirl, Miss Evans. As she walked away from the store, she was joined by a tall young man. Darrel's eyes narrowed. It was the man who had been leaning on the counter.

Darrel followed them down the street, and saw the young man steer Miss Evans toward a parked roadster. Darrel looked around for a cab, but then he had a better idea. Stepping into a dark doorway, he called upon every iota of his will power. Speedily he changed into the tiny, compressed form of the Doll Man. Then he dashed across the sidewalk, leaping onto the running board of the roadster just as it pulled away from the curb.

As he hung onto the door handle, he could hear voices over the traffic noises. The two inside the car were quarrelling.

"That was a bright trick!" the man said angrily. "Why on earth did you yell for the floorwalker?"

"It was a bright trick, you fool! He's been getting suspicious lately. I saw him watching my counter . . . and if you'd started off with that shopping bag, you'd have been arrested sure!"

Here was the explanation for which the Doll Man had been searching. These two had been stealing merchandise together, the girl to obtain it and the man to carry it, unsuspected, out of the store. Clinging to the car, the Doll Man stuck with them until they went into the Evans girl's apartment. After that it was only a matter of minutes until he had resumed the shape of Darrel Dane and called the police. Enough stolen goods were found in the apartment to convict the two unquestionably.

At the police station, Darrel watched while Ruth Lawrence was released. Then he slipped into her hand a package he had just purchased. "For your boy friend," he said, grinning at her while she opened it and looked down at the handsome man's watch inside.

He ducked out in a hurry when she tried to thank him. "Can't wait," he explained. "Got to do an errand." And he went whistling off down the street to continue his search for a gift for Martha Roberts.

FEATURE COMICS

# PERKY

Perky, the kid who flies to lands of fantasy, visits Carpenter Land and becomes involved in the REBELLION OF THE TOOLS!

I OUGHT TO HAMMER SOME SENSE INTO HIM!

HE'S NOT ON THE LEVEL!

HE MAKES ME SAW!

MAYBE I OUGHT TO SPLIT HIS PERSONALITY!

by  
-GILL FOX-

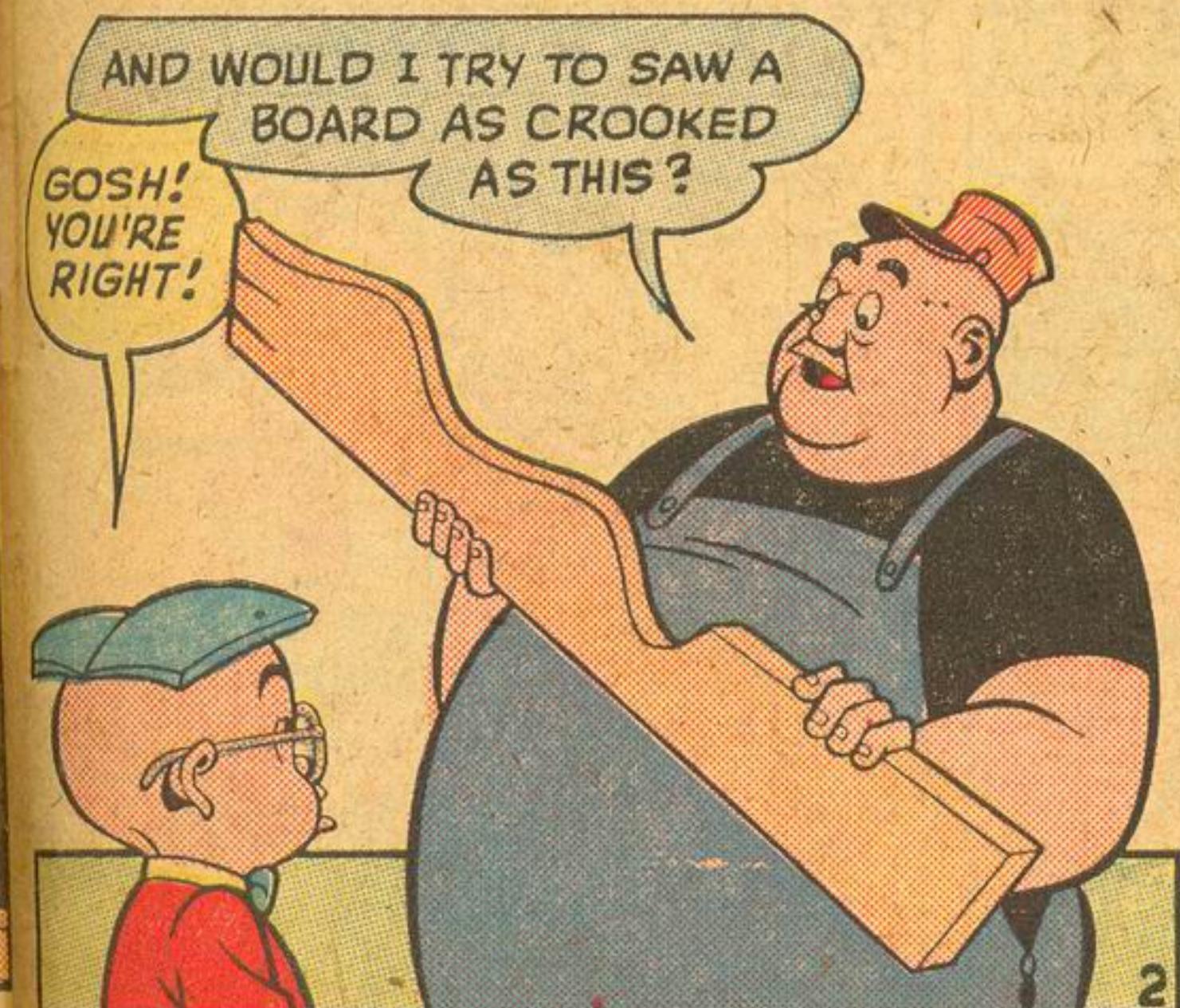
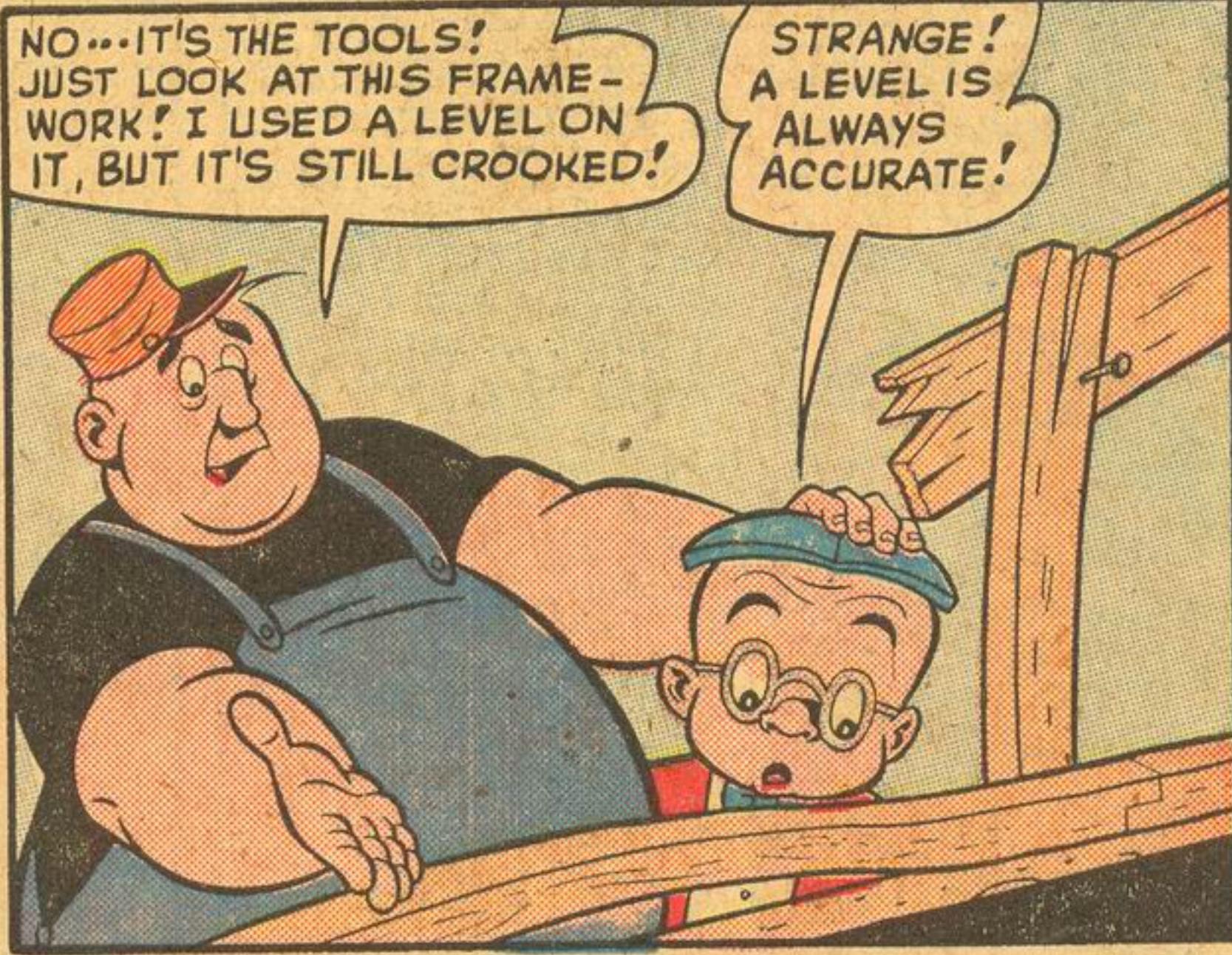
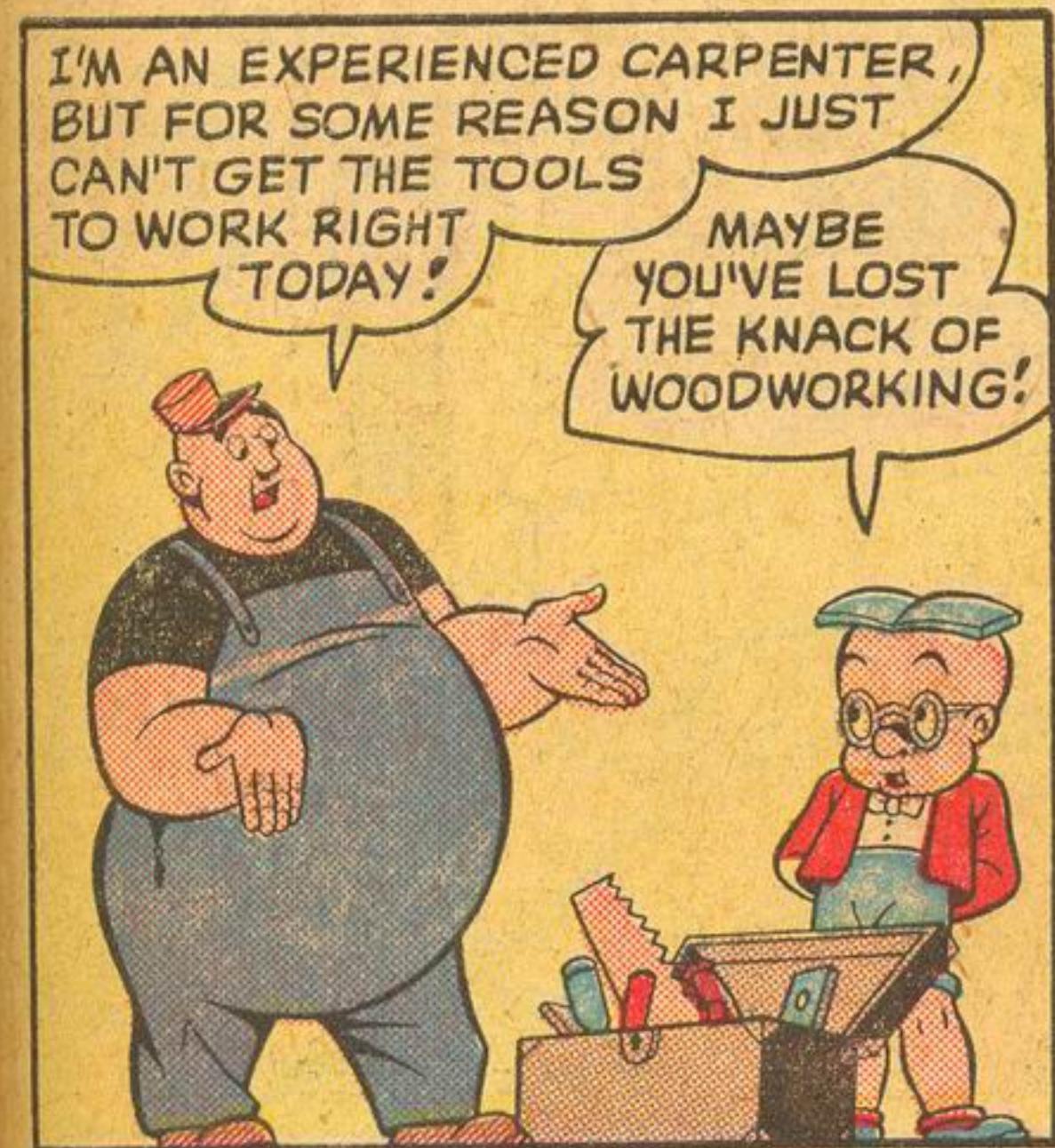
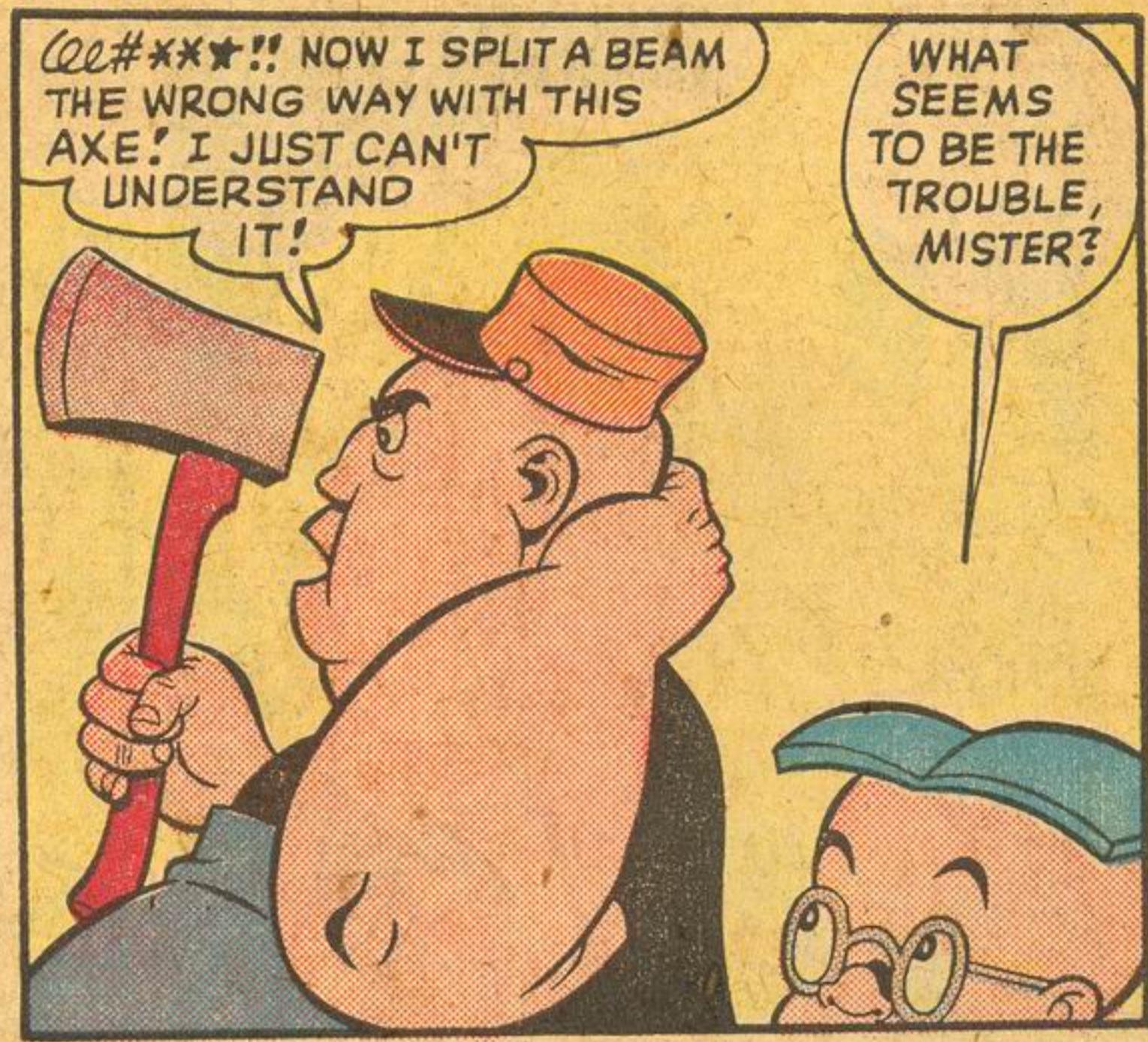
CARPENTER LAND! I HAVEN'T GOT A LICENSE TO DRIVE A NAIL!

OOF!

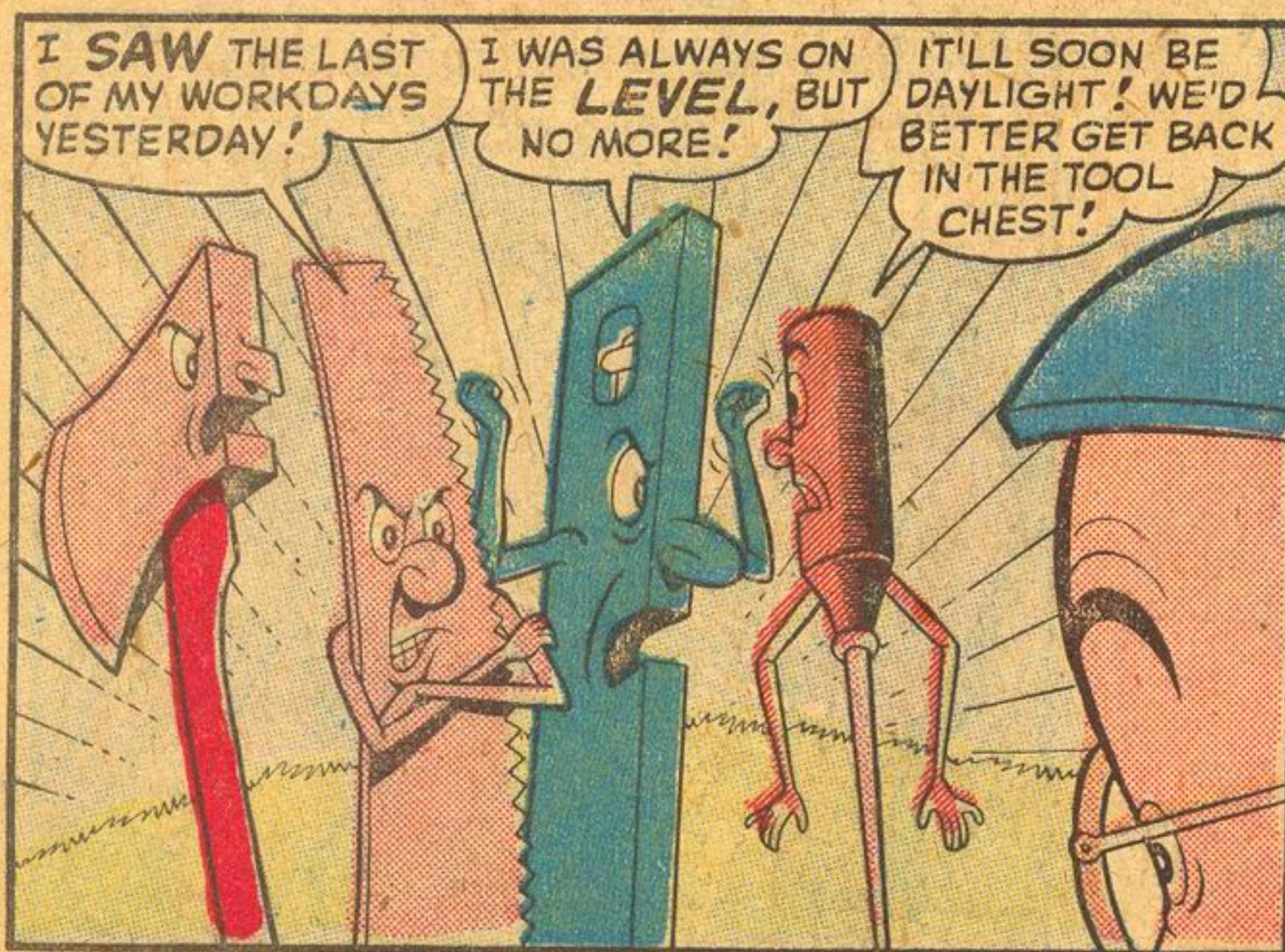
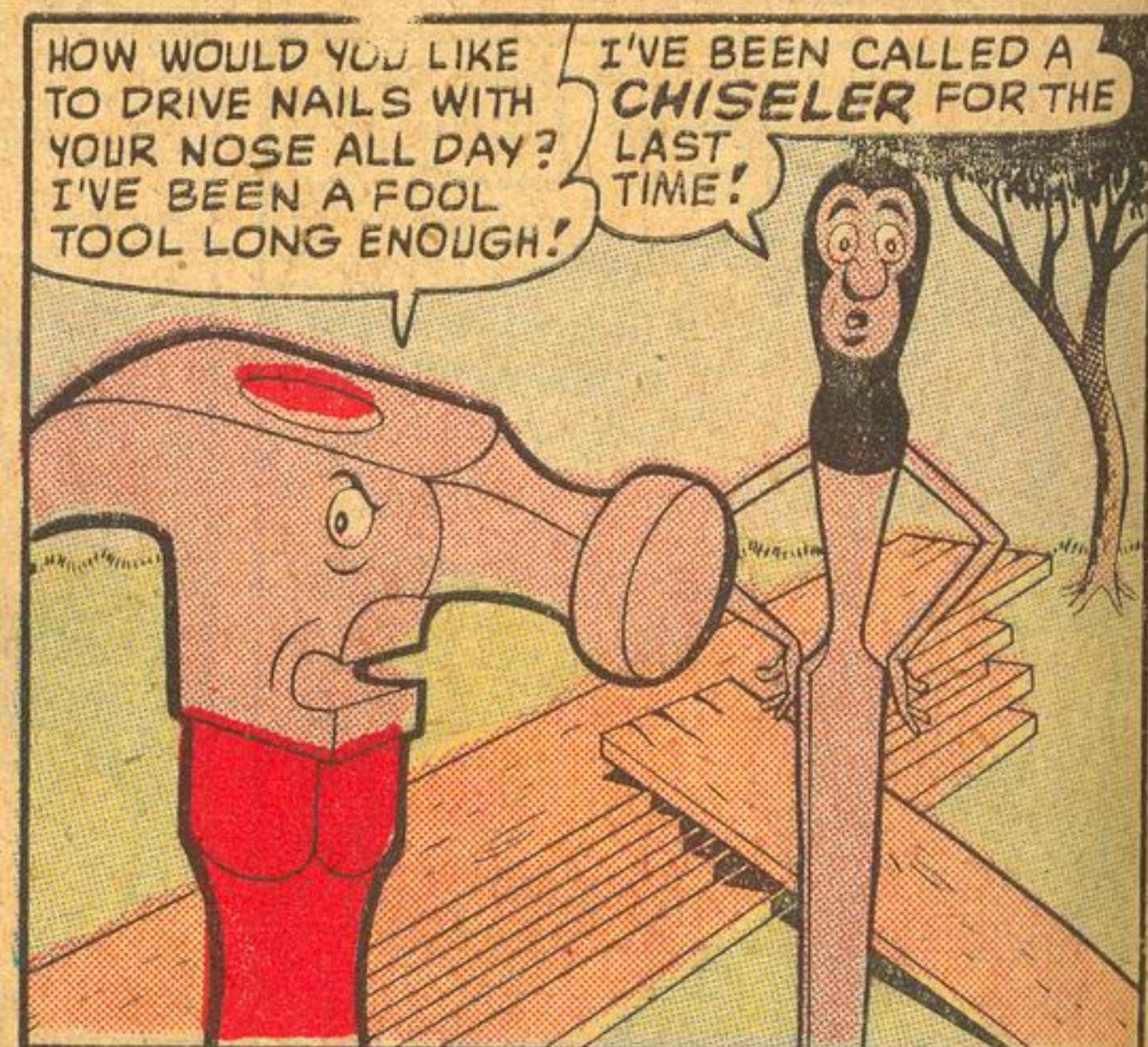
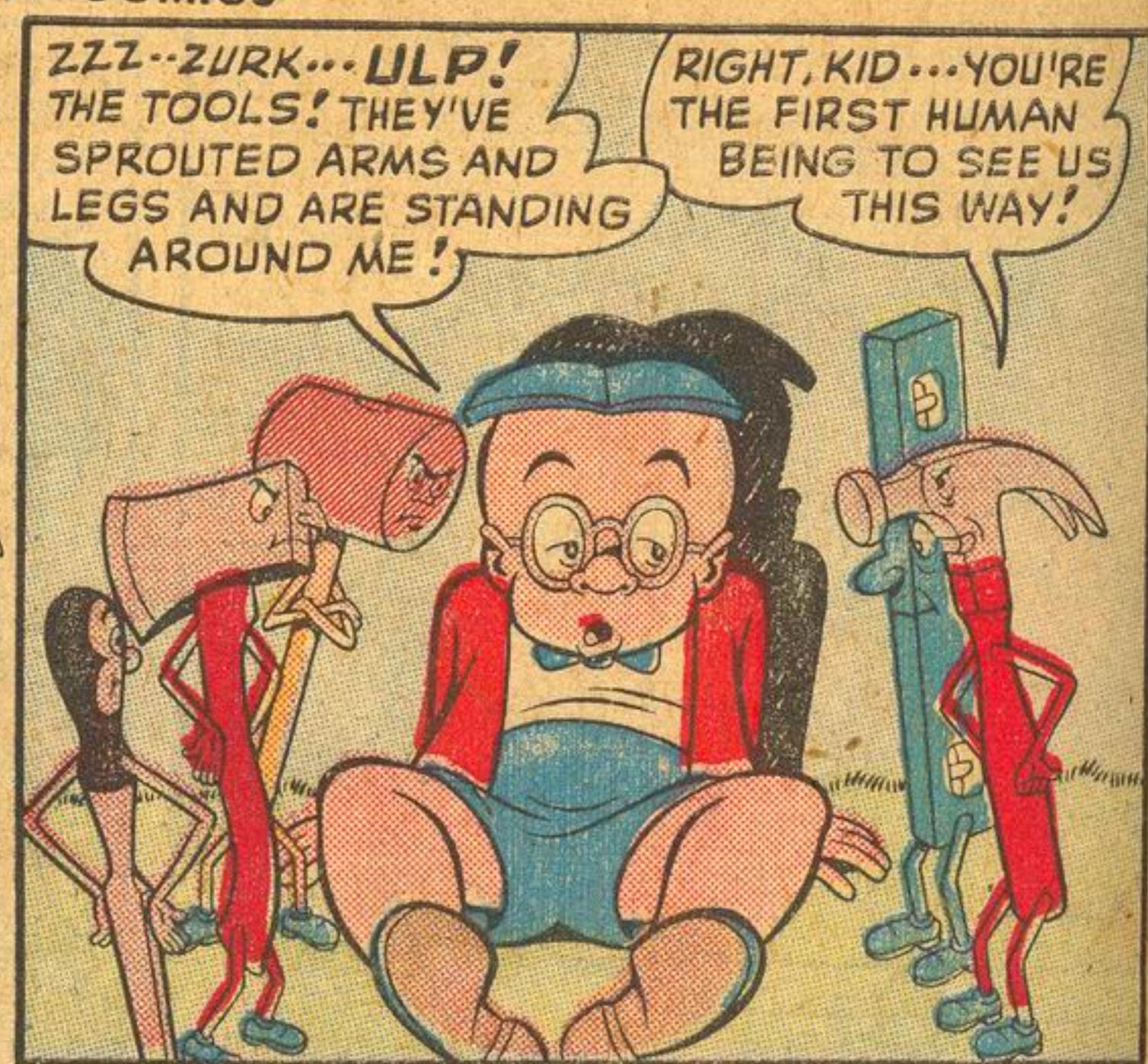
OOF #\*\*\*! ANOTHER SPLIT BOARD! I CAN'T SEEM TO USE MY TOOLS RIGHT TODAY!

CARPENTER LAND

FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS

GREAT! THIS WILL  
SOLVE THE WHOLE  
THING!

Daily Blah

**CARPENTERS!**  
ENTER YOUR WORK IN  
THE ARCHITECTS' CON-  
TEST! A BLUE RIBBON  
WILL BE AWARDED  
THE MAN WHO BUILDS  
THE MOST UNUSUAL  
HOUSE!

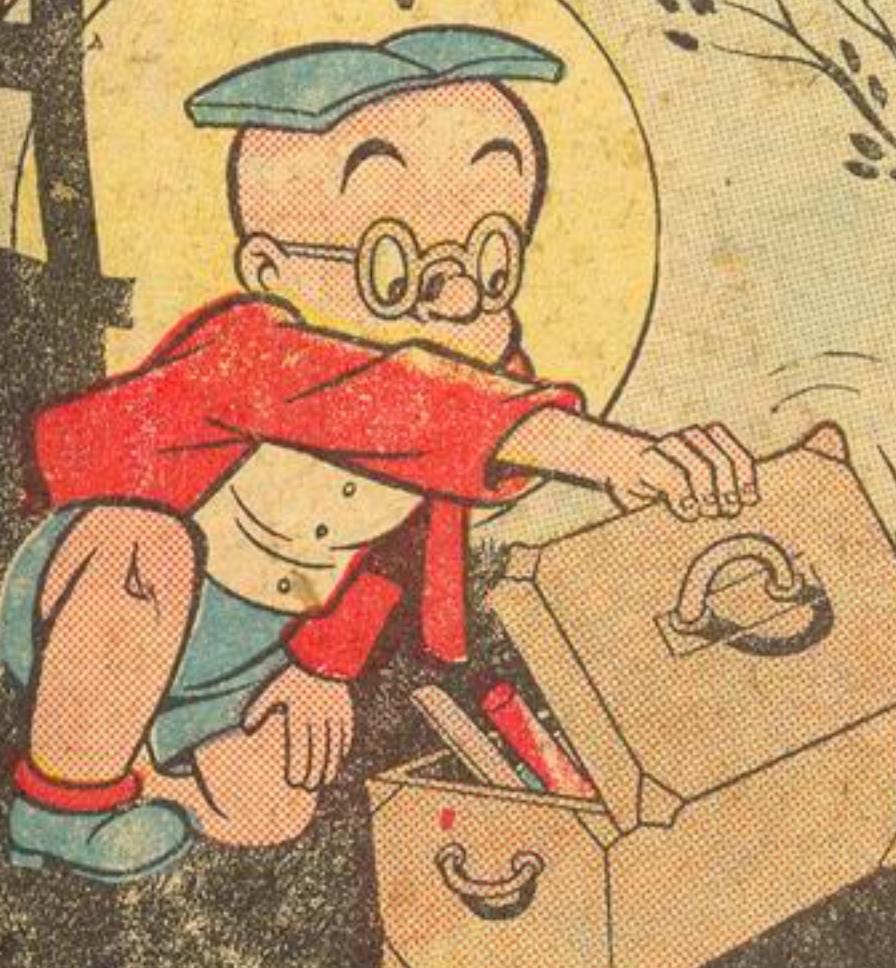
A few  
minutes  
later,  
the  
carpenter  
arrives  
to start  
work...

HEY, MISTER, I'VE GOT A PLAN! YOU KEEP  
WORKING ON THAT CROOKED BUILDING,  
AND WE'LL ENTER IT IN THIS CONTEST  
AS A NEW TYPE OF  
ARCHITECTURE!

SAY! THAT'S WORTH  
A TRY!

That  
night...

NOW TO GIVE THESE TOOLS A  
LITTLE DOUBLETALK!



NOW LOOK, YOU TOOLS...THE CARPENTER PLANS TO  
ENTER THE CROOKED HOUSE HE'S BUILDING IN A  
CONTEST! HE'LL BE THE LAUGHINGSTOCK OF  
CARPENTER LAND, SO KEEP REBELLING  
AGAINST WORK!

WE GETCHA!

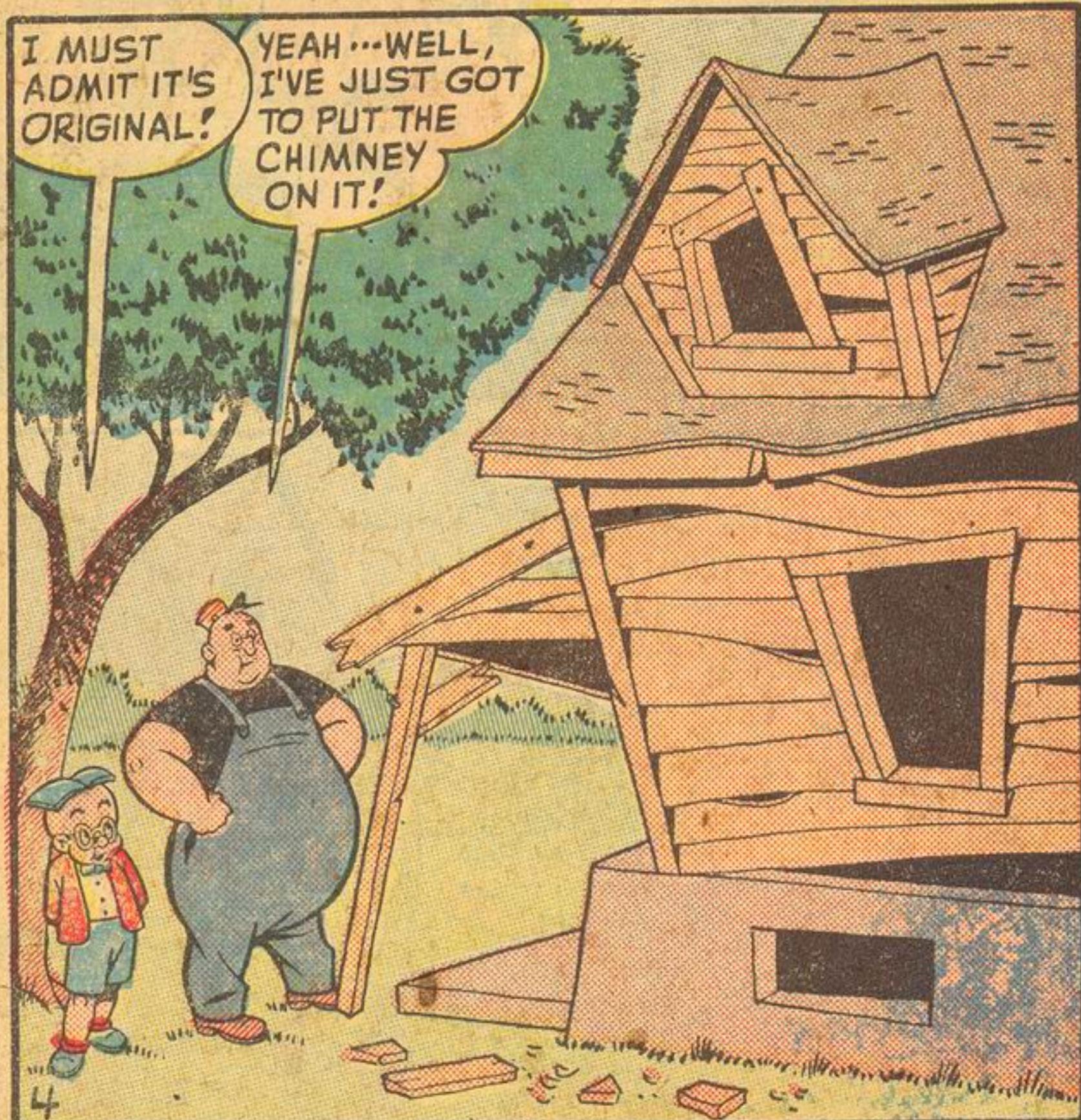
Next  
day...

IT'S BEGINNING TO  
SHAPE UP...IN A  
CROOKED SORT  
OF WAY!

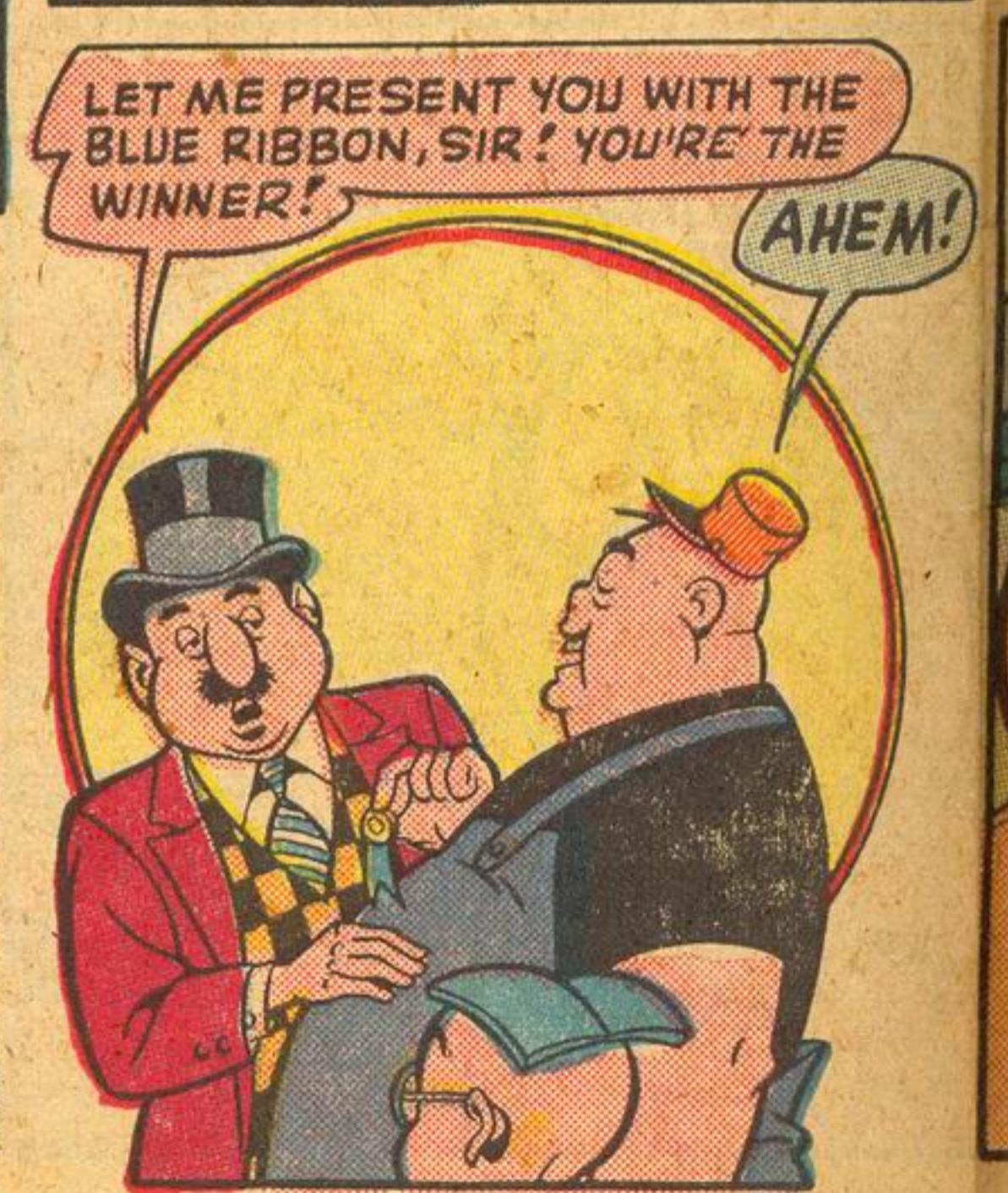
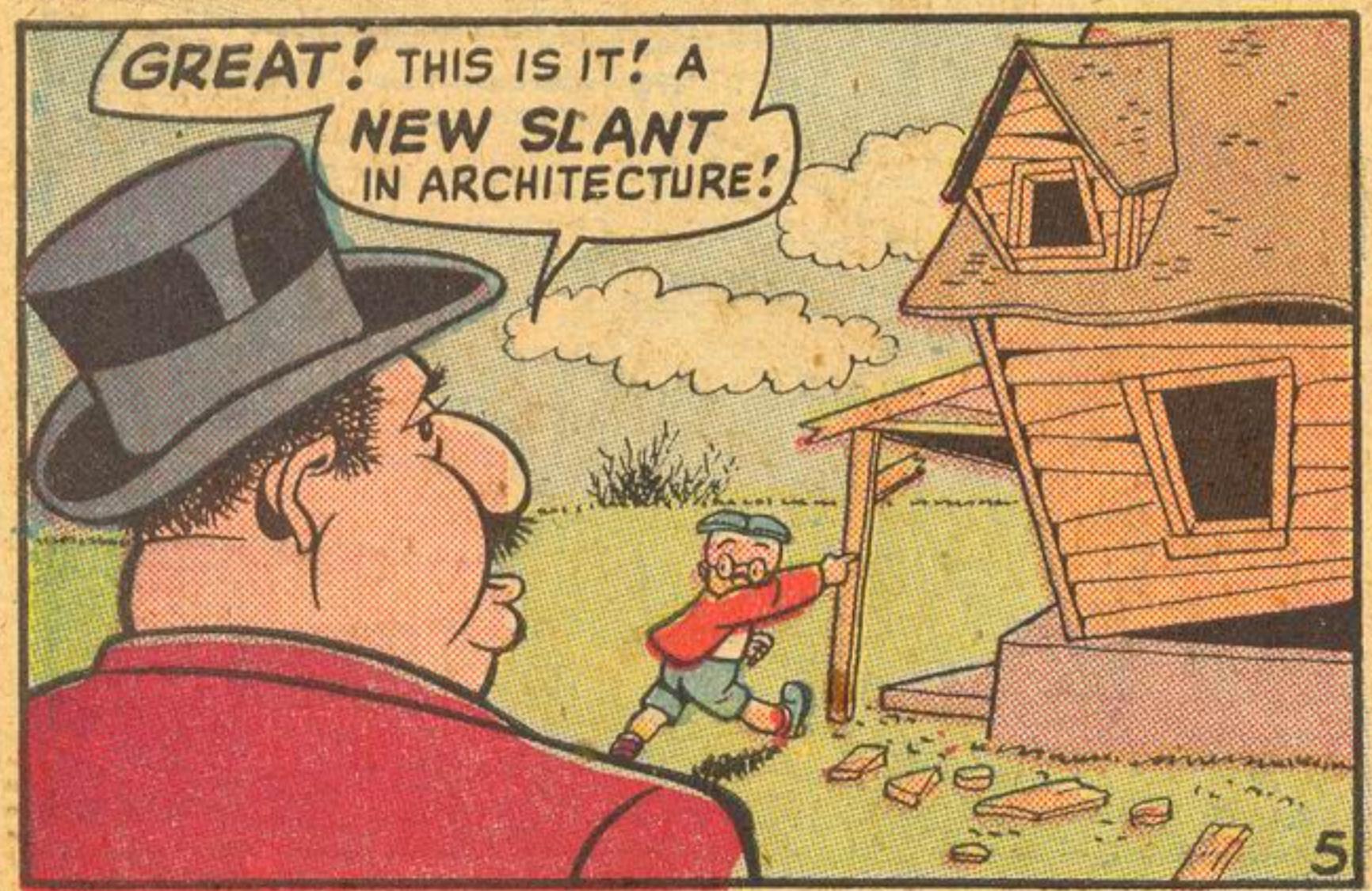
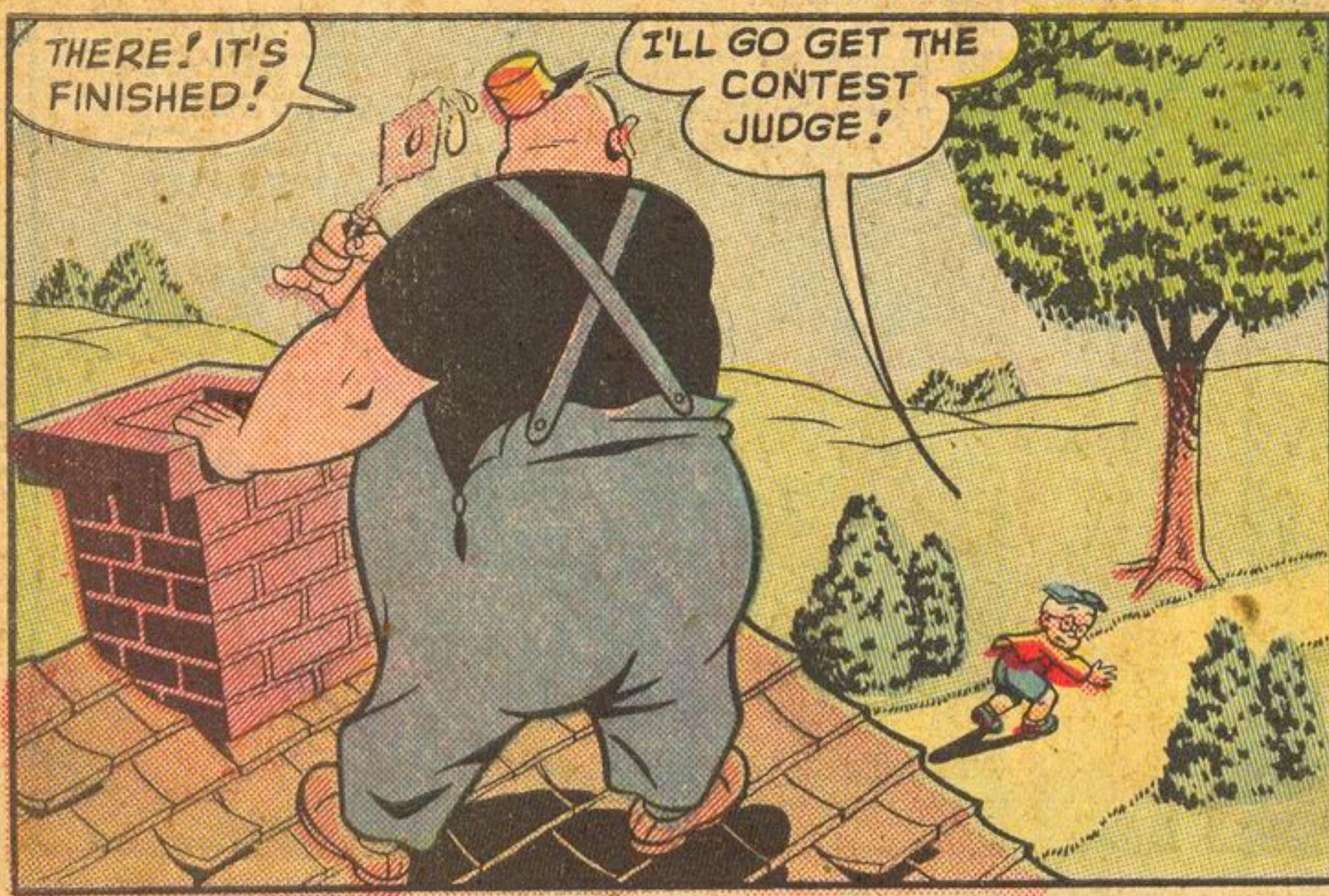


I MUST  
ADMIT IT'S  
ORIGINAL!

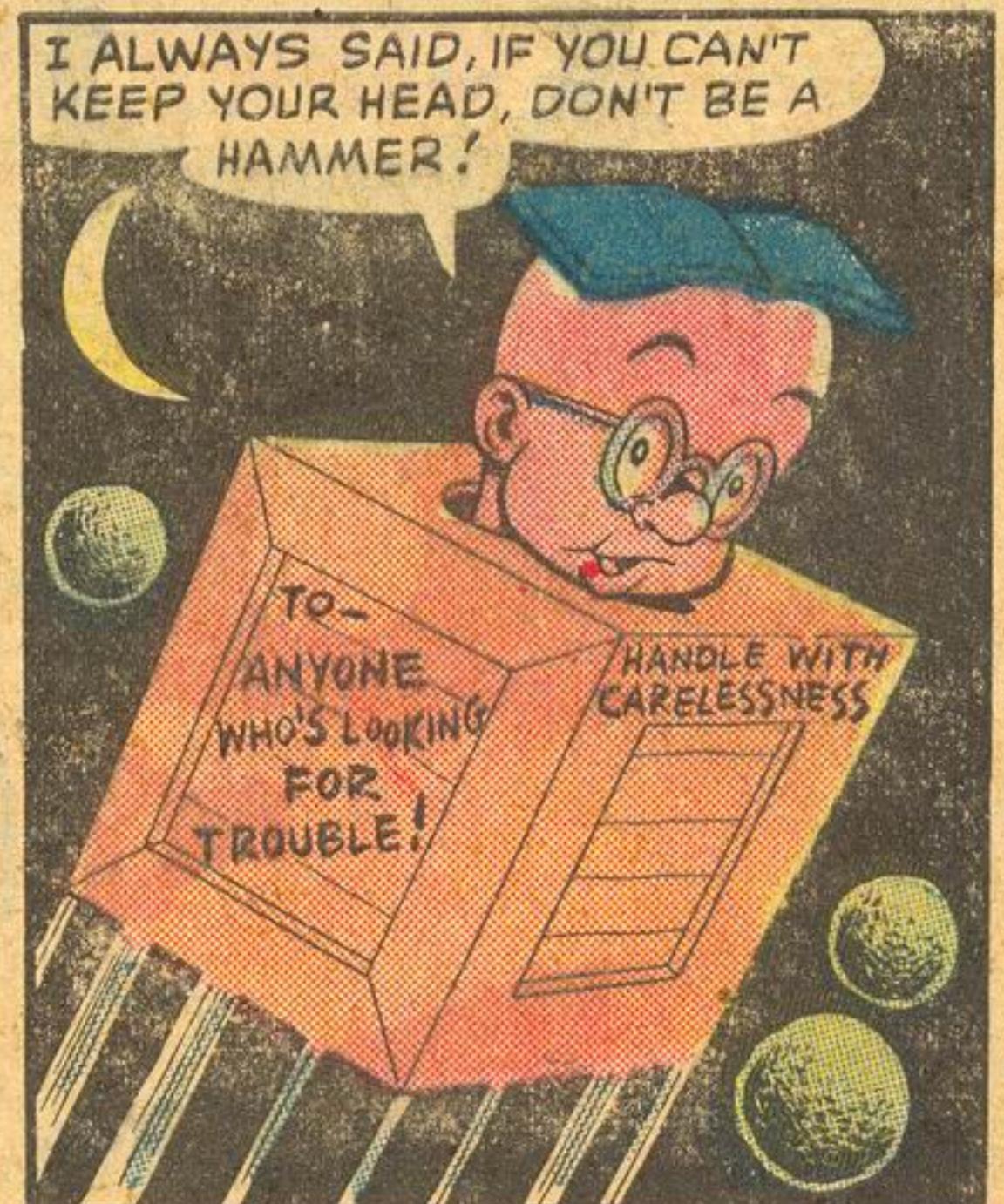
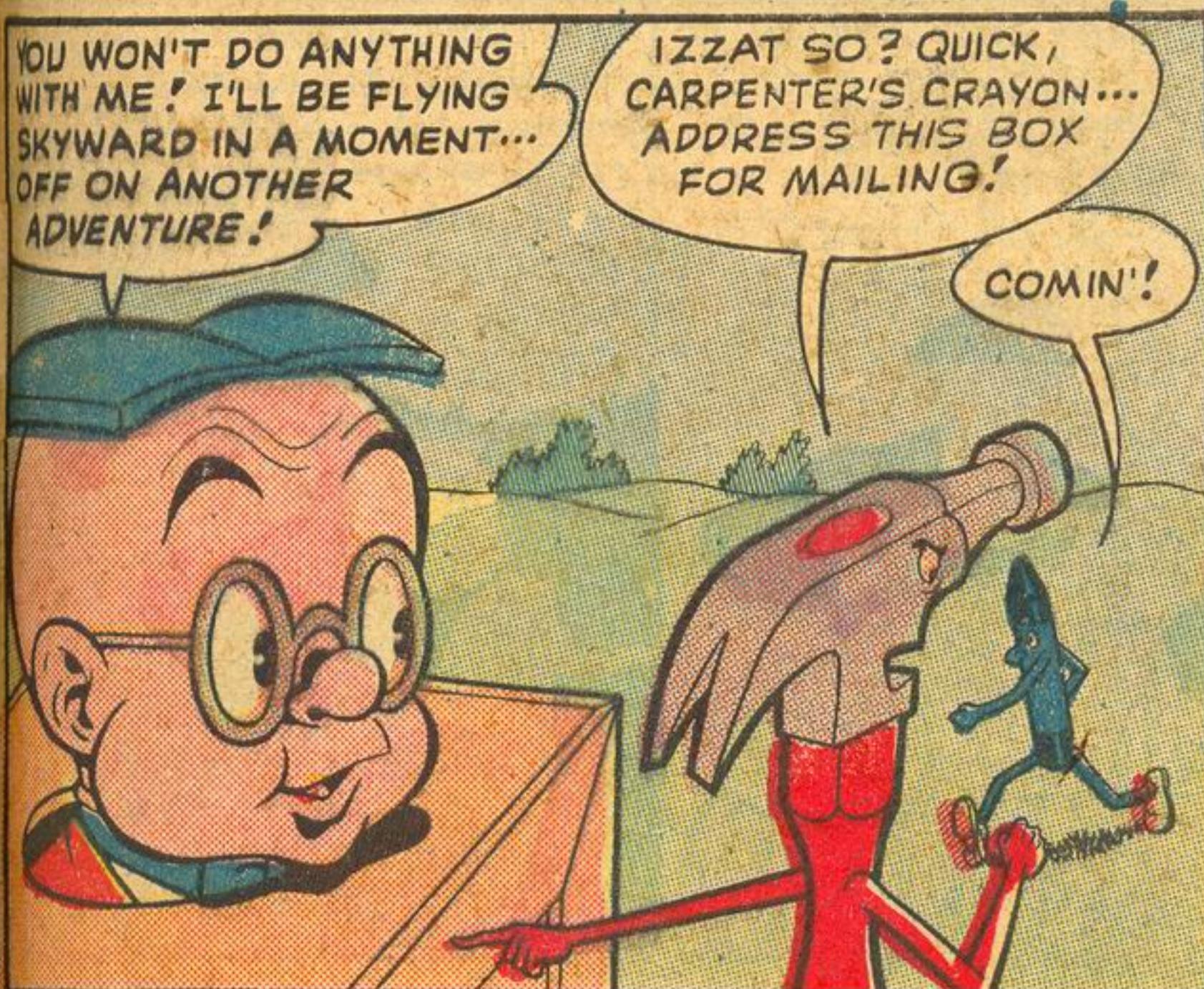
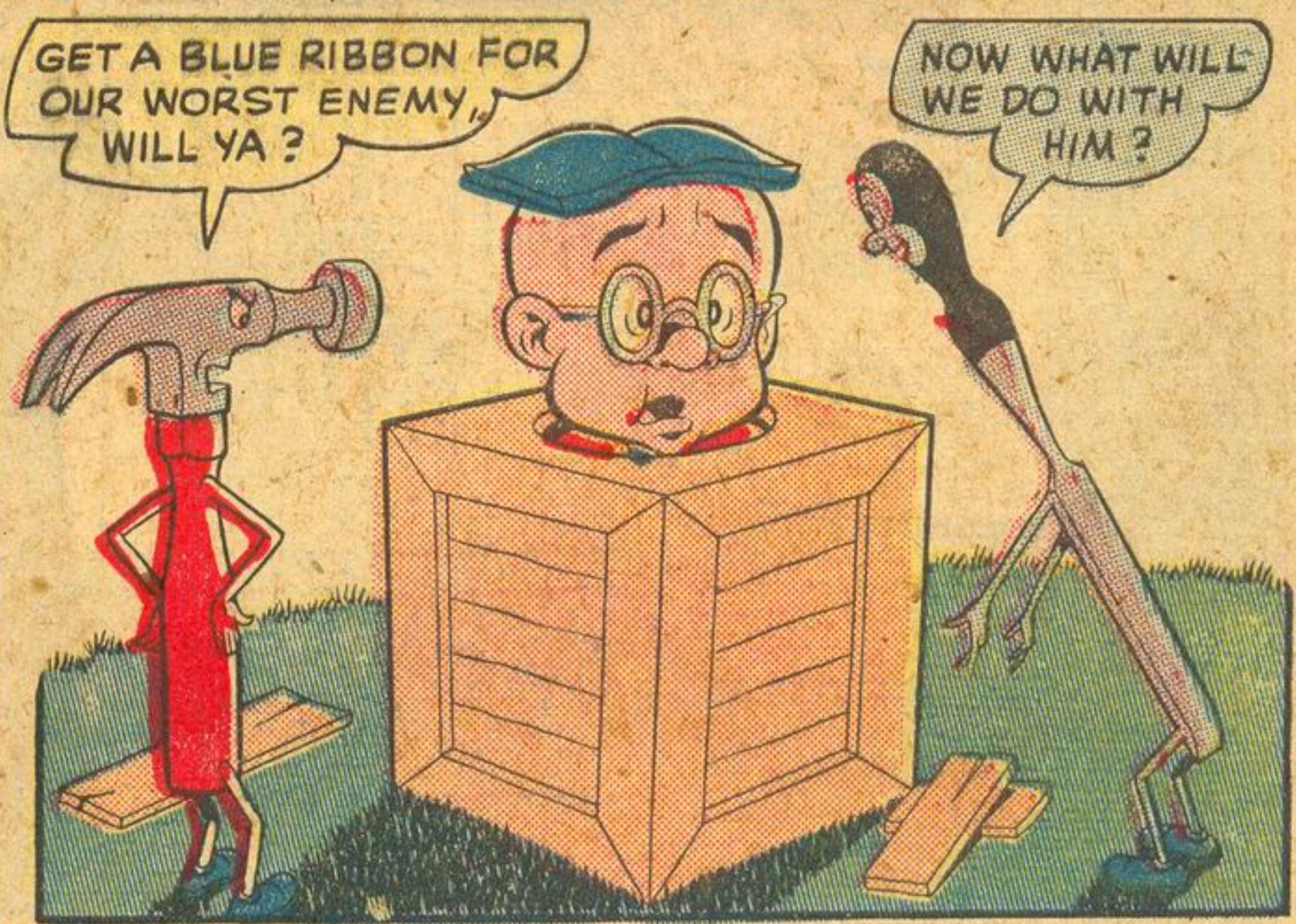
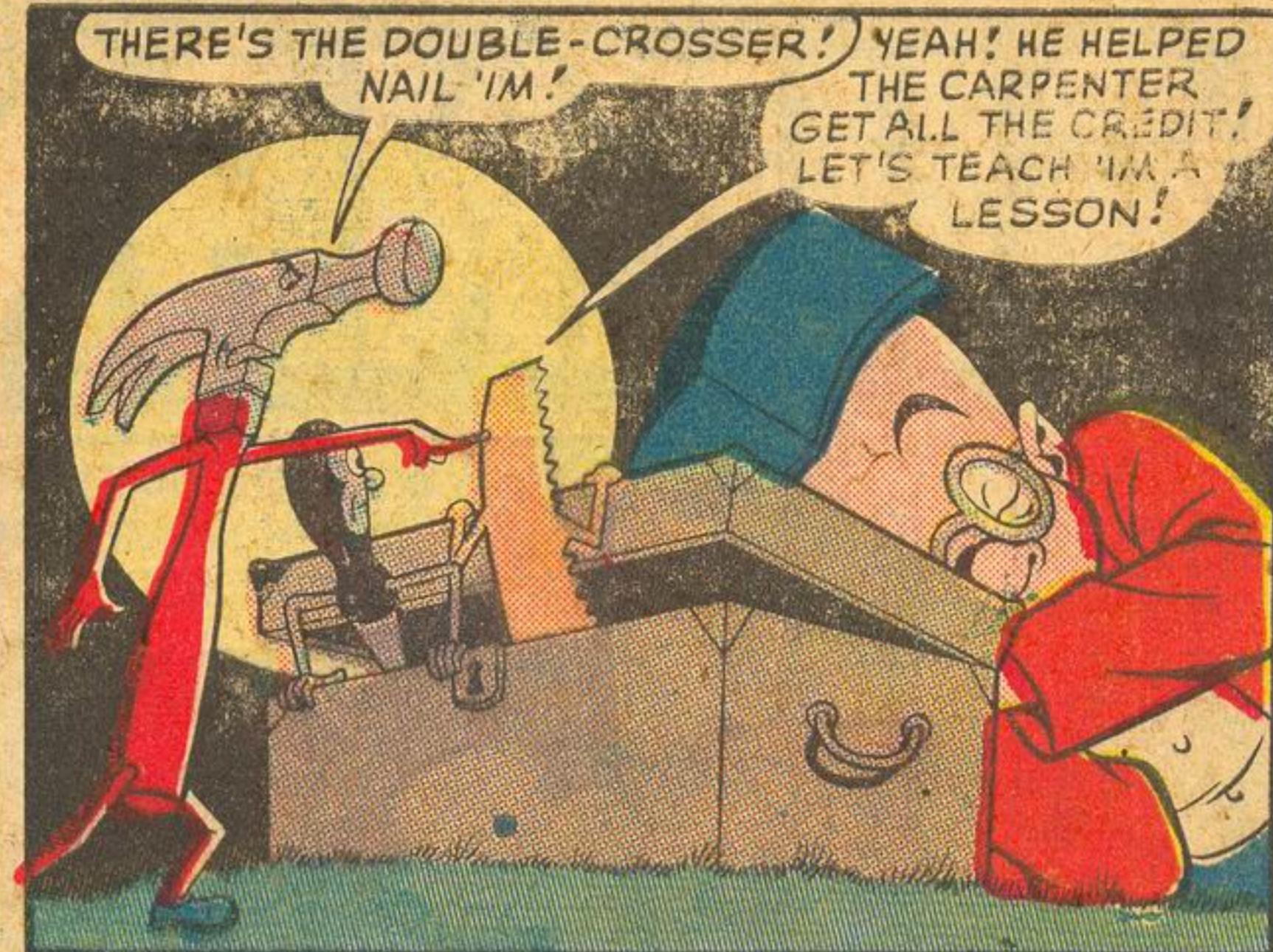
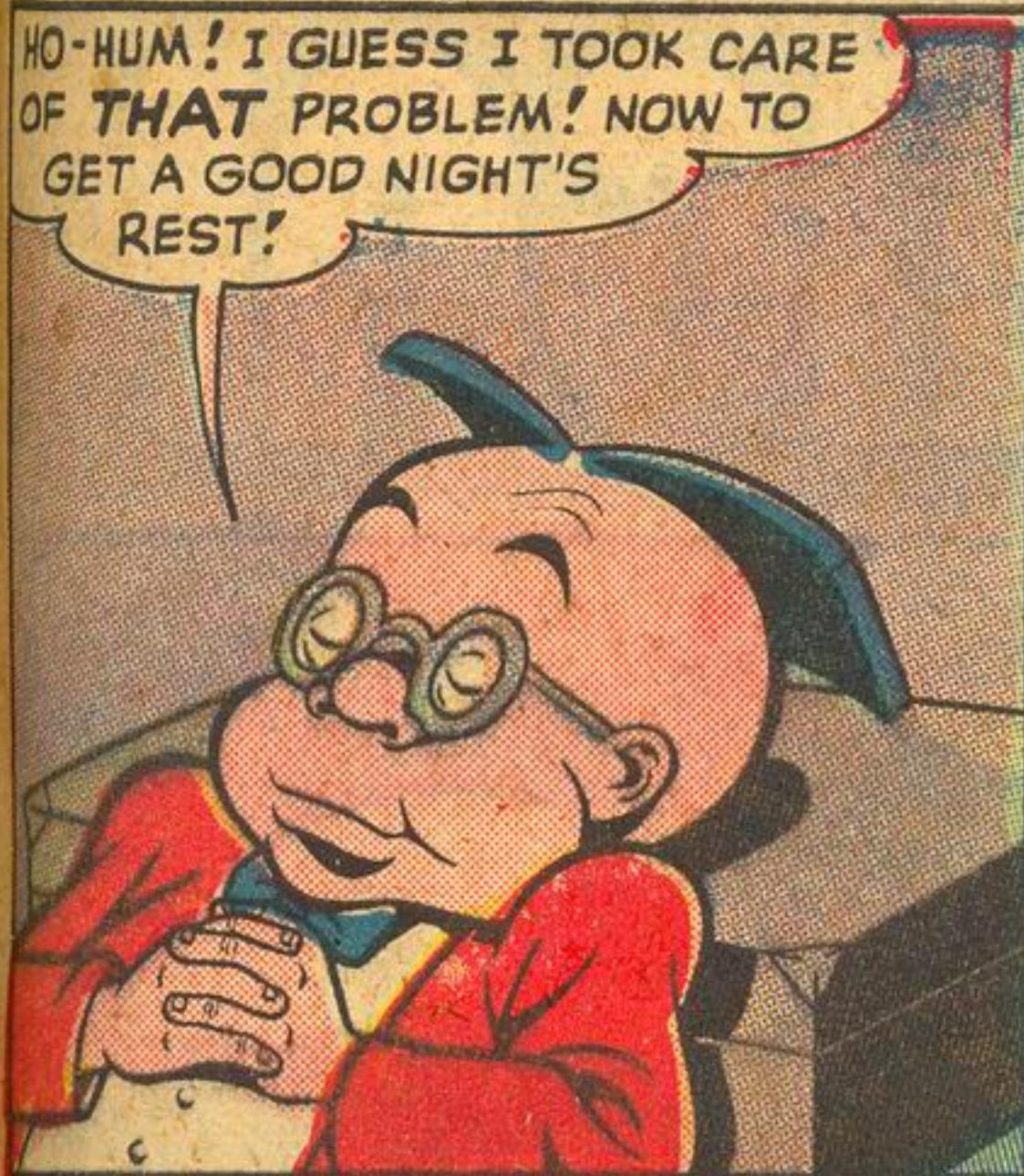
YEAH...WELL,  
I'VE JUST GOT  
TO PUT THE  
CHIMNEY  
ON IT!



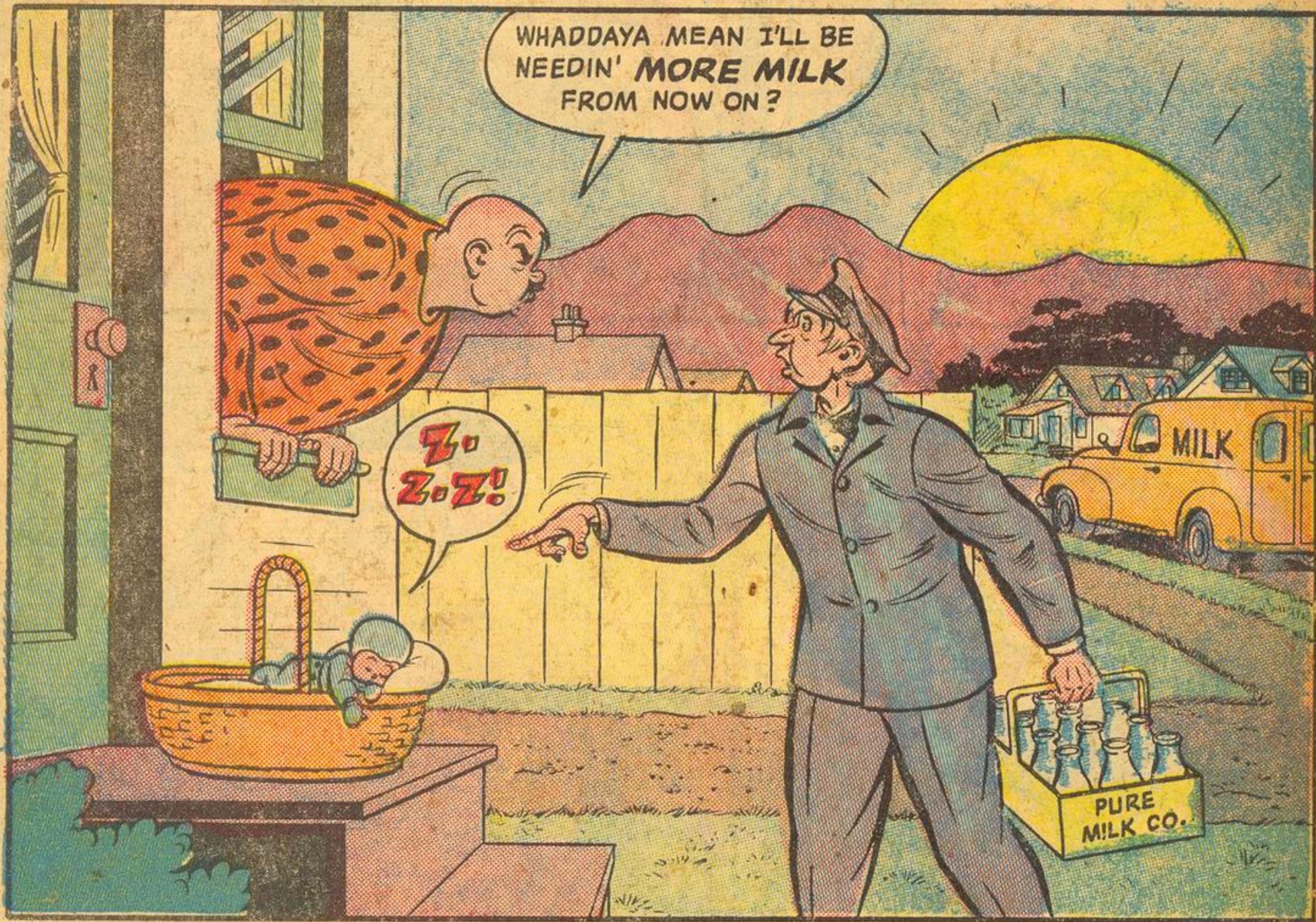
FEATURE COMICS



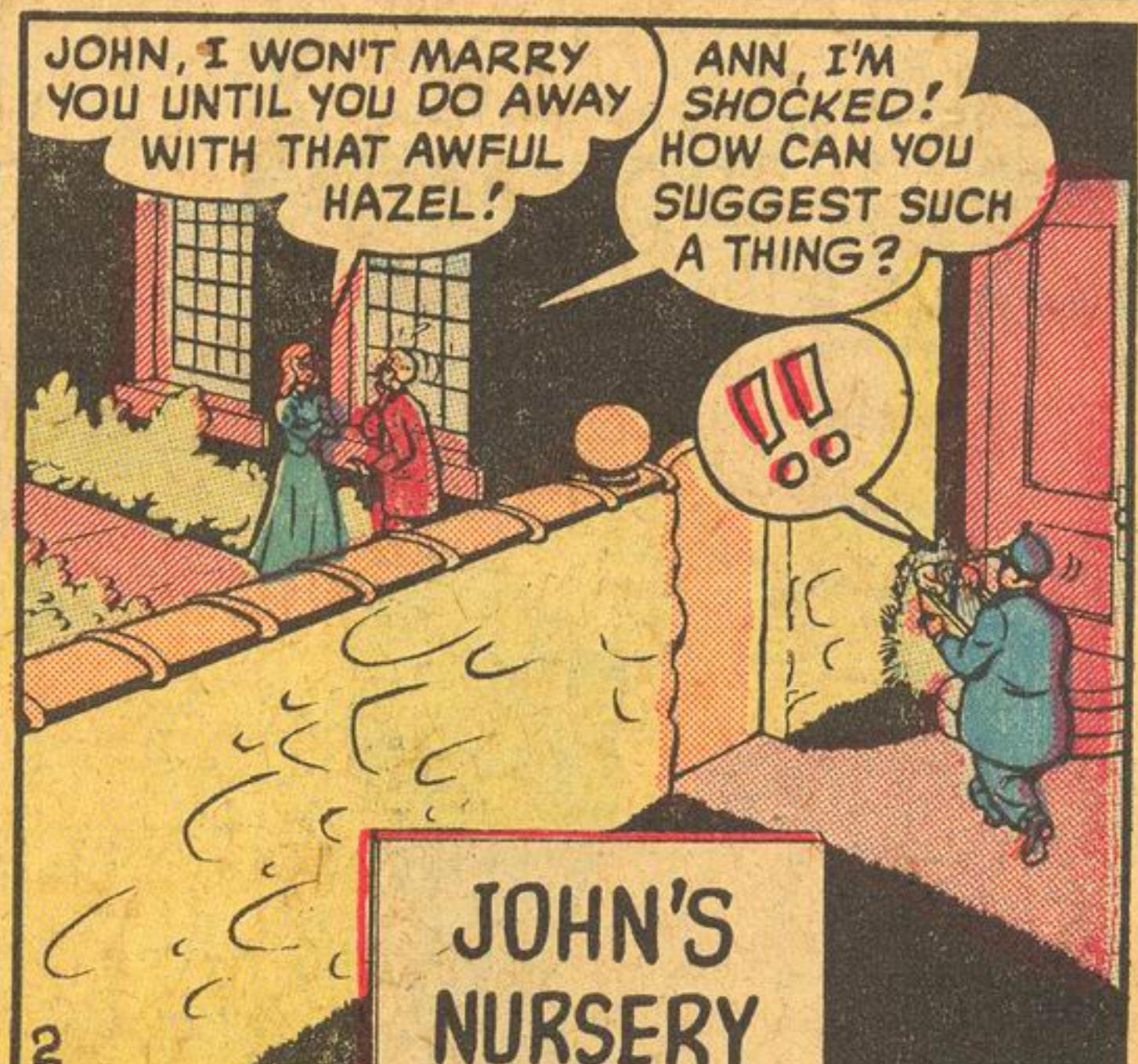
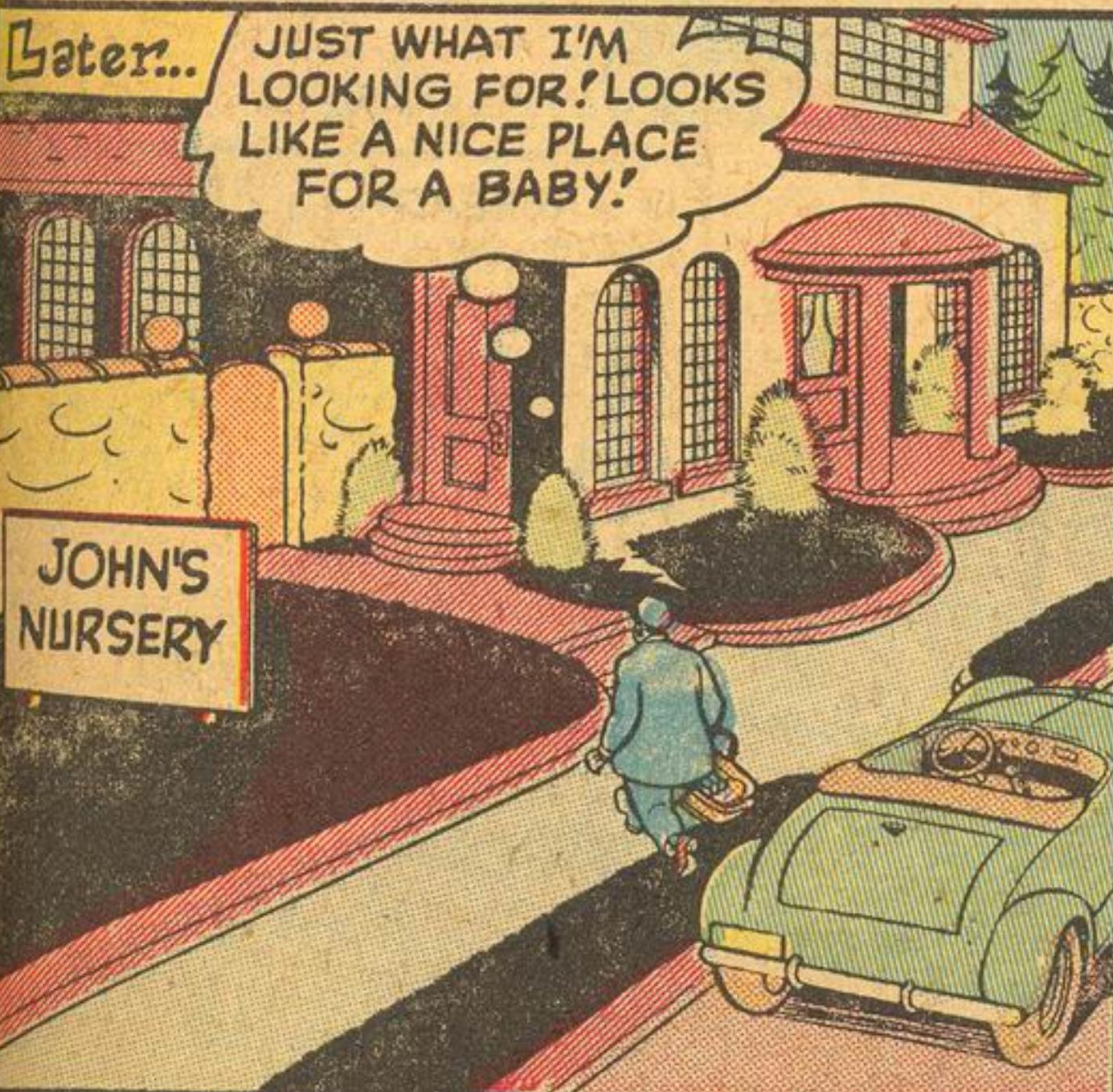
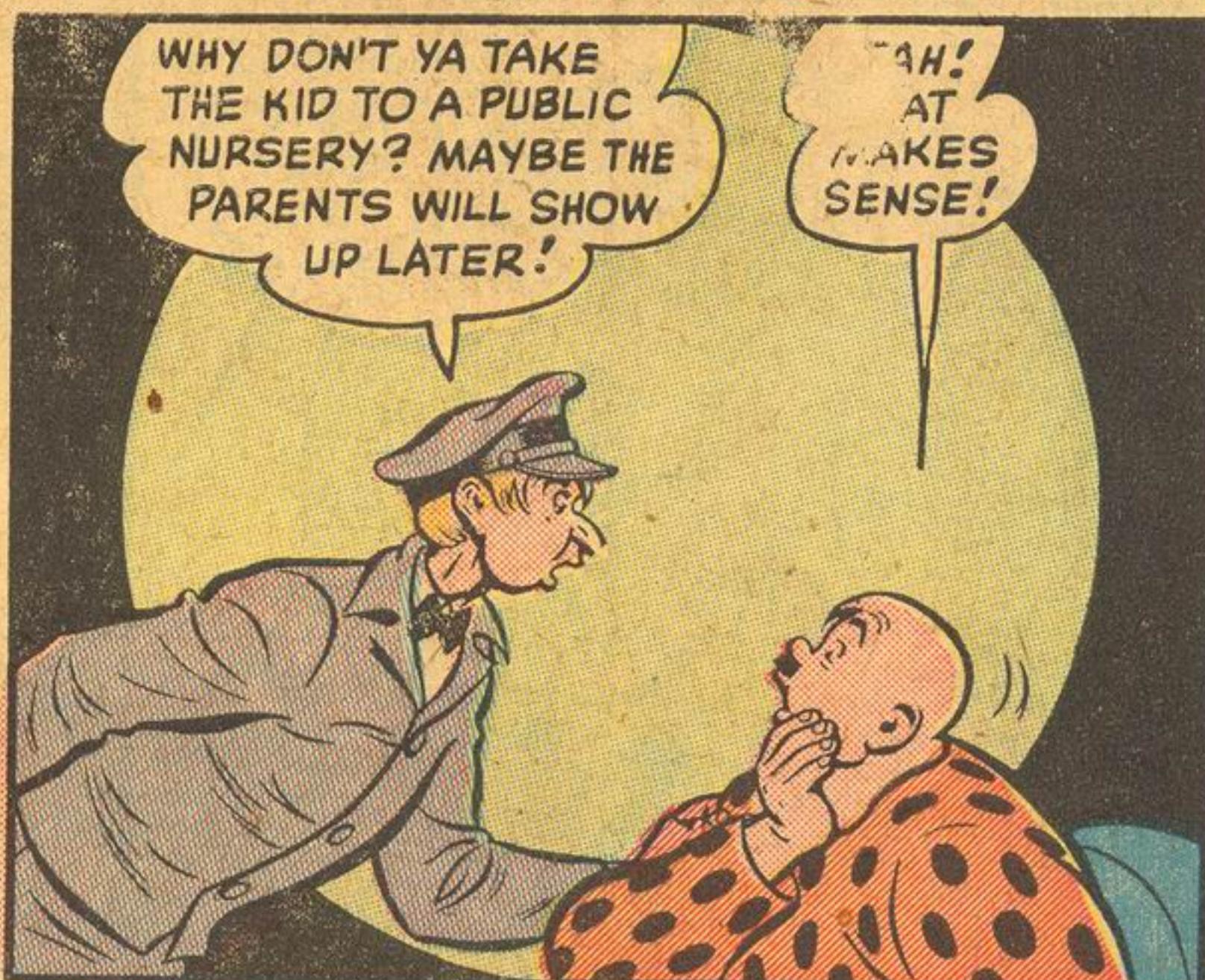
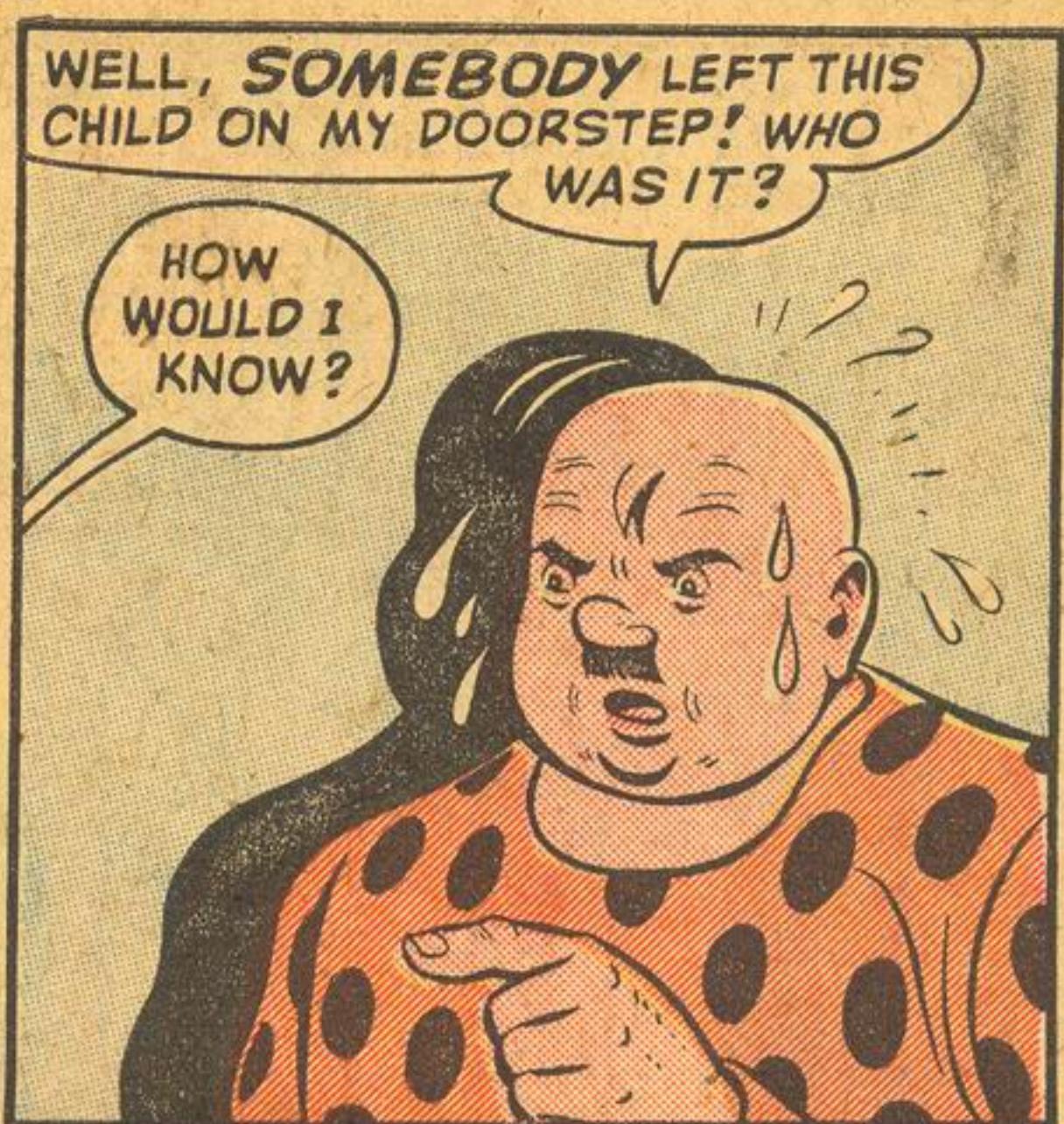
FEATURE COMICS



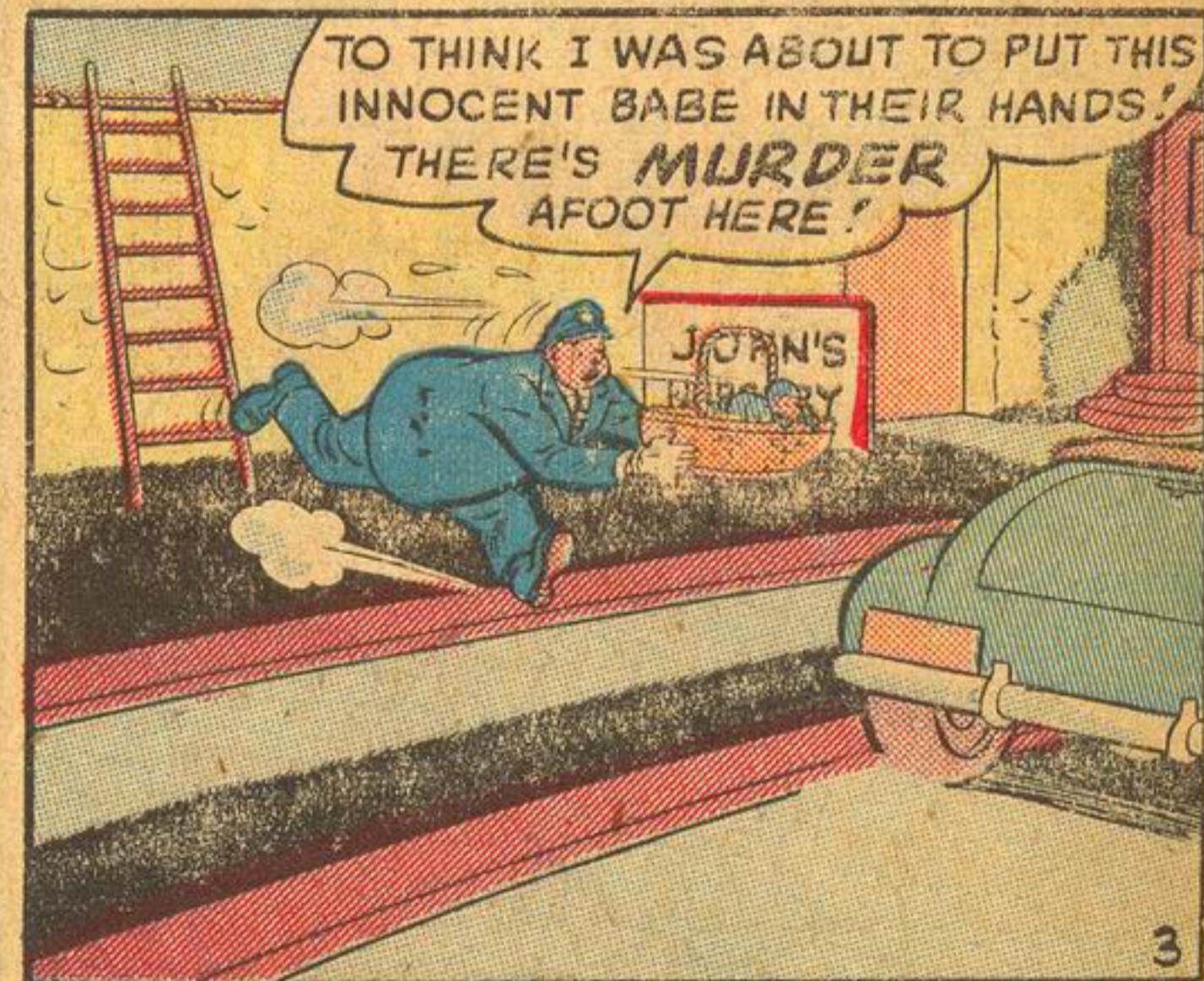
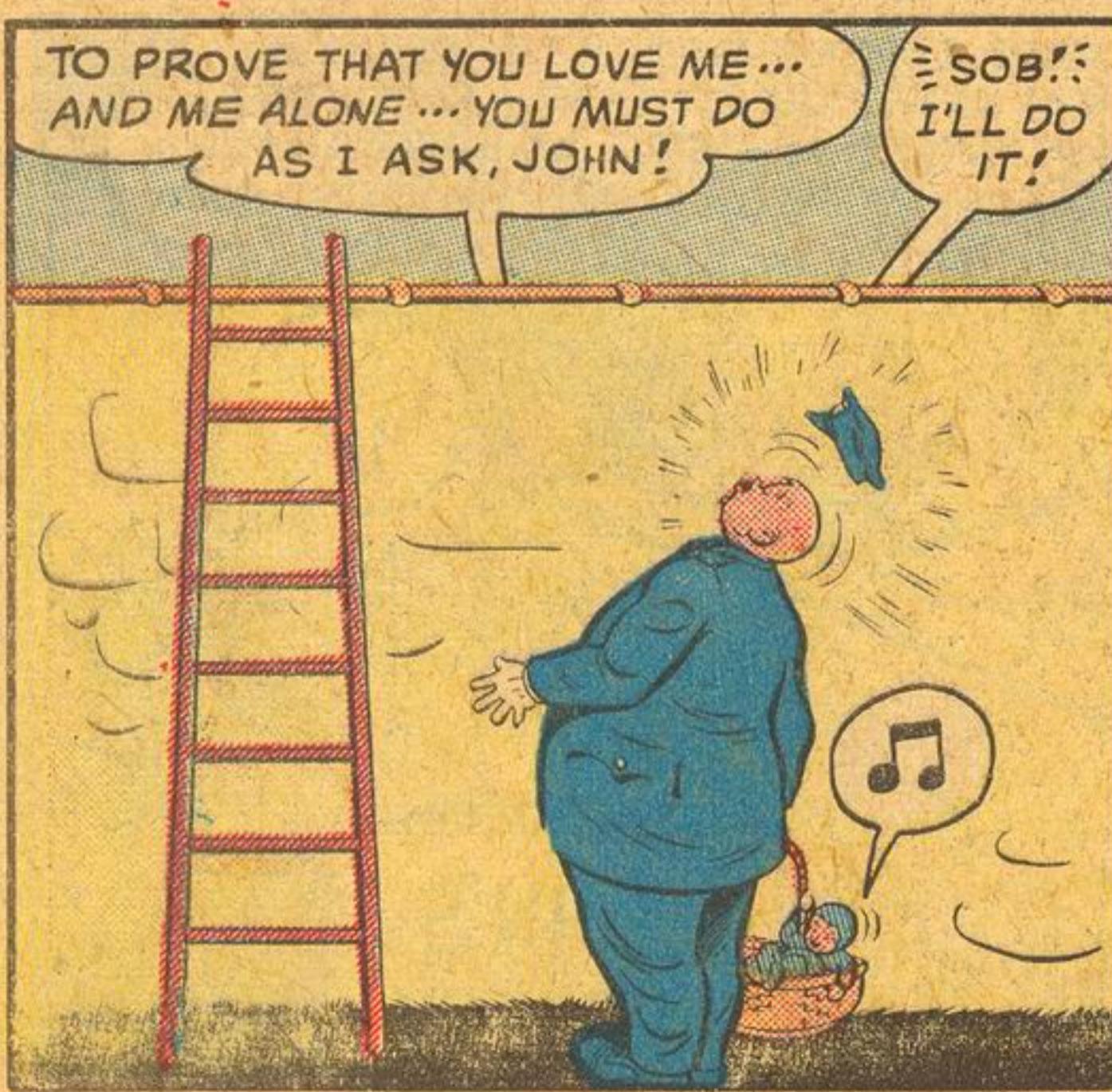
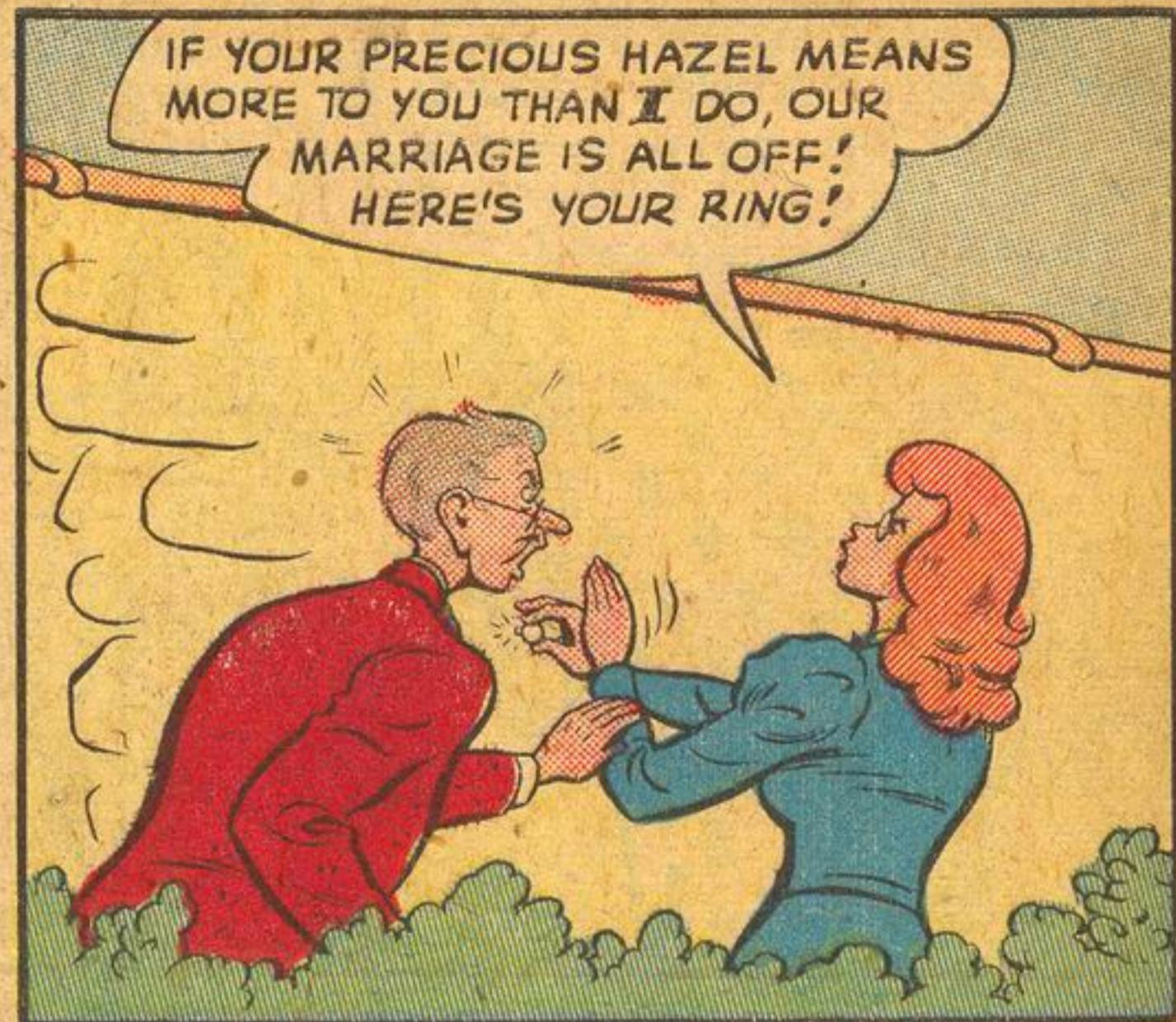
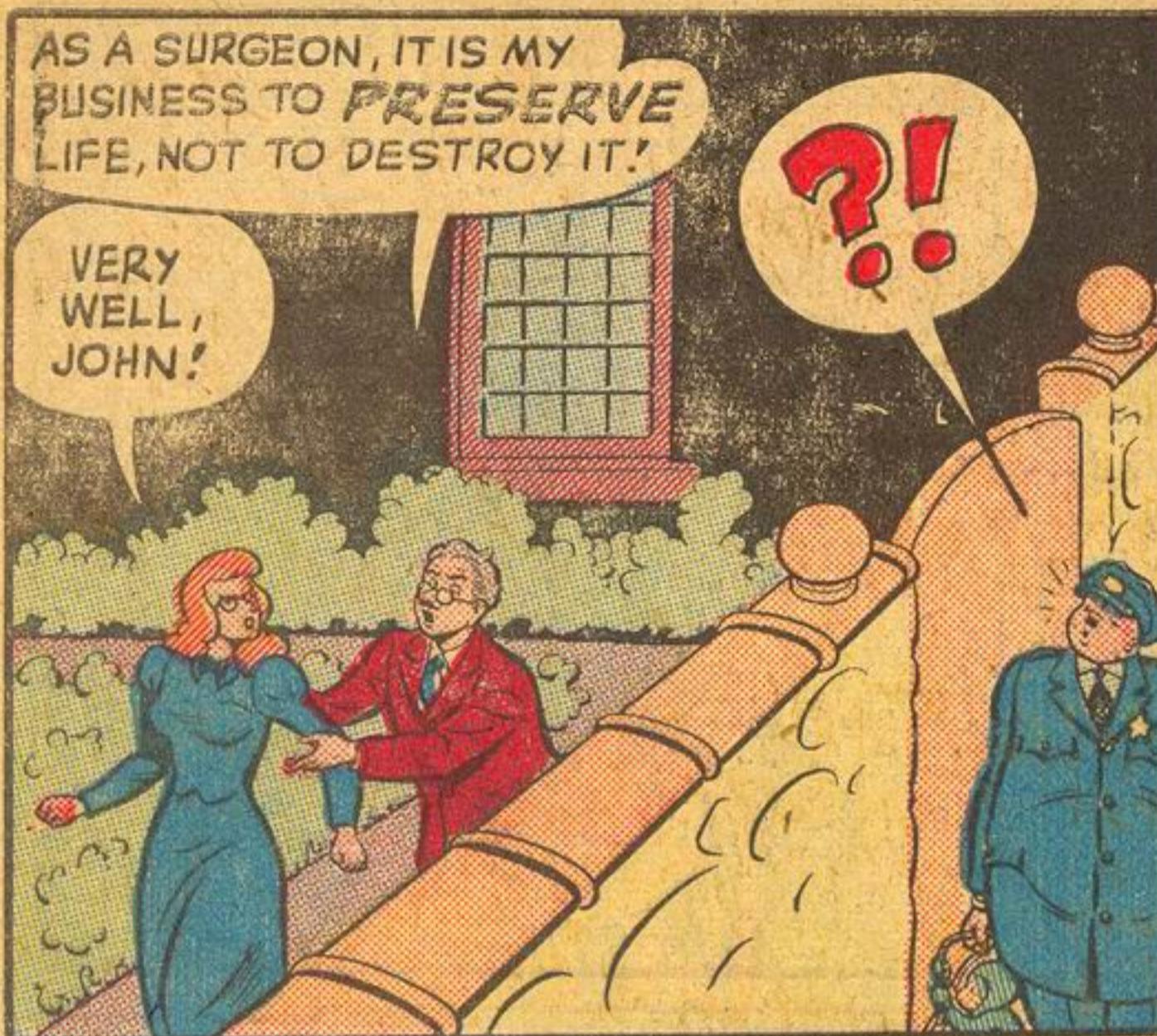
# SHENANIGAN



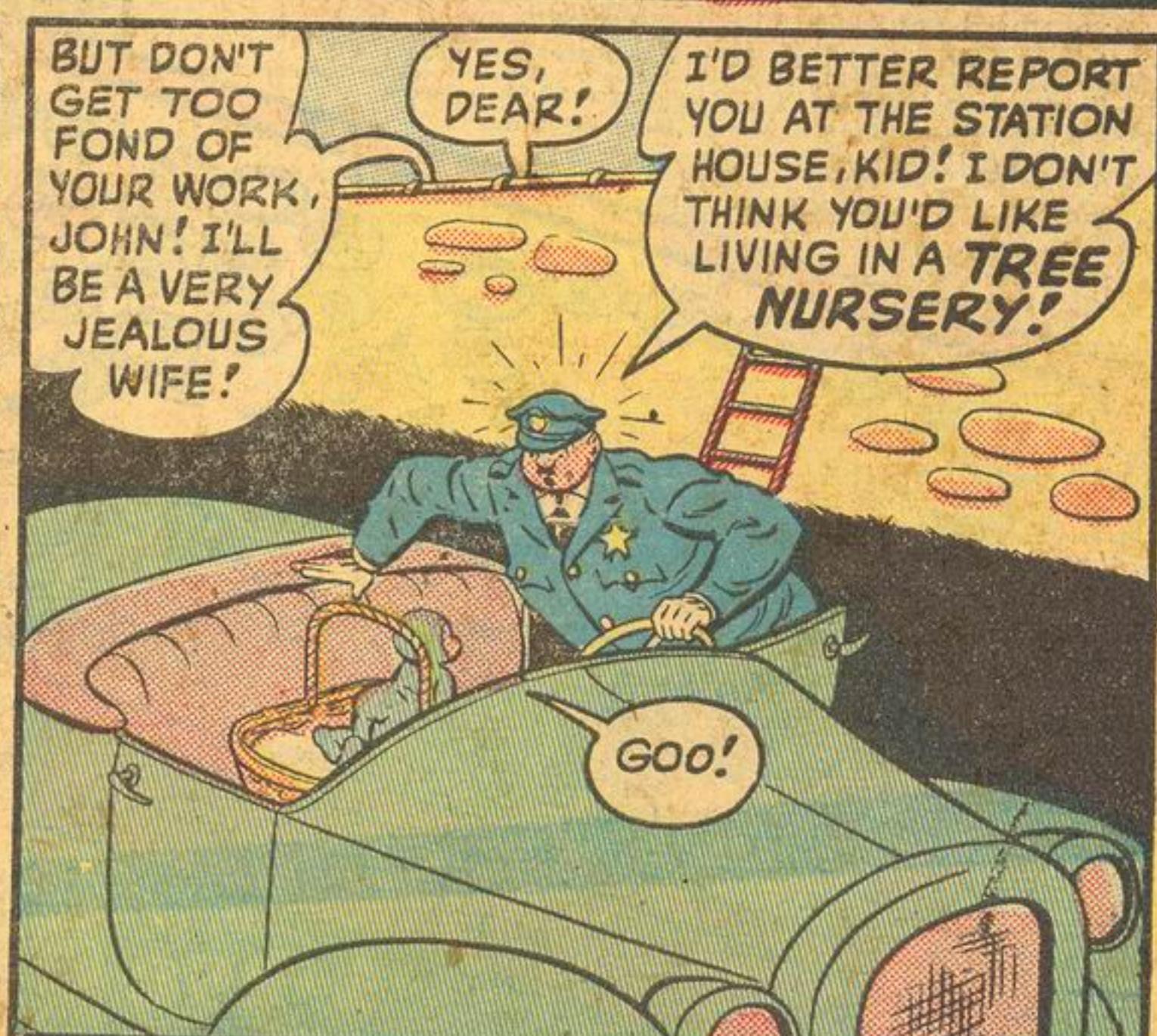
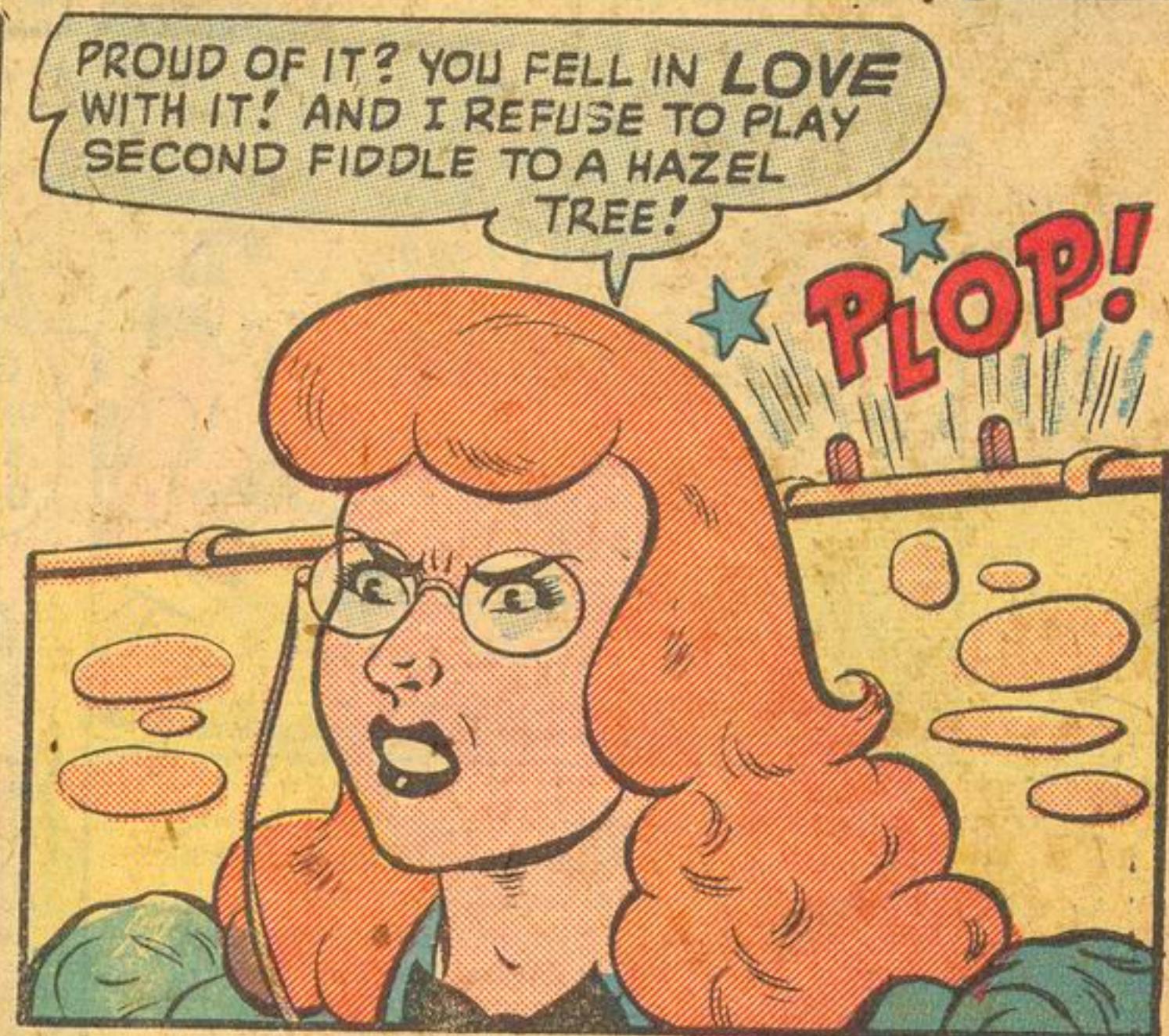
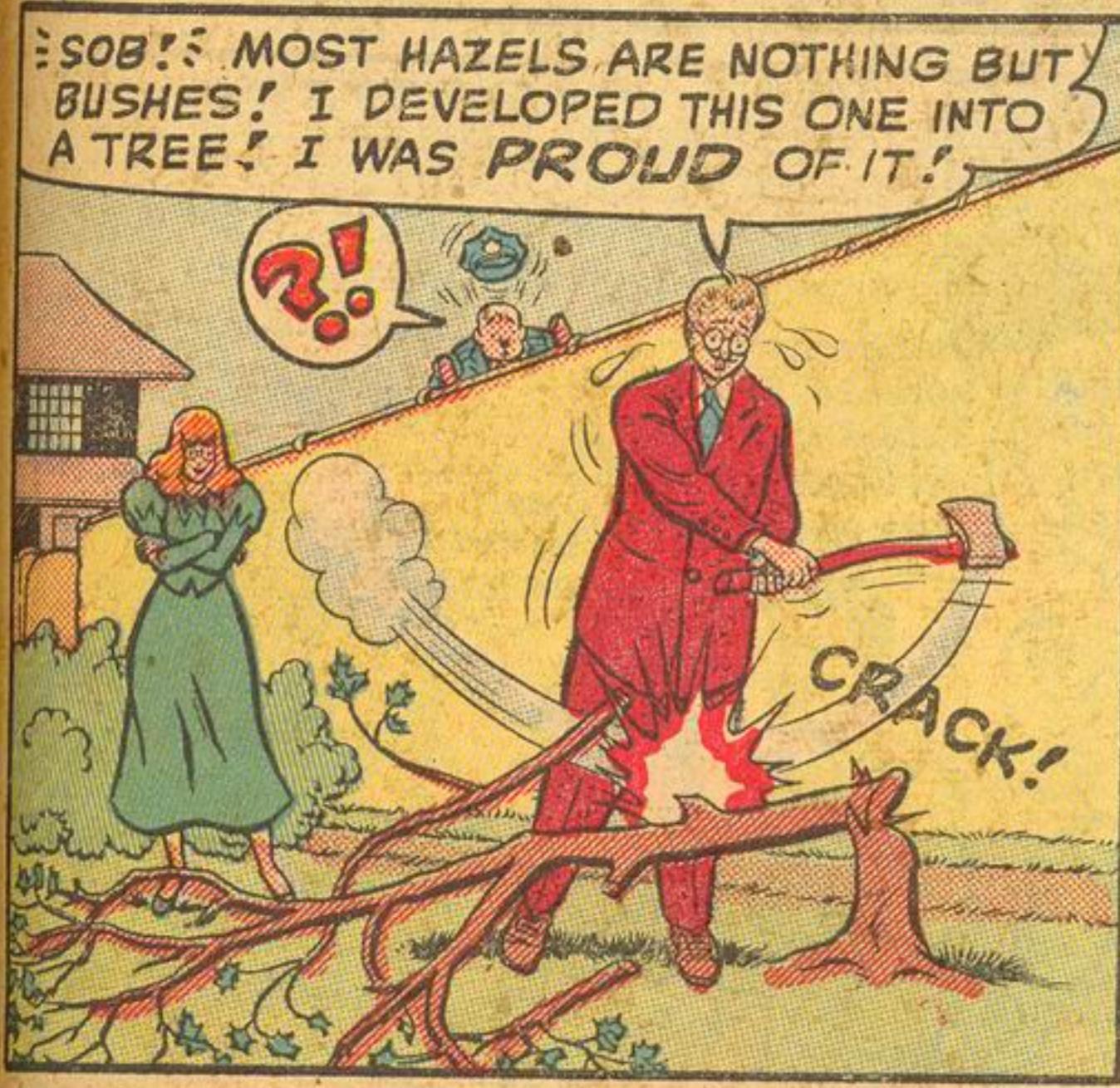
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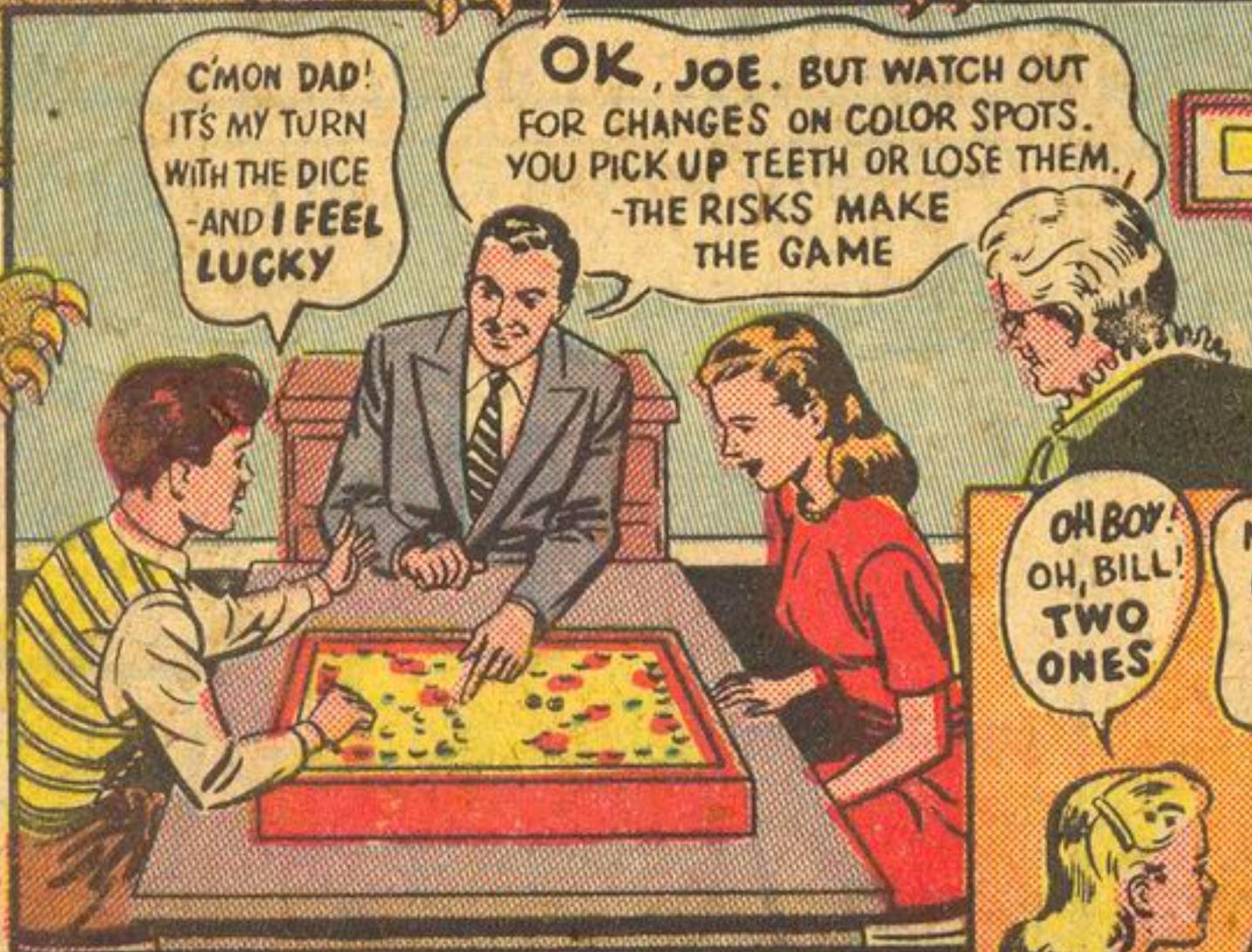
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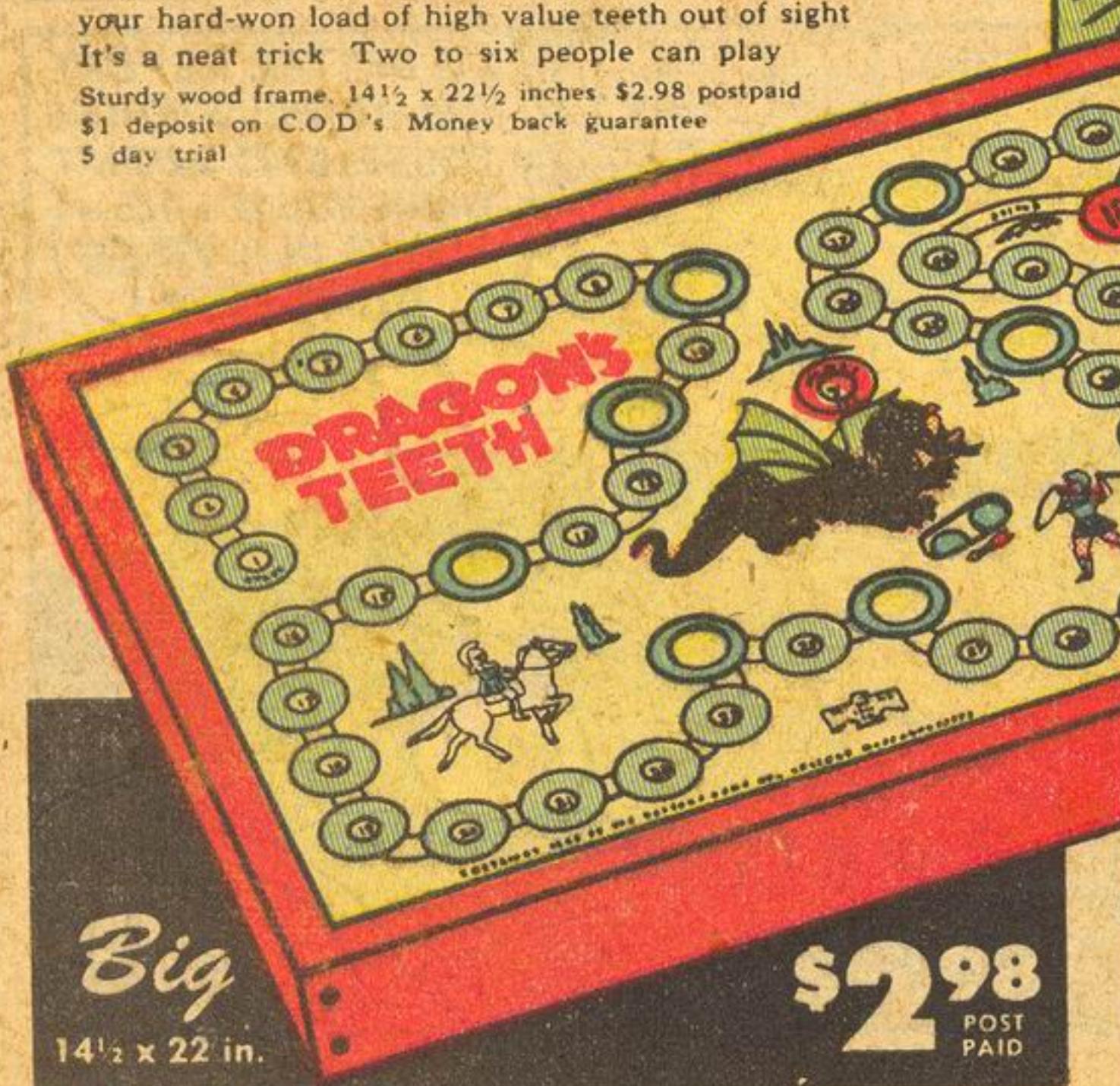


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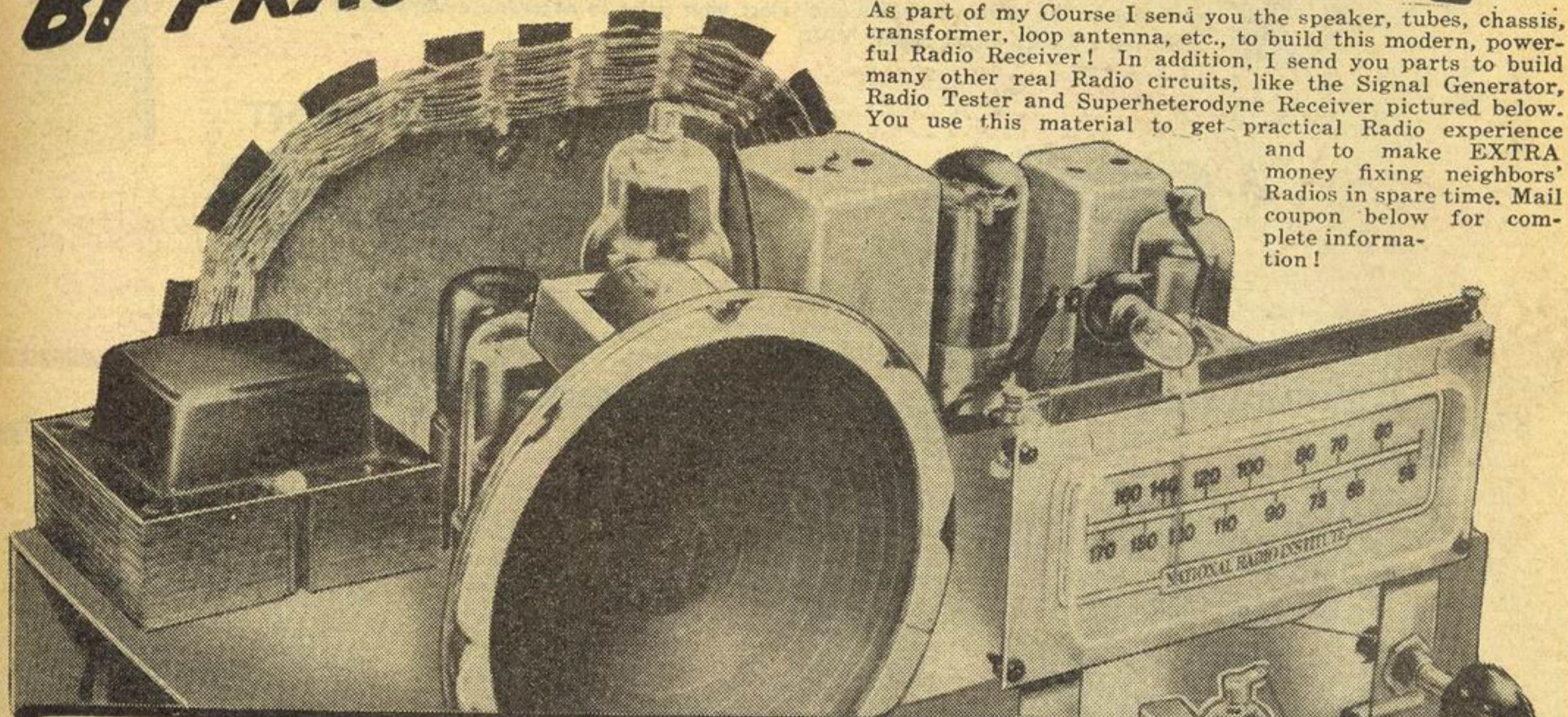
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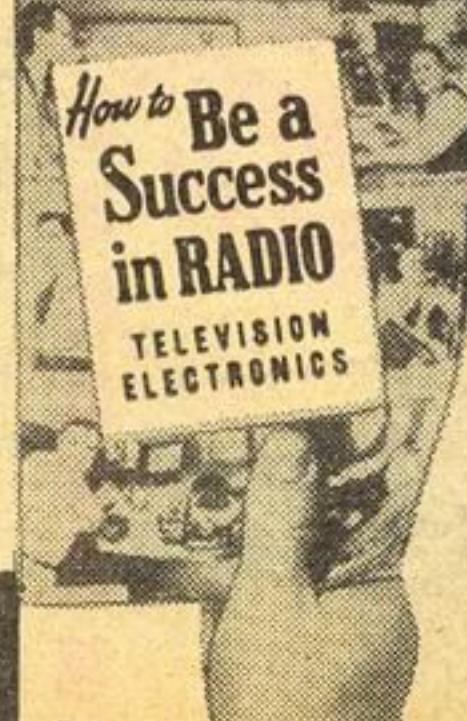
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APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER G. I. BILL

# Prizes for Everyone!

Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.



FOR  
BOYS  
AND  
GIRLS

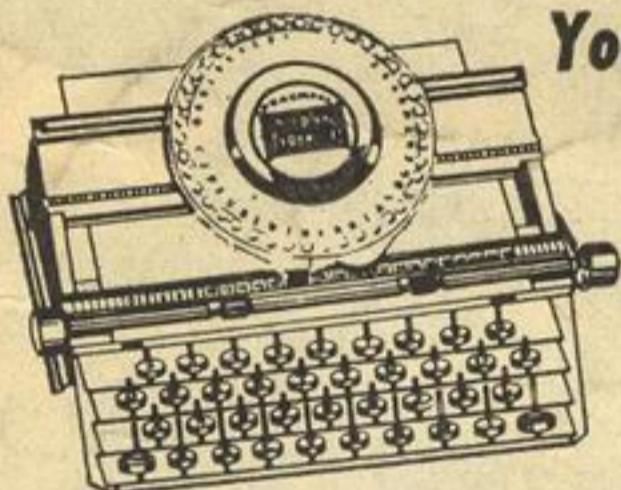


## UKULELE

Easy to play  
... Instruction  
Book included  
Sell only 40 pkts.  
of Garden Spot  
Seeds.

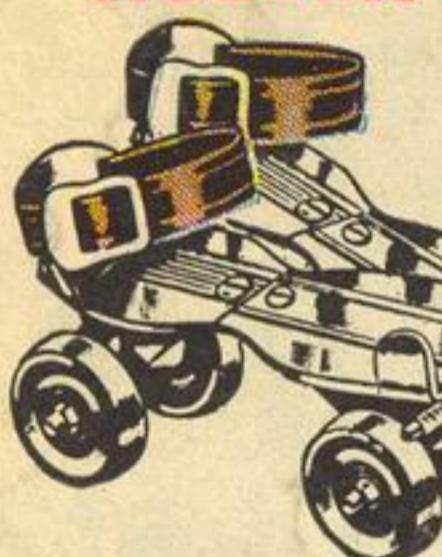
## PRIZE TYPEWRITER

Yours for selling only  
40 Pkts. of Seed



WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10  
FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST  
COMPOSED LETTERS WRIT-  
TEN ON THIS MACHINE AND  
SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1949.

## ROLLER SKATES



Sturdy Type.  
Ball Bearing...  
Built for Fun and  
Hard Usage.

Sell only  
two 40  
pkt. or-  
ders of  
Garden  
Spot  
Seeds.

## Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT

Steel rod, sturdy 50 yard capacity reel, medium weight spool, tested line, 6 hooks and 2 lead sinkers, attractive cork float and metal lure.



Sell only 40  
packets of  
Garden Spot  
Seeds.

## THIS BOOK REWARD

FOR ANSWERING THIS AD



26 page Book of Parlor  
Puzzlers... fun for Chil-  
dren and Grown-Ups. Will  
be sent right along with  
the seeds.

## Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set.  
Durable. A  
welcome ad-  
dition to any  
kitchen.  
Sell only 40  
packets of  
Garden Spot  
Seeds.



FOR  
MEN  
AND  
WOMEN

## BASKET BALL

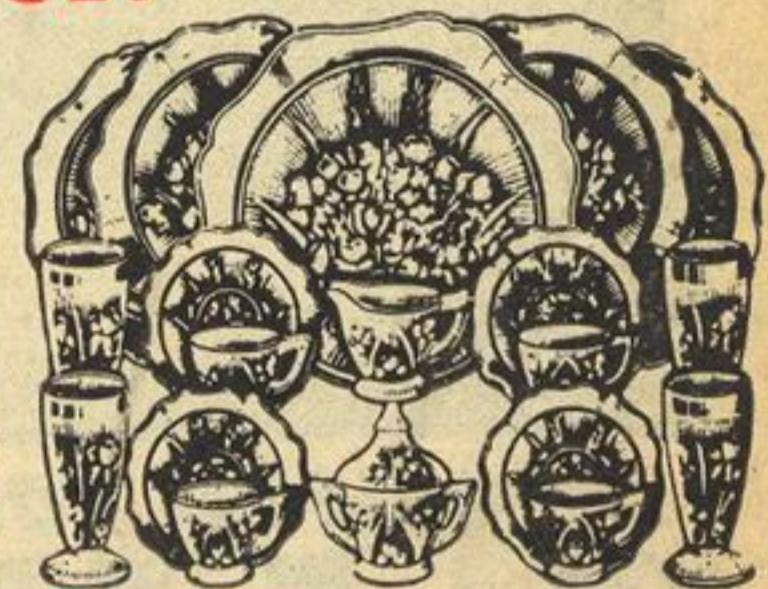
Rubber Valve type bladder.  
Lacing needle and lace included.

Yours for selling  
two 40-packet  
orders of  
Garden Spot  
Seeds.



## Exquisite DINNER SET

... Nineteen  
pieces of lat-  
est fashion  
dictated  
pieces.  
Sell only two  
40 packet  
orders of  
Garden Spot  
Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

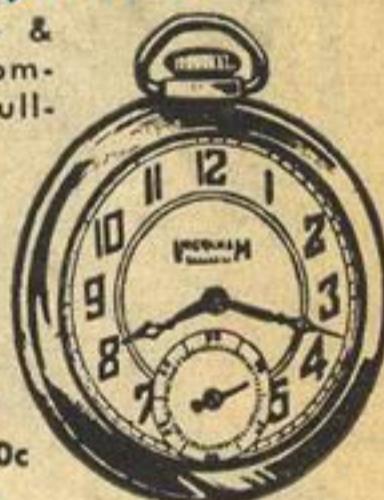
## SCHOOL OUTFIT

Self filling Foun-  
tain Pen, Mechan-  
ical Pencil, School  
Bag, and Webster  
Dictionary all for  
selling only 40  
pkts. of Seed  
plus 50c.



## POCKET WATCH for Men

Dependable &  
faithful com-  
panion. Pull-  
out pend-  
ent set.  
\* (Supply  
Limited)  
Sell 40  
packets of  
Garden Spot  
Seeds, plus 50c



## WRIST WATCHES



SUPPLY LIMITED... All  
watches are offered subject  
to our ability to get delivery  
from the manufacturer.  
For Men, Women,  
Boys and Girls.  
Guaranteed by Na-  
tionally known man-  
ufacturers. Reliable

YOURS FOR SELLING TWO 40 PKT. ORDERS OF GARDEN SPOT SEEDS

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY  
Station 451 Paradise, Penna.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot  
Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. for a fine gift. I will sell and pay  
for seeds in 30 days. Include the Free Book of Parlor Puzzlers.

Check here  for 80 packets if you want to sell for a "2-  
order" premium.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE.....

STATE.....

STREET OR R.F.D.....

BOX.....

PRINT YOUR LAST NAME PLAINLY BELOW

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this  
coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.

42nd  
YEAR

MAIL  
COUPON  
NOW